This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

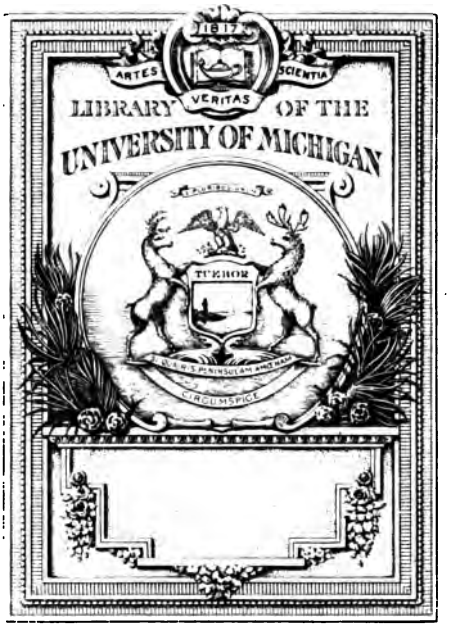
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 944,694


1817
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE

SHORT STORIES
ZED

PEDIA OF SHORT
PLIFIED IN CON-
NE FICTION—
D STUDENTS

BY

SON NEAL, A.M.

ies in the Making," etc.

NEW YORK
UNIVERSITY PRESS
BRANCH: 85 WEST 32ND STREET
NTO, MELBOURNE, AND BOMBAY
1918

TODAY'S SHORT STORIES ANALYZED

AN INFORMAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SHORT STORY ART AS EXEMPLIFIED IN CONTEMPORARY MAGAZINE FICTION— FOR WRITERS AND STUDENTS

BY

ROBERT WILSON NEAL, A.M.

Author of "Short Stories in the Making," etc.

NEW YORK

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMERICAN BRANCH: 35 WEST 32ND STREET

LONDON, TORONTO, MELBOURNE, AND BOMBAY

1918

COPYRIGHT 1918
BY THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMERICAN BRANCH

TO MY SON

312574

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The publishers and the author of *Today's Short Stories Analyzed* are indebted to the writers whose stories are here reprinted, and to the editors and publishers of the periodicals represented, for special permission to reproduce the stories, and for other courteous and cordial co-operation.

CONCERNING COPYRIGHTS

The stories in this volume are reprinted by special permission. Their authors and publishers reserve all rights in and to them under their respective copyrights, other than that of reprinting in this volume; and all rights under the copyright of this volume are similarly reserved.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTORY NOTES	1
1.	WHAT THE VANDALS LEAVE. By Herbert Riley Howe. (From "Life")	3
	INTRODUCTORY NOTES	4
2.	THE SONG. By C. Hilton-Turvey. (From "Life")	7
	INTRODUCTORY NOTES	10
3.	ANCHORS AWEIGH. By Harriet Welles. (From "Scribner's Magazine")	12
	INTRODUCTORY NOTES	17
4.	MISS MITTY AND THE AGES HENCE. By Anne O'Hagan. (From "Smith's Magazine")	21
	INTRODUCTORY NOTES	43
5.	IN THE MATTER OF DISTANCE. By John Barton Oxford. (From "Red Book Magazine")	45
	INTRODUCTORY NOTES	64
6.	A RAGTIME LADY. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Laurence Yates. (From "The Saturday Evening Post")	67
	INTRODUCTORY NOTES	99
7.	THE UNKNOWN. By Albert Payson Terhune. (From "Red Book Magazine")	102
	INTRODUCTORY NOTES	132
8.	THE LOVE OF MEN. By Nevil G. Henshaw. (From "Adventure")	136
	INTRODUCTORY NOTES	158
9.	NERVE. By William Slavins. (From "Collier's Weekly")	160

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
10. A QUIET LIFE OR LIFE ON THE QUIET. By Herbert C. Test. (From "Collier's Weekly")

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
11. LITTLE SUNBEAM. By George Pattullo. (From "Every Week" and "Associated Sunday Magazines") . . . . . .

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
12. THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER. By Rupert Hughes. (From "The Metropolitan Magazine"; book by Harper and Brothers) . . . . .

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
13. HIS BUBBLE REPUTATION. By Capt. Brydges Rodney, U. S. A. (From "Adventure") .

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
14. AN EPILOGUE. By Gertrude Hall. (From "The Century Magazine") . . . . . .

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
15. THE DEFECTIVE. By Freeman Tilden (From "The Smart Set") . . . . . .

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
16. THAT HAHNHEIMER STORY. By Arthur James Pegler. (From "Adventure") . . .

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
17. THE WOMAN AT SEVEN BROTHERS. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. (From "Harper's Magazine") . . . . . .

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
18. THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE. By Molly Elliott Seawell. (From "Ainslee's Magazine") .

INTRODUCTORY NOTES . . . . . .
19. THE OPAL MORNING. By Ethel Watts Mumford. (From "McClure's Magazine") . . .

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY NOTES 536

20. THE GREAT GOD. By Mary Heaton Vorse. (From "The Woman's Home Companion") 540

INTRODUCTORY NOTES 561

21. TROPICS. By Patrick Casey. (From "Adventure") 565

INTRODUCTORY NOTES 614

22. UNTO EACH HIS CROWN. By Norma Patterson. (From "The Bookman") 615

FOREWORD

Today's Short Stories Analyzed is a companion volume to *Short Stories in the Making.* It can, however, be profitably studied without the latter, but not so profitably as when accompanied by it. Together, the books provide a summary of the essential theory of the short story as a type of fiction, and a body of illustrative matter, carefully analyzed, wherein the student will find a plenitude of instances of the specific adaptation and application of the theory to productive purposes by writers of the day.

Each of the books has primarily in mind, without sacrificing its usefulness as a handbook for the non-professional literary student, nevertheless especially to meet the interests and serve the needs of the practicing writer and the student who is preparing himself to write fiction, and accordingly each makes a professional approach to the subject in its entirety, and to the individual problems that it includes. The volumes are, in short, practical handbooks for writers, but of a sort to meet the requirements of the serious non-professional student also. This treatment from the angle of practical management and construction probably accounts for the initial welcome given *Short Stories in the Making* and the steady sale of that treatise.

As the book just named has found acceptance among those depended on in college courses in short-story writing, it will perhaps be well to emphasize the fact that *Today's Short Stories Analyzed* is something more than

a mere book of specimens, addendum, or supplementary volume. It is in the fullest sense a *companion* volume, introducing new aspects and problems, and in many things widening the scope of discussion and varying its point of view. In but one thing is it subordinate to the other volume; namely, in referring to it for the basic discussion of general theory whereof applications are under consideration in the second volume. Yet even so the reference is usually made for the sake of extending and generalizing the understanding of the subject that the student gets from the specific instance before him in the story. How far he will go in following up these references in the other volume is a matter that he will determine for himself; he can pass over most of them and yet get at least the immediate point of the analysis, or he can turn to the treatise whenever he meets such a reference, and so acquire an intimate and masterly knowledge of the theory in its entirety of fundamentals.

The arrangement of the notes in *Today's Short Stories Analyzed* is such as readily to permit the study of the volume according to individual as well as to class-room requirements, and with varying degrees of intensive purpose. The story can be read in connection merely with the notes under the heading "The Story as a Whole," which will provide sufficient comment for a general appreciation of it as a literary specimen and in its most notable aspects as a specimen of short-story management and technique. Thus the general reader or student will be able to possess himself readily of those critical literary or structural facts of which he is in search. In this way also the college class with but a limited time to spend can achieve the general survey that is its object.

If a more intensive study of structure, or characterization, or plot, or atmosphere, or theme be desired, the reader or the instructor has but to select from the running notes those passages in which the matter he especially wishes to study is discussed. And if he desire to pass over no hint or explanation, he can take both the introductory and the running notes entire. With the employment of the same selective method in the choice and rejection of stories for study, the volume adapts itself with extreme flexibility to the purposes of the instructor in the class-room, the needs of the general literary student, and the demands of writers who aim at the most thorough professional grounding in technique and practique.

So much said concerning the book from the viewpoint of utility and mechanical arrangement, something additional, a sort of *caveat emptor,* may be in place concerning it from another angle.

I remember a call made on me at Amherst by Mr. Arthur H. Gleason, in memory of a previous association in the same magazine offices. He scanned my book-cases from the chair, then got up and walked back and forth past them, more and more intent on the titles. Suddenly he burst out:

"What a remarkable collection. I never saw such a miscellaneous, job-lot accumulation."

To which, reserving comment, I made what response I could.

His remark, however, caused me no loss of faith in my books; through my acquaintance with them, I knew how they fell into clear and natural divisions and represent the definite interests and directions of approach through which

I formed my view of life. For me, the collection lacked neither unity nor coherence; for I knew what was beneath and behind it.

About *Today's Short Stories Analyzed* I can imagine a critic of set preconceptions making a comment as embarrassing as that of my friend about my books. Which is as it should be, for he must measure by the rule that he owns, and it is one that, employed where it is in place, gives accurate results. Yet I would point out that there are measurements and computations more accurately accomplished with a slide-rule than with a knotted string—that eggs can be weighed as well as counted—that land sells by the acre but oil of peppermint by the fluid ounce. He who dislikes the analytical plan adopted here, or has complaint to make because the stories have not been chosen by some more set and obvious principle nor sorted and classified methodically and mechanically as he would sort and classify them, need not linger with the volume. There are, I understand, many books in the world.

Let us, however, grow to a point.

Today's Short Stories Analyzed is not an anthology; it is scarcely a collection. It did not set out to be. What it set out to be, and what it is, is not a literary anthology, not a collection for reading in order to the forming of an estimate concerning the qualities and characteristics, the merits and lack of merit, the course and tendencies, of contemporary short fiction. That, one can find in books of the aim and excellence of Mr. Edward O'Brien's annual gatherings in *The Book of the Short Story.*

Today's Short Stories Analyzed is in truth not a reading volume at all. Neither is it primarily an attempt at direct criticism, even in the selection of its stories. It is

only a volume in which twenty-odd narratives from contemporary magazines are reprinted for the sake of something in them that may be helpfully suggestive to the student of short-story technique. It is a study manual, and only that.

Its stories have not even been gathered by systematic search; they have been picked up along the way by an errant reader who merely was keeping his eyes open for obvious illustrations of fictional ways, means, and methods —illustrations suitable for examination by persons seeking an intimate and detailed acquaintance with the many-purposed, specific applications of those theories and principles of technique and management which are represented in but general—and often dogmatic—form by the treatises on the art of story-writing.

In brief, the book set out to be that which its publishers, in the subtitle they have given it, describe it as being: "an informal encyclopedia of short-story art." To be that, it needed less to bother itself with the *pros* and *cons* concerning ultimate worth than to make certain of direct utility in its materials as obvious illustrations of the practical application of method to the problems presented by narrational drama.

Hence, should any critic concede that upon analysis some story or another discloses merits and excellence not before perceived by him, I should respond only so far as to ask wherein is reason for surprise at that, since appreciation is not born except of knowledge? Further than this, the discussion would be irrelevant and unprofitable; the sole purpose of these studies is to observe the means employed in actual practice by magazine writers of the day to place their fiction conceptions before the reader

effectively, both in the whole and in the parts and details that make up the whole.

After the foregoing explanation, I need not give, except to tyros, a warning against fancying that an adequate estimate of the merits of an individual author can be based on any such tiny amount of his work as is represented by a single story. To attempt it would be thoroughly unjust. By itself, neither *Esmond,* nor *Vanity Fair,* nor *The Newcomes,* represents Thackeray; we should know Dickens but fragmentarily if we knew him only in *Two Cities,* or *Chuzzlewit,* or *Oliver Twist,* and but partly even in the three of them together. How impossible therefore to know the scope and quality and variety of a writer from some single conte, chosen arbitrarily by a chance analyst who wishes to deal, not with the final standards of art, but only with instances of artisanry and technique, and with these for but a didactic purpose.

Yet though the book is not a reading-volume, and though it is not in any sense an undertaking of direct literary or esthetic criticism, nevertheless there is significance in the title-phrase, "today's short stories." Every conte reprinted in the volume has appeared in a magazine of a date comparatively recent. Each story has therefore successfully passed the scrutiny of an editor of the day, and been marked with the sign of suitability for contemporary publication in the magazine he edits. Inadequate as must be any mere score of stories out of the hundreds appearing in our magazines to represent with completeness the range and character of short fiction for a single twelvemonth—even should selection aim solely at the presentation of types—yet on the other hand it is inevitable that such a

group shall broadly suggest what classes and kinds of story find favor with editors and readers of the period. When the writer of short stories has read the specimens brought together by Mr. O'Brien in *The Book of the Short Story,* he finds himself possessed of a clearer and more definite realization of certain subjects, themes, manners, and presentation-methods that have found a market and a public when incorporated in tales. In a gathering which, through a difference in purpose, is, like *Today's Short Stories Analyzed,* able to be yet more catholic and miscellaneous in its selections, the indication of the kinds and character of story that people market and read today should prove correspondingly broader in its range and utility.

There may be also, I fancy, further significance tacit in the phrase "today's stories." I have said that the contes reprinted in *Today's Short Stories Analyzed* have been picked by chance, with a view primarily to indicating the way in which their writers employ and adapt the basic principles of short-story fiction in the presentation, the utterance or "outering," of their narrative-dramatic conceptions. That is true, but it is perhaps not quite the whole truth. I have throughout been subconsciously guided by my own feeling of what the short fiction of our day *is.*

I have the further feeling that this subconscious test has worked by way of exclusion, not of inclusion—that had a situation definitely arisen in which a choice was necessary between a conte of higher absolute literary quality but notwithstanding its excellence more representative of the characteristic short fiction of yesterday than of today, and on the other hand a conte less worthy

but more representative of current short fiction, the latter specimen would have been preferred.

No such definite situation did arise,—but if a justification of the principle of choice just mentioned seem desirable, it is to be found in the purpose of this book; namely, to show forth the applications of technique made in the representative short fiction appearing in magazines of the day. There are plenty of collections in which the work of past generations can be studied—studied with extreme profit—but students who would acquaint themselves with the practice and technique of today's short stories have mainly to shift for themselves. Good, bad, and indifferent, our periodical fiction is read, but seldom studied. Small wonder that the sweeping condemnations of it, and the less frequent outbursts in its praise, may alike prove ill founded. Especially unjust and ignorant are those judgments which measure it by the outward forms and methods, not of its own day, but of a generation already past, if not remotely past. That its spirit cannot be appraised unless its forms and methods be appreciated, should be evident to the most casual student.

But to argue upon either side the assertion that the magazine short fiction of today is inferior or superior to that of the past—whether in its outstanding stories or in its general mass—is aside from the purpose of this book. The contes of the day *are,* therefore they deserve appreciation; and before appreciation must come study. Nevertheless I must give myself the pleasure of quoting an editor whose position has brought him acquaintance not only with the day's short stories that appear in print, but with those also that, for whatever reason, fail in the lit-

erary struggle for existence—Mr. Robert Rudd Whiting of "Ainslee's Magazine." He writes:

"... about changes in the technique of the present-day short story. Writers who send us work regularly and fail to meet our present standards were contributors a few years ago to the best magazines in this country. For a time I took it for granted that their work had fallen off; but in looking back in old files of those magazines and reading their work of that day, I found that we now demand sharper, crisper work than we did then. There really is a change, and it is not the writers who have gone back."

In an informal gathering of scientists where chance good fortune had made me a listener, a prominent chemist remarked that any man who failed to keep himself intimately informed in the current "submerged literature" of his subject—its documents, reports, bulletins and articles up to the hour—was a back number. Unsupplemented with knowledge of the succeeding researches and the new methods that these require, the authorities of five years ago are doubtful, those of ten years ago unsafe or unsound. His assertion was accepted as essentially true.

If a similar assertion concerning short fiction cannot be made so absolutely, it can yet be made; and as it is today's chemistry, and not yesterday's, by which today is served and tomorrow prepared for, so it is today's short stories, not yesterday's, that today reads and out of which will be developed the writers and the short-story literature of tomorrow.

For this reason, *Today's Short Stories Analyzed* ends as it began—with the purpose of showing forth specific employments, applications, and adaptations of the art of

the conte, but of showing them forth in stories that unmistakably belong to the magazine short fiction of the day. However well or ill they represent it in its entirety, or whether, except indeed as they are of its mass, they represent it at all, is an irrelevant matter. The material fact is, that in them the basic theory and technique of the conte can be found exemplified, and that they are clearly stories of today.

TO STUDENTS

By all means read the story itself attentively and appreciatively before reading any of the notes. Otherwise you will miss the quality and effect of the story itself—missing which, you must miss everything else. Leave the notes for following study.——In the notes, "S. S. M." stands for *Short Stories in the Making*, and the "Introd. Notes" are the notes at the head of the story under "The Story as a Whole."

WHAT THE VANDALS LEAVE

The Story as a Whole

1. "What the Vandals Leave" lacks the length and amplified volume to be found in a conte, yet lacks only these to constitute an excellent specimen of the type. Its effectiveness is manifest. It is a condensed action-plot or quasi-scenario dramatically narrated. S. S. M. 9:3, *c. e;* 75:7, C, D.

2. Though in its brevity (but not so in having a plot) it is an incident, it otherwise affords a compact illustration of practically all the characteristics of the short story. Here we find, for instance, the plot elements in full. Par. 1 contains the exposition; par. 2, the generating circumstance; pars. 2-6, the rising action; pars. 6-7, the climactic height; par. 7, the climactic situation and conclusive ending. See S. S. M. 71-121 *passim,* and specifically 74:6; 79:1; 85:1-3; 92:1-3; 94:5-13; 115:1-4.

3. Here also we find clearly exemplified the tendency of the conte to develop solely the climactic plot situation, with all preliminary matter reduced to a minimum. S. S. M. 15:1-5.

4. Likewise, strength and singleness of impression are manifest. S. S. M. 19:1-3.

5. Further, it is a drama in narrative. S. S. M. 10:1-7.

6. Though reduced to their lowest terms, theme, action,

atmosphere, and character are present as in the longer short story. S. S. M., 24: 1-5.

7. In a general summary of the literary and technical elements present in the little dramatic narrative, its power to interpret life, history, and the value and effect of national ideals must not be overlooked. In brief, it is a short story in miniature, and should be studied as such. See also the comment on " The Song."

WHAT THE VANDALS LEAVE

By Herbert Riley Howe

Reprinted by Permission from "Life," September 9, 1915.
(Copyrighted by Life Publishing Company, 1915)

1. The war was over, and he was back in his native city that had been retaken from the Vandals. He was walking rapidly through a dimly-lit quarter.

2. A woman touched his arm and accosted him in fuddled accents.

3. "Where are you going, M'sieu? With me, hein?"

4. He laughed. "No, not with you, old girl. I'm going to find my sweetheart."

5. He looked down at her.

6. They were near a street-lamp. She screamed. He seized her by the shoulders and dragged her closer to the light. His fingers dug her flesh, and his eyes gleamed.

7. "Joan!" he gasped.

311

THE SONG

The Story as a Whole

1. This story is notable for its extreme compactness and brevity, and for its effective mingling of theme, plot, atmosphere, and character (S. S. M. 54: 1). Notwithstanding its brevity (about 700 words), all these elements appear in satisfying proportion. Character is least prominent, the central person being a type figure—an ordinary laboring-class man, representing here the body of common-people, in democracies—on the whole rather indifferent to or ignorant of the fundamental significance of events that do not immediately touch their personal concerns. His foil is the German thrush-shooter, typifying the same class among the Germans.

2. The story is emphatically a purpose story. It is written to make the reader realize the fundamental issue of the present great struggle—the spirit of humanitarianism that produces the individual and national point-of-view of men living in democracies, against the spirit of inhumane and cruel hardness, seen in individual and in social character, that is the product of autocracy as developed in its modern guise and exemplified in Germany under Prussian domination. On the technical questions, see S. S. M. 26: 36; cf. especially 27: 4-8. (On the plot- and impression-value of the bird-shooting incident, cf. S. S. M. 101: 20-21.)

3. The story affords an excellent illustration of the

power of literature to interpret life. Seven hundred words explain to us the personal, social, and spiritual effects of two opposed philosophies of life as seen in current history. See S. S. M. 1: 1-11; note (for technical study) the concrete details employed, and their adequate embodiment of the ultimate truths presented (e. g., the "efficiency" of the German rifleman).

4. The plot organization is worth observing, owing to the brevity of the narrative. First note that the theme is revealed to us through a carefully calculated means—by revealing how Private Drake came to appreciate what he was fighting for. Next note that this story conforms pretty closely to the type described in S. S. M. 17: 5, sents. 1-2 (cf. also 16: 1-4). Third, note that the struggle is mental—between Drake's ignorant indifference and selfishness and his sense of a great ideal at stake. The plot organization is this (cf. S. S. M. 71-75):

Par. 1.	Exposition; central person and his indifference.
2.	Generating circumstance—Drake's suffering, causing him to ask, Why? Rising action begins. Motivation of his later understanding by indicating his hunger for the gentler aspects of life, representing democratic England.
3.	Beginning of the critical situation; preparation for decisive moment.
5.	Final preparation of decisive incident—the song. (Pars. 6-7 intensify and increase suspense.)

8-10. Decisive moment. (Note the difference in point-of-view between the two sides.)
11-14. Falling action, telescoped with grand climax and outcome (S. S. M. 75: C-D).

5. Cf. further S. S. M. 168: 25-27; 13: 1, 14: 5; 15: 1-3; 21: 3; 44: 2; 57: 6; 63: 14; 85: 1-3; 94: 6; 96: 11; 100: 19; 115: 1; 122: 1; 127: 9; 132: 16; 154: 7; 168: 26; 179: 3; 180: 4-5; 184: 10; 196: 13-14; 191: 5-6; 195: 11; 225: 13; 228: 15; 250: last par. to bottom of 251; 256: last par.; 257: pars. 1 and 3. This story is in many respects an unusually good example of the modern prose conte in its essential form. Therefore the student is recommended to review the passages here cited in S. S. M., and in general the leading principles of the short story as a type.

THE SONG

By C. Hilton-Turvey

Reprinted by Permission from "Life," March 30, 1916.
(Copyrighted by Life Publishing Company, 1916)

1. Tim Drake was no swashbuckler. He joined the colors simply as a business proposition. He had been out of work for months, and there was nothing in sight for him. At the great camp on Salisbury Plain he drilled as if it were part of a schoolboy lesson. Of the great war—what it meant—the issues that underlay it—he knew little and cared nothing. He heard a lot of talk amongst his mates. But it brushed his consciousness as the wing of a bird brushes the leaves in transit through a tree. He never doubted that the German was a good fellow. Fighting was a business with him, too. He obeyed orders. If they were bad ones, so much the worse for the ones who gave them.

2. His first bit in the trenches tried Tim. He came out after fourteen hours under fire, white and shaken. But that was only his body. Tim himself was not afraid. He felt passive—a cog in a machine in which he had little interest. But during the days and nights that ensued, the horror seemed to work through into his very soul. He would come staggering out of the trenches, dazed with the vibrations of the guns, his spirit melting like water, his courage at an ebb. He asked himself why he had come into this hell. And there grew upon him such home-

sickness—such longing to get back to England—that he could have bawled like a kiddie to think of it!

3. One morning, just before the dawn, he shuffled along with his company to relieve the trenches. He had slept badly, dreaming of home, which meant to him old grey London—the center of the web of the world—and the innocent, blossoming lanes and byways beyond the clamor of her streets.

4. Overhead a streak of dawn, faint and ghostlike, appeared. The lines were so close that he and his mates could hear the Germans stirring and the indistinct rumble of conversation.

5. The day broke in rose and gold. Soon the cool of the morning would be gone. A lanky tree between the lines still stood, half of its green branches shot away. As they waited for the beginning of the long day's strain—miracle of miracles!—a thrush lighted there on the scarred tree and sang!

6. There was silence in the trenches—the silence that is the greatest tribute the listener can bring to the artist, be he bird or man. For a moment the soldiers laid down their guns on the parapet, while their hearts beat with the lovely music.

7. It was the last touch to Tim's homesickness. The tears gushed out of his eyes. He put his head on his arms and cried like a child, not caring who saw. It brought back the birds that sang in the swaying hedges by the road, out of London, on a Sunday. It drew his homesick heart out of his body.

8. And now there was a stir in the German trenches—some guttural laughter, as at a very good joke, then the sharp bark of a rifle!

9. The song ceased, as if a silver thread had broken. Out of the stark tree fell a tiny bunch of brown feathers—a little limp body.

10. There was an audible gasp from the English lines.

11. The marksman, in the triumph of the moment, carelessly exposed his head above the safety line.

12. An echo of his own shot rang out in deadly repartee.

13. And back in the British trenches the man who had wept at the song of the thrush grimly cut a notch in the wood of his rifle, like the veriest savage exulting in the death of his enemy. For him the incident was an epitome of the great war.

14. Now at last, in a blaze of unquenchable rage, *Private Drake knew what he was fighting for!*

ANCHORS AWEIGH

The Story as a Whole

1. "Anchors Aweigh" is here introduced to illustrate further the difference between the conte, strictly so called, and some of the effective forms employing the same elements and kinds of material, but not organizing them according to the short-story requirements. "Anchors Aweigh" should be studied first in comparison with "What the Vandals Leave" and "The Song" (the references contained in the notes on these two are those primarily significant likewise with reference to "Anchors Aweigh"). It can then be compared with "Miss Mitty and the Ages Hence."

2. In making the comparison directed above, note that we have here no plot, in the short-story sense, there being no complication, and consequently no conflict or struggle of the sort required by dramatic plot. There is mental conflict, in the sense of mental disturbance or suffering; but there is no struggle between opposing forces, and consequently there is no crisis as meant in S. S. M. 15-18, and no conclusive outcome. "Anchors Aweigh" is rather an episode, or independent dramatized situation (S. S. M. 9: 3, especially *a* and *e*).

3. Among the elements here present that are also found in the conte are characterization (note the clear indication of the three personalities, that of the cabman affording contrast much as Shakspere's comic personages

afford contrast in emotional or tragic situations). The character element is strong enough to warrant us in coining the descriptive phrase, "character episode," in recognition of its presence.

4. The episode achieves a single impression, largely that of atmosphere and emotion (subjective coloring; S. S. M. 54-57), and not the result of struggle and outcome (plot).

ANCHORS AWEIGH

By Harriet Welles

Reprinted from "Scribner's Magazine" for August, 1917, by Permission of the Editors and the Author.
(Copyrighted, 1917)

1. So firmly is the superstition, "It is bad luck to watch your husband's ship out of sight," established among "the wives" in the United States navy, that if you had questioned Mrs. Frank Bradley—wife of a junior lieutenant and a bride of two months—as to its origin, she would have answered unhesitatingly that it was "an order from the secretary of the navy."

2. She had no idea of disobeying the order when, after bidding her husband good-by very early that morning and crying herself into a state of exhaustion afterward, she realized she could get to the navy-yard in time to see the ship sail and perhaps catch a last glimpse of him.

3. Like most officers, Lieutenant Bradley "didn't want *his* wife making a nuisance of herself around the ship," but if she sat in the jitney he wouldn't know she was there. And the jitney-man, on being questioned as to charges—for the prudent wife of a junior lieutenant attends to such details, even in time of stress—had answered that "he wouldn't charge anything for waiting; it'd be a kind of novelty to watch a battleship get away."

4. Out of the wind, sheltered by a building, Mrs. Bradley could see that the few men on deck were busy.

5. The duty-launch had been hoisted and secured; the forward gangway lowered; two noisy tugs came alongside; on the bridge the navigator bent over a large chart; the mail-orderly returned from his last trip to the post-office; a messenger boy, whistling lustily, sauntered up with a handful of telegrams.

6. Four bells struck. The ship was to sail at half-past ten. Through a blur of tears Mrs. Bradley saw the navy-yard workmen gather about the after gangway.

7. Several poorly clad women arrived and stood near her; they tried to cheer a younger woman who was sobbing and monotonously asking: "What if there's war?"

8. The jitney-man heard her. "If there's war that big ship might be the first one to go to the bottom," he observed cheerfully to his passenger.

9. "Good-morning! It's little Mrs. Bradley, isn't it?" questioned a pleasant voice.

10. The admiral's wife stood beside the jitney.

11. "I'm visiting at the commandant's—the house is so near I couldn't resist getting a last glimpse of things," she said, and laughed apologetically. "John hates women hanging around the ship—but he can't see me here," she added.

12. "Do admirals feel that way? I thought it was just my husband," said Mrs. Bradley.

13. The admiral's wife smiled.

14. "This must be your first parting," she observed.

15. Mrs. Bradley nodded forlornly.

16. "Because there are fifty-two officers on that ship —most of them are married—and fifty of the wives aren't anywhere in sight," said the admiral's wife.

17. "They've grown used to seeing their husbands

go—or else they don't love them as I do mine," remarked Mrs. Bradley resentfully.

18. "I've said good-by to John in every port from Olongapo to Pensacola; it never loses its novelty by getting easier; but one grows more—patient," observed the admiral's wife.

19. "Other times couldn't be as bad! This parting is terrible, and hard, because there may be war," cried Mrs. Bradley.

20. The admiral's wife did not answer. She clinched her hands as she remembered a parting long ago in a gray hospital-room, when her ensign son looked at her from unrecognizing eyes and agonizingly moved his body under the encircling bandages. . . .

21. "Minor turret explosion on battleship," announced the earliest editions of the newspapers when, without a word for her to treasure through the years, her son had slipped away . . . into the dawn.

22. Resolutely the admiral's wife glanced at the little group of women near them.

23. "Those are sailors' wives—one of them has a baby that is too tiny to bring here this cold morning," she said.

24. "That's the one that's crying all time about war," volunteered the jitney-man.

25. "Frank says—it will be a naval war," said Mrs. Bradley, swallowing with difficulty.

26. "I hope you cheered him up—our men need all their courage during these trying days," said the admiral's wife briskly. She did not mention that five times during their last few minutes together the admiral had reminded her not to forget to pay his life-insurance dues.

27. Mrs. Bradley began to cry. "I told Frank . . .

that if anything happened to . . . him . . . I'd soon join him," she sobbed.

28. "Splendid!" observed the admiral's wife dryly; "after that I suppose he left the house singing joyfully—at the top of his voice."

29. "What gets me is that while those fellows are going about their business on deck there can be a submarine sitting right on the bottom underneath them," remarked the jitney-man speculatively.

30. "Your first name doesn't happen to be Job, does it?" the admiral's wife asked him impersonally.

31. "No'm," he answered—"Samuel—Samuel Johnson Jones—but, in case you want me, the telephone's under the name of Sullivan——"

32. Five bells struck.

33. The ship's siren tore the silence into dangling shreds. Tugs added their hoarse voices. Near-by destroyers called a greeting—and farewell. Voices shouted orders—through drifting clouds of smoke.

34. Slowly . . . the great dreadnought moved . . . and as the whistles quieted down the band on the quarter-deck played the opening bars of the favorite naval-academy song, "Anchors Aweigh."

35. Gayly the old tune lilted over the crowded gray masses of steel and stone as it had echoed across sunny parade-ground and uproarious football fields—when youth called to youth of springtime that is so quickly gone.

36. Mrs. Bradley, her eyes shining, jumped from the jitney and frantically waved her muff. Tears and forebodings were swept away by an overwhelming flood of enthusiasm.

37. The sailors' wives stepped forward; the one with

the tiny baby lifted it high and, steadying its head, bade it "look at father's boat—and the pretty flag."

38. Puffing . . . the tugs warped the ship from her pier . . . shoved her sidewise . . . into the channel . . . paused . . . a perceptible minute . . . and moved ahead . . . down-stream.

39. Slowly . . . she gathered momentum; at her bow two white-tipped lines of water flowed sharply out . . . more faintly "Anchors Aweigh" drifted back on the cold wind.

40. Mrs. Bradley, mindful of superstition, turned away and climbed into the jitney.

41. "But where is the admiral's wife?" she asked.

42. "The lady that was talking to you? She's gone!" said the jitney-man. "I asked her something, but she didn't answer—just shook her head and walked away—sort of stumbling——"

43. He cranked the engine vigorously.

44. "The reason she couldn't answer was because she was crying," said the jitney-man.

MISS MITTY AND THE AGES HENCE

The Story as a Whole

1. In considering the comments made on this story, the student is cautioned to remember that they are made to explain more clearly what, in its essentials, the conte, strictly so called, is and is not; they are not to be construed into derogatory judgment of the story. A piece of short fiction may have numerous merits that quite warrant its existence, yet not be a conte, and authors are under no obligation to cast their narrative always in the short-story mold. That this narrative was accepted by the editor justifies, from the commercial point of view, the author's method. So do two further considerations. One is, that it doubtless was written in this form partly because the form fitted the speculative mood in which the theme had its birth. The other is, that the narrative, though not a close-wrought story, has doubtless pleased numerous readers (as it has this commentator) by provoking them also to a reflective consideration of the idea on which it is made to turn. To these we may add that the speculation so stimulated in the reader is enlivened and given concentration by means of the two distinct illustrative episodes worked out to support the theme. If therefore one is tempted to condemn the structural plan, he should before deciding answer these questions: Is close-wrought dramatic plot wholly consistent with the presentation of an idea that is conceived and considered in a merely speculative mood? And would a single illustra-

tion of the thematic idea be adequate to impress it on us?—*i.e.*, if the author gave us only episode one or episode two, without the other, should we have a wholly satisfying amount of "evidence" before us, or would the speculation appear inadequately supported with illustrative incidents? (How is it in "Nerve"?) Evidently, then, narrative fiction may be employed for purposes other than that of the conte in its strict form; see S. S. M. 26:1-2, but in applying the comment, omit the word "baldly" as there used, since the speculative mood and the management of the separate episodes redeems "Miss Mitty" from bald didacticism.

2. As a whole, this narrative illustrates loose plot (S. S. M. 10-12). Though each part separately has an interwrought plot of its own, the two together have slight "logical" connection with each other. The appearance of Miss Mitty in each is the only link, and this appearance is purely arbitrary. Except that the author awaredly chose to introduce her into each of the two, they are essentially distinct and separate stories, with independent plots. These separate plots will moreover be found nearer the standards of the close-wrought plot than is the linked-together set of events made by joining them. Again, in each part the development is sketchy rather than intensive; and in part two, Miss Mitty almost drops out of the real story; the vital part could be told readily without her, for it is what concerns Kate and Ten Eyck, and Miss Mitty is not at all indispensable to any incident it contains. Even Kate's refusal to accept Ten Eyck's attentions (pars. 74, 88) can be motivated entirely without Miss Mitty.

3. Owing to the looseness of the plot, few of the unities

can be observed. Neither the unity of time, the unity of place, the unity of persons, nor the unity of action is preserved, or sought. A certain unity of tone results from the fact that the author tells both episodes in the same spirit, and a factitious unity of person is given by continuing Miss Mitty as a person in part two. But even so the principal unifying element is the theme suggested by the title. In "His Bubble Reputation" we noted the absence of any person who could be regarded as the central person. In the present story, Miss Mitty is formally the central person. But which of the two narratives is most unified in its effect? Is the one intensive, the other extensive (or cursory) in its method?

4. The principle of unity can be studied "in reverse" by noting that the present narrative does not consist of two related incidents, or episodes, belonging to the same crisis or critical period (S. S. M., 15-18), but of two distinct episodes each having its own critical period and independent outcome, unrelated to that of the other; and by noting the consequent dispersal of attention and impression if the two be taken together—as they are here presented.

5. The same method of construction—the loose coupling together of episodes rather than the close intertwining of plot incidents—is responsible for the fact that unity of effect is comparatively weak. See S. S. M., 180 : 4. The method of construction much resembles that described in S. S. M. 26-27 as characterizing didactic narration. In estimating the strength of effect of the present narrative, compare it with the effect produced by the extract printed in S. S. M., 19 ff; then consider S. S. M., 19 ff., pars. 1 and 3.

6. The student can profitably puzzle himself by tr to classify this narrative under the heads given S. S. M. 9:3.

7. Part one and part two of the narrative con each the essential concept of a short story, but in ra sketchy or outline development. Profitable practice be had by developing out of either of these parts a n detailed and closely wrought conte, following especi the technique explained in S. S. M. 15-18, supplemei by that explained on pp. 10-15 and 19-22.

MISS MITTY AND THE AGES HENCE

By Anne O'Hagan

rinted through the courteous permission of the Editors and the Author, from "Smith's Magazine," February, 1914.
(Copyrighted, 1914, by Street and Smith)

l. Miss Mitty often said that she was the loneliest man in the world. She never said it lugubri-ly, however. The words were always spoken in a y that seemed rather to call attention to the blessings the person whom she addressed than to her own rows.

2. "If only I had an old mother, now," Miss Mitty uld say to the possessor of an old mother, half admir-ly, half enviously, "it seems to me I'd never feel ely any more. Or an old father, who needed me, or n an aunt or an uncle."

3. She seldom let her flights of fancy in regard to man belongings reach the height of expressing a desire a husband or for children of her own. Sometimes, to sure, she used to say:

4. "I have half a mind to adopt a baby. Wouldn't be lovely to have someone to do for, besides yourself? t, dear me, what would I do with it while I was out ving all day? Not many people would want their mstress bringing a baby to work. But it would be nice find it in its little crib when I came home of an ming."

5. Very often Miss Mitty's listeners, the married women for whom she did sewing, would shake their heads at her, and would tell her that she didn't know when she was well off; that she had no idea of the work and the worry that she was missing.

6. And Miss Mitty, cocking her head on one side, and appearing to debate the question within her mind, would generally say:

7. "Well, work and worry against loneliness—and I'll take the work and worry every time. Somehow you get to feeling that you're no use in the world, if all that you do is to keep a watertight roof over your own head, and a warm coat on your own back, and good food in your own stomach, and put by a little each week for your own grave when all's over with you.

8. "It isn't just the comfort of having someone to do for, now, that a lonely person misses. It's the going on and on—ages on. Perhaps you aren't much, and you haven't seen much or known much; but, sakes alive, what does it matter if you're going to have it all in your great-great-grandson—if he's going to see the Indian temples and the castles on the Rhine, and if he's going to know all that there is in books, and be able to tell the stars one from another? You've helped to make him. It's you that's going on in him. And every time that you do a hard, right thing, or let alone an easy, wrong thing, why, you're affecting him a hundred years away! Oh, it's just wonderful! But if you're a lone woman, like me, it's not only comfort that you miss, it's being an influence. I've always wanted to be an influence, and look at me!"

9. And Miss Mitty's joyous, throaty, little laugh would

ring out in a half-plaintive, half-merry self-derision. She saw the humor of mentioning herself and influence in the same breath.

10. However, that imagination of Miss Mitty's which could picture grandsons alive and real among the marvelous scenes familiar to her only through "The World's Wonder Book," enabled her to live fairly happily, although she conscientiously tried to keep it under control during five out of the seven days in each week. But on Saturday afternoons and Sundays she gave it a free rein. And that was how it happened that habitués of upper Fifth Avenue grew in time to have a certain feeling of recognition for an agile little figure, rather queerly dressed, and for a wistful, half-smiling, middle-aged little face that they saw once a week in their habitat. For Miss Mitty gave her imagination its Saturday half holiday about matinée and tea time on that gay and crowded thoroughfare.

11. She always walked along quite briskly, with an air of purpose. She always seemed to have an errand, a pleasant errand, if one could judge from the soft shining of her nearsighted eyes behind her glasses, and the faint smiling of her lips. And if one followed her movements, he would discover that she did, indeed, have an errand. She always went on Saturdays to the big candy store, where men were buying their week-end boxes, and women making their dinner-table selections. And she always trotted, with her birdlike briskness of manner, to that part of the long counter devoted to the more innocuous variety of sweets suitable for children. She scanned them all with a judicial eye; now and then even with a judicial mouth she tested them. Anyone looking at her would have said, inevitably, that she was a quaintly careful mother, prop-

erly concerned about the digestion of a nursery full of children.

12. That was what Radcliff said to himself the first time that he saw her. Radcliff always stopped at the big candy shop on his way down from his chambers to the train that he took each Saturday afternoon out to Ardsley and Amy Kleston. Amy had a ridiculous appetite for marrons, and it always amused him and gratified some sense of masculine superiority in him to see the childlike

---

1-11. The opening has the nature of a character sketch. Review S. S. M., 122-151, and see S. S. M., 161:15-20; 182:6-9; 209:3-4; 222-228.—Does this opening conform to S. S. M., 124:5-6? Can you suggest a better way of organizing and ordering the materials necessary for this narrative? Since Miss Mitty is to be the determining influence throughout, is it well to devote so much attention to her at the outset? Is such a character sketch as effective for opening as a dramatic incident would be? Cf. this opening with that of "That Hahnheimer Story," "A Ragtime Lady," "A Quiet Life," "His Bubble Reputation," "The Love of Men," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "The Opal Morning," "The Great God," et al., and point out the reasons you discover for employing the different forms in the different stories (consider especially the aptness of these openings to catch interest—S. S. M., 134:20-21—and their particular adaptedness to the rest of the story in contributing to its general arrangement and organization).—Estimate the opening with reference to S. S. M., 137:2, e.g.; with reference to 140:7-8; with reference to 149:18-19.—S. S. M., 152:3. How do you account for the character-sketch opening of the narrative, if the principle of this paragraph is sound?—S. S. M., 164:19. Is the comment verified by the present narrative?—S. S. M., 182:6-9. Studying Miss Mitty in pars. 1-11 of the narrative, and throughout it, subject the presentation to the test of the various principles indicated by the italics.—S. S. M., 211:4. Does the author observe this principle?—Test the characterization by the principles of S. S. M., 222-229.—Write out a lively criticism of the narrative based on the study directed above.

eagerness with which she dipped into the big box. Child-like eagerness was such an unexpected quality in Amy that it was probably the most piquantly charming thing about her.

13. The first time that he saw Miss Mitty, distracted between molasses peppermints and barley sugar, he smiled. She was such an incongruous little figure in the shop. Radcliff had an eye for contrasts in his so-called idle moments; those were the moments in which he was not concerned with the operations of the stock market. He had tried being a story writer when he came out of college, before he had found out how much more profitable it is to be a broker; and some of his old tricks of mind and imagination had remained with him. He tried to describe Miss Mitty, with her quaint little air, and her quaint, old-fashioned clothes, to Amy. But Mrs. Kleston was not interested.

14. The next Saturday, Radcliff's imagination insisted upon following Miss Mitty home and distributing that pound of candy, piece by piece, and always after meals, among five or six children. He did not mention this picture to Amy Kleston. She had told him, quite frankly, that children bored her; she admitted that she had been bored even by her own little boy during the three or four years that she had permitted the child and Mr. Kleston to condemn her to the sort of life that she loathed.

15. Amy's son had been born two years after her marriage, and that insane experiment, as she called it, had lasted only six years before the divorce. Perhaps she was right in saying that she had tried the situation long enough to know that it didn't suit her. The boy was living

with his father's parents, and in the early days of his infatuation it had relieved Radcliff immensely to know that he would never be obliged to share Amy's affection with the child of another man. Naturally, therefore, he did not reveal to the fascinating Mrs. Kleston, on the second Saturday of observing Miss Mitty, the idle speculation that the sight of her had aroused in him.

16. On the third Saturday he was amazed to find that he was looking forward with some anxiety to seeing the queer little woman with the friendly eyes and the kind smile. The vision of her occupied the foreground of his imagination even to the exclusion of the beautiful figure that usually held that place at that hour—the figure of Amy Kleston, long, slim, sinuous, with dark, provocative eyes, and skin as fair as a camellia petal. He felt a relief, a sense of not being cheated, when he arrived at the store in time to meet Miss Mitty and her modest parcel going out.

17. He held the door open for her, thereby ousting from the service for which he was hired a small boy resplendent in green and brass livery. Miss Mitty thanked him heartily, and he caught the quality of her voice, its wistful, happy friendliness. He told himself that she reminded him of a girl whom he had known out home in Indiana long ago, a girl with whom he had gone to school, a girl to whom—Radcliff called a sharp halt upon his recollections.

18. "There's no use being a sentimental fool," he told himself, "and she's probably buying candy this blessed minute for her brood's Sunday luncheon."

19. Her brood! If the glitter of success and the glamour of a succession of Amy Klestons had not

estranged him and the Indiana girl years and years ago, that brood might have been his!

20. "Thank God it isn't!" said Radcliff roughly.

21. He thought that he was saying it to himself, and not until the young goddess behind the counter raised her eyebrows at him and icily begged his "pawdon," did he realize that he had spoken aloud. Whereupon he begged her pardon, and demanded the usual Saturday supply of marrons for his fiancée.

22. He hoped that Amy and her father and mother, with whom she was living, would not have the house filled with the usual noisy, card-playing, hard-riding, hard-drinking crowd of week-enders. He wanted a chance to talk to Amy alone, seriously, not merely for the usual snatched half hour of allurement and endearment; he wanted to talk to her about their marriage. But by some obstinate trick, his imagination refused to glow at the thought of that consummation, and went following Miss Mitty home to her supposititious family. It also took a journey westward to the girl he used to know.

23. Fate vouchsafed the opportunity for serious conversation with his affianced. And no one could have been more surprised than he himself to hear how he availed himself of it.

24. "How about your little boy, Amy?" he asked Mrs. Kleston, after she had averred that she could get ready for her wedding in a month, because "a divorcée should always be married quietly; it's bad taste not to."

25. Amy's eyes narrowed at the absurd question, and all the supple, graceful body seemed to stiffen.

26. "What do you mean?" she asked shortly.

27. "You'll want him with you, when you have a home of your own again?" suggested Radcliff. "The court awarded him to you, did it not?"

28. "Divided him between us," Amy corrected him coldly. "The rest of the arrangement was a purely amicable one between us. The child's all right. Why should I bother? The old Klestons are devoted to him. It would break their hearts," added Amy piously, as one who could not be guilty of harshness to the aged, "to give him up."

29. "And doesn't it do anything to your heart, Amy?"

30. "Really, Hal, I've never made the slightest pretense of considering myself a good mother, or even the possibility of a good mother. Children bore me stiff. It's much better for every one concerned that the boy should stay where he is, especially for himself."

31. Radcliff listened attentively, all the while contrasting in his mind Amy's looks and voice with the looks and voice of the woman for whom he had opened the door of the candy shop, and of the girl whom he had used to know in Indiana. And, suddenly, he heard himself saying, again greatly to his own astonishment:

32. "I'm getting old, Amy. I'm thirty-eight. I want the real thing."

33. And Amy Kleston, being as she herself would have said, no fool, had understood him perfectly. And having ample proof on every hand that not all men had reached the same age as Radcliff, or yearned for the same variety of reality, she dismissed him to seek what he wanted elsewhere.

34. Radcliff continued his Saturday afternoon pilgrimages to the candy shop, and found some solace for a sore and turbulent spirit in the smiling regard of Miss Mitty. He bought innocuous candies himself, now, to present to the children of his college chum, with whom he had begun the pleasing practice of Sunday dining. The college chum's wife had a sister who would have been somewhat surprised to learn that her first attraction in Mr. Radcliff's eyes was a fancied resemblance to Miss Mitty, and perhaps a slight suggestion of the girl out in Indiana, with her husband and her brood of children. In time, of course, he came to think that there was no one in the world at all like her, and to believe that that had been his firm opinion from the first.

12-34. Observe the management of the transition from the opening to the developing action.—From this point on to the end of part one, apply S. S. M., 183: 9. Are Radcliff and Amy subordinate persons in comparison wth Miss Mitty? Did the author intend them to be? Do they and their affairs tend to overshadow Miss Mitty and usurp her importance in the series of events?—The manifest function of part one is to illustrate and enforce the thought, that the little Miss Mittys of the world after all do influence the ages hence. Prepare an action plot (S. S. M., 77: D) for a conte (strict meaning) in which Radcliff and Amy shall be clearly the leading persons, the struggle being that between their opposed nature and views, Miss Mitty appearing but incidentally, though precipitating the decisive moment or affording the decisive impulse. The difference will be that the new treatment will produce a true short story; raise Radcliff and Amy from the anomalous position in which now they are subordinate persons although supplying the dramatic material and action; and transform the basic dramatic action from that of subordinate persons into that of persons-in-chief—those immediately and directly affected by the outcome. Observe that in this reorganizaton the determining fact is a shift in emphasis, beginning with Miss Mitty and extending itself to all the elements of

II.

35. Miss Mitty's Saturday afternoon extravagances did not end with the purchase of the box of candy, which she bought to be divided between her landlady's children, the poor old lady with a sweet tooth in the second-story back room, and herself. She had another, which she had begun to permit herself about a year before the time when Radcliff had first noticed her.

36. As she walked up the avenue one afternoon, she had noticed for the first time a tiny flower shop tucked away in what must once have been only an entrance hall. Miss Mitty always stopped before the big plate-glass windows with glorious pots, and bushes, and vases behind them, and glued her nose to the broad panes. But she would never have had the temerity to enter one of those. The little shop was different. She found it irresistible.

37. She had always loved flowers, and one of the never-to-be-realized visions that she cherished was of herself weeding in a bright-colored country garden patch. On the window sill of her fourth-story bedroom, she coaxed geraniums to bloom, and even once succeeded in inducing a sickly sprig of mignonette to raise its head from a tiny flowerpot. But the cut flowers in the little shop called to her, and she entered and was lost.

38. It was only three jonquils that she carried away—

---

the narrative. Nor could the new story be entitled "Miss Mitty and the Ages Hence"—Note further that another reorganization is possible, by which Miss Mitty can be kept as the central person, but given a much more active and prominent part in the action and outcome. In this case, the emphasis would not be shifted from Miss Mitty; rather it would be increased by making her actively and awaredly a direct participant.

wrapped up, first, in oiled paper, and then in white—but it marked the beginning of a new period in her existence. Now that her tiny cemetery lot was paid for, now that her twenty-year life-insurance policy had fallen due, and a whole thousand dollars was hers to live on, should she ever be ill, now that she had a regular clientele for which to sew, so that five days and a half out of every week seemed assured to her as long as she could find glasses strong enough to enable her to count her stitches, why should she not permit herself another self-indulgence? Why should she not, selfishly, piggishly, buy herself a Saturday posy, to keep her company all Saturday evening, while she read her paper, and her magazine, and her Bible, and to be waiting to welcome her when she came home from church on Sunday morning?

39. "It wouldn't be quite like looking up to see an old mother smiling at you, or coming home to find a baby toddling to meet you, but next to them, I don't know of a thing that would be more smiling and companionable-like. I'm going to do it!"

40. She did not confide all this to Kate Green, who kept the little shop, until much later in their acquaintance. In the first place, Kate was generally busy on Saturday afternoons; the little shop in which she had invested almost all the small inheritance that she had received at her mother's death, was doing very well. Kate explained blithely to people who exclaimed at the comparative cheapness of her wares that her rent was small compared to that of the big shops, and that her staff was correspondingly small. Indeed, there would not have been room in the little shop for any more or any larger employees than the agile small boy who executed Kate's orders.

41. All these things combined to make the venture a success, but probably the most potent factor in it was Kate herself; Kate, who loved flowers, and knew how to care for them; Kate, who always went in person at break of day to the flower marts, and brought back with her at least one rarity to make everyone pause in front of her window that day; Kate, who was straight and strong looking, and who had lovely eyes, and lovely hair, and a soft, pulsating color in her round cheeks.

42. "Doesn't anyone ever mistake you for a flower yourself?" inquired Mr. Reginald Ten Eyck pleasantly on the occasion of his first purchase, twenty-five dollars' worth of big lilies to be sent to the Norwegian actress who was doing Ibsen that year in the most fascinating broken English.

43. Kate didn't have twenty-five dollars' worth of lilies in the place, but she knew where she could get the rest. She frowned at Mr. Ten Eyck's complimentary impertinence, although Mr. Ten Eyck's manner always robbed his impertinences of some of their offense. She answered him somewhat curtly.

44. "No one ever mistakes me for the sort of person to whom he may be rude," she said.

45. A great wave of red rolled up over her face as she said it. It was no easy matter for her to "put a young man in his place," as her old servant at home had always declared it was necessary to do. Mr. Ten Eyck laughed.

46. "A hit," he cried. "A very palpable hit! You read Shakespeare, of course?"

47. Kate frowned again, and then advanced with relief toward a new customer entering the shop. But Mr.

Ten Eyck, who had ample leisure, and who would have taken it if he had not already possessed it, waited until the other customer had been served and had departed.

48. "I only stayed to apologize to you," he assured her, with much sincerity. "You really ought to read Shakespeare—he's ripping! I dare say you don't believe me, because they taught you that in school. But it's the truth—it's as true as that I'm really awfully sorry if my freshness annoyed you. Forgive me, won't you?"

49. Kate couldn't resist him. The severe mask had to fall away from her face, and the dimples to show.

50. "I forgive you," she said, trying to make the severity of her voice atone for the leniency of her face.

51. "Shake hands on it!" begged Mr. Ten Eyck.

52. Kate shook hands on it—it seemed the easiest way to get rid of him. But she scarcely succeeded in doing that. He became her regular customer; he laid the foundations of her modest success. Two and three times a week he appeared in person to inspect Kate's stock, to make suggestions, and to leave the most extravagant orders. In addition to that, he sometimes sent his man with less elaborate instructions.

53. The recipients of his floral attentions were many. Kate used to curl her lip as she took some of the addresses. In the beginning she had really almost felt the scorn that she thought it necessary to show, as actress after actress, chorus girl after chorus girl, appeared and disappeared upon Mr. Ten Eyck's list. Later, she began to feel a grudging curiosity about them. Was it pure fickleness that made so many changes in the names, or was it that the exigencies of their profession made New York their habitat for only a short time?

54. She took to scanning the newspapers for the names not only of stars, but of what might be called the mere electric lights of the theatres. She had a great feeling of relief the Monday when she read that the Norwegian interpreter of Ibsen was playing her last six evenings and her last two matinées that week.

55. About the decorous addresses on Fifth and Madison Avenues, and the blocks between them, to which many of Mr. Ten Eyck's floral tributes were sent, she felt less curiosity, less—she did not call it so to herself—jealousy. "Bread-and-butter bouquets," Mr. Ten Eyck himself named the flowers that went to those houses, and Kate took a strange and alarming comfort in the saying. Even when he came into the shop with lovely and resplendent ladies in his company, and presented them to Kate with that air of friendliness, all unaware of class distinctions, that was his greatest charm, and told them how, if they wanted original and charming decorations, they must give their orders to Miss Green, his intimacy with those ladies did not disturb her. He never brought the others.

56. There came a day, a few weeks after Miss Mitty had entered upon her career of selfish extravagance in the matter of flowers, and had established a sort of friendship with the young florist, when the latter was compelled to question herself concerning the feelings that she cherished toward Mr. Ten Eyck. Neither he nor his man had been in for a week. Kate had read the society notes of her morning paper assiduously, but had discovered nothing of his whereabouts or activities. Cotillions were danced without his aid, débutantes made their bow to the world without his congratulations, chorus girls made merry without his help. Could he be ill, Kate wondered. She almost

had it in her thoughts to put together a modest bunch of flowers, and to send it in a plain box to his address. But she took the inclination by the neck, so to speak, and shook it.

57. "Have you taken leave of your senses, Kate Green?" she asked herself, and forthwith plunged into plans for decorating Mrs. Montgomery's dinner table on the next Friday.

58. It was a wild, blustery, winter day, and the narrow door into the narrow little shop seldom opened. The telephone bell rang now and then, and orders were given without inspection of the flowers.

59. Kate's assistant had gone to one of the park hotels with a bunch of violets and orchids to welcome a girl just arriving from Chicago, and she herself was alone in the shop, when the old-fashioned bell on the front door jangled, and a man seemed blown into the little room.

60. Kate came from behind the desk with her competent saleswoman air, but before she had taken four steps into the store, she came to a standstill. It was her chief customer, Reginald Ten Eyck, who stood still near the door, staring at her most curiously. She did not know why she was suddenly stricken motionless by the look of his pale face, the earnestness of his gaze. When he saw that she was not advancing, Mr. Ten Eyck took a few steps forward himself.

61. "Have you missed me?" he demanded, with an attempt at his usual airy manner.

62. Kate made a clutch after her own accustomed pose of good business woman.

63. "You haven't been in for some time, have you?" she said pleasantly.

64. He came closer, and stood looking down at her, intent, brooding, yet with a little flicker of his old whimsicalness.

65. "Ah, Kate, Kate! And do you know why I have stayed away?"

66. Kate wanted to say the obvious thing about his having been busy, having been out of town, needing no flowers. But the words would not come. She stood looking up at him, and in her ears there was a throbbing that seemed to be all the voices of the world saying to her:

67. "And this is love!"

68. She shook her head in answer to his question.

69. "I've been trying to see how it would feel to get on without seeing you," announced Reginald Ten Eyck. "I find it feels like hell. I'll amend that to purgatory if the word shocks you." He stooped and suddenly caught her hands.

70. "Kate, Kate, I can't stand it! Can you?"

71. Her hands imprisoned in his, her eyes fixed upon his ardent ones, her whole being in subjection to the new, sudden force that had taken possession of her, Kate shook her head. She didn't want to stand not seeing him! His face brightened and softened wonderfully.

72. "My dear girl! My dear, truehearted girl! You shall never regret it—you shall never regret being sincere to me, I swear it! Where am I to see you? Where do you live? I shall come and take you to dinner tonight, and afterward you will let me come and talk to you in your own place."

73. The front door opened, and the messenger returned from the hotel, his red, outstanding ears nearly blown from his head.

74. "At five minutes past six then," said Ten Eyck, releasing her hands.

75. The door closed behind him, and Kate, dazed, palpitant with excitement and a dreamy happiness, went up behind the desk again.

76. She was alone again in the shop in the middle of the afternoon, when again the gale seemed to blow a customer into the shop. Kate came forward slowly, hating to break the trance in which she was spending the day. But when she recognized Miss Mitty's funny little face, red, and frost-nipped, and watery-eyed from the buffetings of the wind, she smiled in friendly fashion.

77. "This isn't your regular day?" she said.

78. Miss Mitty, recovering her windblown breath with a final gasp, looked up with shy pleasure.

79. "And have you really noticed that I only come on Saturdays?" she said. "I call that very friendly of you. I don't hold with this notion, at all, of New York's not being a friendly place. People are pretty much as you take 'em all the world over, is my belief. Well, Saturday is my usual day. It's the only afternoon I'm not sewing, or engaged to sew. But the lady where I'm working today, Mrs. Miller, over on Broadway, near Ninety-sixth, she's expecting her mother tonight from the country, and she was trying to find some sweet peas to put in her mother's room. It seems her mother has a garden up where she lives, and is awful fond of flowers, and can't abide flats. And so Mrs. Miller—but you understand all that. She couldn't find any sweet peas up near her place, and when I told her about you, and how you'd surely have 'em if they were in the market, she asked me to come down and see. That's how it happens."

80. "There were almost none in the market this morning," said Kate. "So many of the trains were late on account of the blizzard. But I got two or three bunches, and, with some lilies of the valley and mignonette, they'd make quite a gardeny showing."

81. She was busy sliding the glass doors of her cases back and forth.

82. "It's just what I told Mrs. Miller," cried Miss Mitty, in a rapture of self-satisfaction and satisfaction with Kate. "I said that if you didn't have sweet peas, you'd have something that would make her mother think of a garden. I told her—I hope you'll excuse my saying it—that you looked like a girl whose mother had had a garden. She did now, didn't she?"

83. Miss Mitty's voice yearned for corroboration.

84. "Yes," said Kate shortly and in a low voice.

85. She was busying herself with the arrangement of the flowers. Miss Mitty eyed her sympathetically.

86. "I hope you've got her with you," she ventured a little diffidently. "Mine died when I was a baby, and that's more than forty years ago. I can't tell you what I'd give to have an old mother to do for. I think it would be the sweetest thing, next to having a baby——" She broke off with a little laugh that was full of pathos. "Ain't I an old fool to be talking about babies? Why, I never even had a beau!"

87. Kate looked at her with tragic eyes. She did not know yet what the garrulous little woman had done. She only knew that the heavy warmth and sweetness of the trance that had enveloped her since morning was dissipated, gone, and that she was obliged to see the world again instead of the hazy dream. And in the foreground

of that world there was a country garden, outside a little, white-painted cottage. And among the pinks and the sweet peas, the brave blue bachelors' buttons, and the white phloxes, there moved a bent figure in a sunbonnet. From out of the shadows of that sunbonnet a pair of dark eyes followed Kate with adoring pride.

88. "Tommy," cried Kate, when the door had been closed long upon Miss Mitty, "I'm sick. I'm going home. There probably won't be anyone in to buy anything on such an afternoon. If any orders come, call for messenger boys to take them. Do the best you can for me, Tommy,

---

35-92. In general construction, part two is much like part one —character sketching at the first, merging off into plotted narration of action by the secondary, or ancillary, persons. Like part one, part two can readily be reconstructed; for example, thus: Pars. 35-39, omitted. Sentences 1-2 of 40 recast to read, "Kate Green kept the little flower shop. She was generally busy on . . ." Up to par. 76, no other changes. Pars. 76-87 displaced by new material, showing how Kate suddenly realized that she was about to yield merely to emotion, that Ten Eyck was still merely the raw, unworked substance of manhood, and that their love was likely to prove their ruin instead of their happiness unless he should be developed into an industrious, purposeful man. Then pars. 88 to end as they now stand, except for the minor changes necessary to adapt them to the substituted part of the narrative.—So modified, part two becomes an independent narrative, as was the case also with part one.—But part two can likewise be reconstructed another way, like part one; i.e., with Miss Mitty brought more importantly and dominantingly into the action, and made the determining actor as well as merely (what she is at present) a chance influence working its effect from outside the dramatic events.—Finally, we may recast as first above directed as far as par. 76, then—for the first time—introduce some such person as Miss Mitty, briefly and summarily characterized, let her converse to the same effect as at present, and exit; and so take up the original narrative again wthout change from

and don't tell anyone where I live, if anyone asks you. Mind, now!"

89. Two years later, Miss Mitty was surprised to be one of the tiny handful of guests invited to the wedding of Kate Green and Reginald Ten Eyck. It was a very quiet wedding, except for the jovial declaration of the elder Mr. Ten Eyck to the effect that nothing in his life had given him so much satisfaction.

90. "She's made a man of him," he assured his sister, who had sustained herself through the ceremony with smelling salts. "He's told me all about it. Wouldn't

---

par. 88 forward. This will accomplish for part two the incidental introduction of Miss Mitty (or her plot equivalent), such as was suggested also for part one.—By noting these quite practical and practicable recasts, and working them out clearly in rewritten narratives, the student will gain increased comprehension of the method of the present piece of narration and of the management of plots and plot materials (especially plot incidents) in general.

The following facts will also be illuminative: That in part one, exposition of the plot (disregarding the character sketching of Miss Mitty) begins with par. 12; that Miss Mitty is the complicating influence and her appearance the generating circumstance; and that this circumstance therefore enters in the first sentence directly concerned with the plot of the episode. The critical period rises to the decisive moment in pars. 29-33, and the falling action and outcome are found in 34. Then: That in part two exposition (disregarding the character sketching) begins with par. 40; that the critical period begins with the remark of Ten Eyck (generating circumstance) in par. 42, reaching its first climactic height in 56-57 and its grand climactic and decisive moment in the detailed incident (retarded movement) of 60-75; that preparation begins in par. 76 for the threatened reversal of this decision, culminating in pars. 86-88 with what seems a second decisive moment, reversing the earlier one (anticipatory delay; S. S. M., 74, footnote); that there is a third period of balanced

flirt with him, wouldn't go about with him, wouldn't have a damned thing to do with him, in short, until he proposed in due form, and declared that he'd defy the whole family rather than give her up. And she wouldn't have a thing to do with that, either, though she told him that she would have no scruples about the family part of it. But she wouldn't marry a trifler, an idler. Well, you know how Reggie hustled around and got a job, and how, by heck, he has seemed to like it better than all his loafing! She's made a man of him. I'm proud of her.

91. "Oh, stop your drivel about a saleswoman on the avenue! They're going to run the shop still; they'll

---

decision, or suspense—i.e., resistant delay—buried in the two years the action of which is summarized in the three pars. of outcome (89-91), in which time Ten Eyck was demonstrating his real manhood; and that par. 92 is a formal philosophical close.—Reviewing this analysis of the two plots, we see Miss Mitty as the determining influence in each, in one appearing as the generating circumstance and continuing as the exciting cause, and in the other appearing as the determining element that threatens to reverse the outcome promised by the decisive moment (pars. 76-88), and thus serving as the generating cause to protract the struggle after the decisive moment and actually modifying the nature of the outcome as finally revealed. Theoretically, therefore, the narrative as a whole *seems* to have its unity secured by means of a central person. But we saw (introductory notes) that in some ways the totality of effect is lacking (S. S. M., 180:4). The reason for this is, that this central person is *not* the dominant person in the three phases of plot, action, and characterization (S. S. M., 181:5). The moral is, that unity is not a matter of theoretical procedure so much as it is of thorough integration, inter-working, and complete inter-relation and subordination of all the story materials (S. S. M., 168:25-27; 104:24-29; 166:23, "integration").—Objection to these conclusions may be raised on the ground that there is unified effect at the end. Closer examination will probably reveal, however, that this unified

supply it from the greenhouses up on the farm. Fine girl, plucky little woman! I tell you what, I'm proud of my son and daughter—I'll wager I'll have cause to be proud of my grandchildren!"

92. But Miss Mitty, in her modesty, never dreams that she, for all her loneliness, for all her lack of ties, has influenced the "ages hence" of which she sometimes wistfully dreams; and that it is not alone possessions, even the sacred possession of dear responsibilities, that influence the generations yet unborn, the centuries yet to be; but that these depend upon the vision that each one of us carries in his heart.

---

impression results mainly from episode two, supplemented by the impression of Miss Mitty created in the characterizing opening (pars. 1-11), and that episode one (pars. 12-34) has made slight impression on us, because we must forget it in order to enter into episode two with undivided attention.

IN THE MATTER OF DISTANCE

The Story as a Whole

1. The form of opening and close employed, show this story to be clearly a theme story. The theme is most directly put in the closing paragraph (the terms used are symbolical).

2. In conceiving the story, the author has apparently begun with a theme, has then imagined a situation proper to this theme, selecting persons and constructing a plot to develop this situation through consistent action to an outcome illustrative of the theme.

3. As the theme is illustrated by showing a single trait of human nature at work in the two chief persons, the story becomes a character story as well as a theme story. But because this trait is found in all sorts of persons, the individuality of the two chief actors must not be developed in detail, lest their individuality obscure this dominant trait. Accordingly the emphasis is thrown instead on this trait of human nature common to them, and as persons they are differentiated but broadly, not minutely. This fact accounts for the introduction of the minimum amount only of individual character portrayal. Yet enough is given to present to us two distinct personalities; we can even perceive hints of the temperament element of character. Cf. S. S. M., 208:2; 218, note.

4. Again: The author, having started from a definite theme, and being thereby led to employment of a single character trait as the source of the motivating impulse,

found himself as a consequence, when he came to construct his plot, taking this character trait as his starting-point. This led him to employ the method of S. S. M., 218 (A) and 218: 5 in constructing his plot.

5. The story is exceedingly compact. Test this by trying to find parts that can be omitted without turning the story into bare skeleton. See S. S. M., 251.

6. The exposition is distributed, not massed (S. S. M., 79: 1-5); and it is suggested rather than told.

7. The story is somewhat unusual in having two persons as the central figure; for after movement 2, the two may be regarded as a sort of twin-actor person, playing a single part. In movements 1 and 2, on the other hand, we have duplicated action with different actors; in movement 2, the same action takes place affecting O'Brien that took place in movement 1 with Whiteside.

8. The plot is thoroughly successful in coming to a head in the decisive moment; S. S. M., 94: 5- (6, 8).

9. The opening exemplifies S. S. M., 135: 21.

10. The passage over from the opening to the first movement is suggestive of method; cf. S. S. M., 151: 1.

11. The sequence is the time sequence (S. S. M., 153: 5-7), except that movement 2 takes place cotemporaneously with movement 1. Study this management.

12. The story observes the unities of action, time, person (see note 7, just above), and theme; S. S. M., 178: 1-15.

13. The story makes skillful use of dialogue; S. S. M., 229: 1-2; 230: 4; 232: 6; 234: 9-12. In its dialect, it observes the principles of S. S. M., 248: 12.

IN THE MATTER OF DISTANCE

By John Barton Oxford

ɜprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Author from "The Red Book" for June, 1914.
(Copyrighted, 1914)

1. From West Cherry [1] Street to Beverly Avenue, as the ·ow flies, is perhaps a mile and a half; by devious streets ıd avenues—up Middlesex, down Crawford,[1] ɔlong the ıtire length of Westmoreland Avenue—it is considerably ⁄er two miles; but, if you are judging by standards, ıcial, intellectual, and ethical, a good half the circum-ɪrence of the earth lies between West Cherry Street and everly Avenue.[2]

2. West Cherry Street is noisy, unclean, dilapidated, ıt-at-the-elbows; Beverly Avenue—isn't.[1] In West herry Street swarms of noisy youngsters, left to their own

---

1. [1] Study the employment here of place names to give the im-ɾession of place atmosphere. What is shadowed forth in these ımes is put into direct description in par. 2.

[2] Theme is important in this story; the *motif* is, "Brothers ɑder the skin." One touch of nature—human nature—makes vo men, of quite unlike social status, akin in their behavior in ke circumstances. Contrast balanced against fundamental like-ess in one single trait, lies at the bottom of the effect of the ·ory. This sentence effectually presents a forecast of the con-·ast involved.

2. [1] "Beverly Avenue—isn't." Why is this way of making the ɔmparison more effective than an enumeration of details would e?

devices, amuse themselves with hazardous games which entail much swiftness and much keenness of eye to avert their untimely ends beneath the wheels of passing drays; the children of Beverly Avenue—far less in number than those of West Cherry Street, although Beverly Avenue is a much longer thoroughfare—amuse themselves much more sanely and safely and without the shrill, ear-splitting whoops of the West Cherryites, because they are carefully herded by trim and white-capped nurse-maids whose keen eyes are solely for their small charges—unless one of the good-looking young mounted policemen happens along.

3. The property owners [1] of Beverly Avenue and the humble rent-payers [1] of West Cherry Street, you may

---

A descriptive paragraph, amplifying the hint of contrast given in par. 1. Note its concentrative, or intensifying, value (S. S. M., 109: 33-34). Note also that it manages to imply a comment on social differences as they affect children. This particular aspect of social differences is used because two children constitute one of the chief dependencies for motivating the conduct of the two men. Observe further how the details continue the effect of place atmosphere. To what extent does the mention of the nurse-maids and the mounted policemen constitute description of scene? Is this its purpose?—Is there irony or satire anywhere in the paragraph?

3. [1] Observe the reiteration of the contrast by means of the pairs of contrasting terms. Note especially the emphasis on distance; the *motif* is (to repeat it), Socially remote, humanly near.—[2] The three paragraphs have emphasized the apparent contrast—the unlikeness (seen mostly in externals) in social rank, wealth, and the like. The last sentence now, with a sudden reversal, brings us up with a jerk to face the thought that all these measures of distance may be useless or untrue in certain circumstances. It thus makes sure of our attention.—pars. 1, 2, 3. Cf. S. S. M., 122-151, passim. A live, interest-getting opening. It hints at the *motif* and strikes the keynote of the narration. In this story, the tone of narration is determined

readily surmise, are not at all the same breed of cats. West Cherry Street [1] is West Cherry Street, and Beverly Avenue [1] is Beverly Avenue, and there you are! They are a mile and a half distant,[1] two miles apart,[1] twelve-thousand-odd miles removed [1]—just whichever way you happen to compute it. And sometimes none of these reckonings apply and you have to compute that distance on an entirely new basis.[2] For instance:

4. A limousine rolled away from Number 684 Beverly Avenue. It was a six-cylinder limousine of an ultra-expensive make. Its brass glistened; its polished sides shone; there was a big bunch of orchids in the flower-holder just behind the liveried chauffeur's back.

5. In the limousine were Mr. Malcom Whiteside and his son-in-law, Robert Whittleby. Mr. Robert Whittleby had said just before entering the car:

---

largely by the author's attitude—genial and amused satire, gradually deepening into earnest human sympathy. In so far as the opening indicates the social rank of the two men who appear later, it is expository, since this difference in status is part of the precedent facts on which the theme-development, by means of the action, depends.—Observe how description (with flashes of narration) is made to take the place of a philosophical "overture." Cf. the last paragraph of the story.

4. This paragraph presents the setting in which the first movement of the rising action will take place; the details mentioned have been chosen for their atmosphere value. Note the economy of detail and the swiftness of the description. Note also how the setting is placed before the beginning of the action; is this a fortunate placing? Cf. S. S. M., 165-167.

5. Introduces one of the leading and one of the supporting actors. Why is no description of Whiteside's dress needed? (Cf. par. 25).

6. "To the White Star Docks, William!"

7. As he said it, Mr. Malcom Whiteside had hitched uneasily[1] on the cushions and turned to look anxiously at a certain window in the big house where the shades were pulled down. He had turned back to say to his son-in-law:

8. "Now if I thought Elizabeth——"

9. Whereupon Mr. Robert Whittleby had interrupted him with:

10. "Oh, don't let that worry you. The kid's all right. I think myself it's measles, despite what the doctor says. Anyway, it's nothing at all serious. If you don't

---

6-7. What is gained by introducing this speech here? Could the expository fact be so well presented elsewhere? Why not, for instance, in par. 10, "If you don't get this *ocean liner*?"—Is anything gained by using direct speech? Substitute for dialogue this narrative sentence: "They were on their way to the White Star Docks." Does this sentence together with par. 7, show that Whiteside was too much occupied to pay attention to their starting?—[1] Mood hint (S. S. M., 257).

8. Although the exposition is not complete, the action has now begun.—See S. S. M., 229-231; the dialogue is now presenting expository fact.—Par. 7 hints at the (first) complication; this speech begins to give the hint definiteness.

9-10. "Interrupted."—Here the interrupting speech has three functions. First, it represents the readiness of younger persons to treat lightly the fears of the old (characterizaton—a trait of human nature). Second, it contrasts the father's lack of worry with the grandfather's deep concern. Third, it rapidly unfolds the situation (exposition), completing the first discovery of the inciting impulse (S. S. M., 89:8).—[1] The complication is now revealed, so far as Whiteside is involved—his desire to stay with the grand-daughter, against his desire to attend his son's wedding.—[2] Complication given weight and seriousness by means of consequential exposition (S. S. M., 171 ff.; 231).—[3] Intensifying speech; intensifies motive by consequential exposition (S. S. M., 171-173, 231).—[4] Action advanced by this speech (see par. 11).

get this boat you can't make Ned's wedding,[1] and he'd never forgive you.[2] You've delayed quite long enough on that kid's account already."[3] And then to the chauffeur: "All right, William!"[4]

11. The powerful engine purred softly; away went the car, with Mr. Malcom Whiteside lifting his hat and waving a hand[1] to the little group on the front porch. But as the limousine swept from the flower-bordered drive into the Avenue,[2] his gray head[3] was twisted about to catch a last glimpse at that window with the down-drawn shades, and again he was moving uneasily on the cushions and looking very worried.[4]

12. "I hate to leave with Elizabeth ill as she is," he remarked again.

13. Mr. Whittleby laughed lightly. "Man, dear, that precious infant isn't made of sugar or salt. A little rise in temperature and a bit of a headache and the attendant querulousness doesn't signify anything particular. I'll warrant she'll be as good as new by tomorrow morning; and even if she isn't, she'll have quite as good care if you

---

11. The action is rising through anticipatory suspense (cf. anticipatory delay, S. S. M., 75).

[1] Amounts, indirectly, to class characterization, since it is behavior conformable to persons of the wealthy social class.—[2] Our feeling of the environment of culture and wealth is preserved by such passing introduction of suggestive detail.—[3] The first hint of Whiteside's appearance. In a few phrases, set down your own conception of his appearance.—[4] Emphasis on the complication; a literary "lest-we-forget" device. This and other phrases contain mood hints (S. S. M., 257); cf. par. 12.

12-13. Largely intensifying in effect.—Is Whittleby a little indifferent in his attitude toward Whiteside? Tolerant? "Bossy?" Cf. the characterizing passages involving him in pars. 9, 10, 16, 17, 20, 21, 24. Then cf. par. 22.

are on your way to England on the last boat that will get you there in time for Ned's wedding as if you were right here at home with her."

14. Mr. Whiteside nodded his handsome [1] gray head.

15. "Of course, Bob, of course," he said quickly,[1] but he said it as if he did not in the least believe it.

16. There was silence for a time, during which the streets shot past and Mr. Whiteside's face became apprehensive again. Bob Whittleby, noticing it, grinned.

17. "Say," he asked, "did you fuss over any of your own like this? I'll bet you anything you didn't."

18. Mr. Whiteside looked at his son-in-law with reproachful dignity.[1]

19. "There weren't any of them like her," [1] he said

---

14. [1] Second item of personal appearance. Did you need to be told that Whiteside is handsome, or had you guessed it? How?

15. [1] "Quickly"; this adverb is what gives characterizing effectiveness to the speech.

17. Characterizing; plausible; younger folk are wont to chaff (or to chide) grandparents for doting on their grandchildren. The speech is concentrative, also.

18. Most grandfathers would do the same. Observe that Whiteside and O'Brien are portrayed in this story as typical of all grandfathers. Therefore, we have class characterization, with a minimum of individual traits. Observe further that in this story the class resemblance depends on a common *human* trait. Usually, the class resemblance springs from some direct influence of occupation, association, or long-accepted class standards. See S. S. M., 206-214.—[1] Note the effectiveness of "reproachful dignity" in hitting off Whiteside's attitude—another plausibility-touch like that in par. 17. It characterizes by indicating (a) the person's mood, (b) his manner in that mood, and (c) the behavior common to many grandfathers in such a situation.

19. [1] A neat piece of characterizing dialogue; exactly what the fond grandparent is wont to think, and also to say when he is naïve—as Whiteside is. Its unconscious trueness "to form"

irmly. " She's so different from most children—so quaint n her ideas and her mental processes."

20. Whittleby's grin broadened.

21. " Of course," was all he said.

22. Robert Whittleby was a very discerning as well as a clean-cut normal sort of chap.

23. " Well, she *is* different," said her grandfather with some heat.

24. But Whittleby's only answer was to pass over a long cigar and to strike a match and hold it in obsequious readiness.

---

makes it humorous; a competent actor speaking it on the stage, would get a good laugh out of it surely.—The rest of the speech s more individualized—represents Whiteside the individualized grandfather. S. S. M., 217:4 (3) and (4).

20-21. These paragraphs manage to characterize Whittleby fur-her, and at the same time to make his behavior and words amount o amused comment on Whiteside. (Thus the author keeps him-elf out of the story.) They illustrate, too, how emotional appeal S. S. M., 63 ff.) can be made sure without any direct address o the reader. What Whittleby does and says is just what the eader is ready to do and say—to grin and remark: " Of course " n good-humored irony.

22. Brief, direct interpretation of Whittleby by the author. Observe, however, that it has a larger function in the story: it mounts to further reinforcement of our estimate of Whiteside, nd is thus of the nature of intensifying comment.—Observe fur-her that but one (temporarily) dominant trait is emphasized in haracterizing Whiteside, but that several traits, none dominant, re portrayed in Whittleby. Cf. S. S. M., 181:5; 207: E, F, G; 215:2 (first 5 sentences); 218: A. The shorter the story, the ess opportunity there is to treat any but the dominant trait in he leading person. Of the secondary person, Whittleby, we re given nothing more than hints.

23-24. Climactic height of first movement of the rising action. Note that the dialogue and action, to the very end, continue to haracterize.

25. Even as the six-cylinder and ultra-expensive limousine was speeding down Beverly Avenue, Michael O'Brien, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Timothy Hennessey, came out of the doorway of Number 46 West Cherry Street. Michael O'Brien's big frame [1] was almost painfully arrayed [2] in clothes of a very obvious newness.[3] Also for once there was a stiff collar encircling his neck. He carried a bulging suit-case and Mrs. Hennessey bore [4] a bundle swathed in much brown paper and many, many yards of stout twine.

---

25. Here begins the second movement of the rising action—the third division of this story. Note the connective clause with which it begins.—Observe how the opening (pars. 1-3), by fixing a description of West Cherry Street in our mind, has cleared the way for rapid action at the beginning of movement 3 (the same is true of movement 2).—Observe also how the contrast enforced in the opening is now recalled to our mind by repeating the names of the avenues and the street, and re-enumerating a few typical details of the avenue environment ("six-cylinder, ultra-expensive limousine," "speeding," "avenue").—Note the conciseness with which setting and preliminary characterization are disposed of, to make way for action.

[1] Why is O'Brien's size mentioned? Whiteside's was not. Is it because his size is involved in his appearance in the new suit?—[2] Why is the suit mentioned? Whiteside's was not. Does O'Brien correspond, in the story, to a character-actor in a stage piece? Is he a comedy character? Does the "get-up" of a comic personage on the stage enter into the actor's comedy effect?—[3] Is there any characterizing effect in this detail and those associated with it? What sort of men are "painfully arrayed" in clothes of "very obvious newness" when they start out to have some sort of a good time or vacation? How does "a very obvious newness" show itself in ready-made clothes? Has this phrase, then, picturing as well as characterizing power?—[4] Is there true class characterization in this distribution of burdens? In the brown-paper-and-twine-wrapt bundle? Are these items mentioned for the same reason as the clothes?

26. "We've no time to be losin', Father," said Mrs. Hennessey, heading down West Cherry Street to the Avenue beyond, along which the elevated trains sent up their almost incessant clatter and roar. "The boat [1] l'aves at tin sharp. We'd best be gettin' on. If there should happen to be a block, now, or aught like that——"

27. From somewhere above their heads came a series of thin sneezes and a child's croupy cough.

---

26. The action of the second movement, or stage of rising action, begins here.—This story is built on the parallel plan. O'Brien balances Whiteside, Mrs. Hennessey balances Whittleby (S. S. M., 69, note), movement 1 parallels movement 2; there are two children. Movements 3, 4, and 5 drop the secondary persons (Whittleby and Mrs. Hennessey), and bring Whiteside and O'Brien both into the same action; but even there they remain a balanced pair. Movement 2 discloses the complication as it involves O'Brien.

[1] "The boat." Why not "The White Star boat?" Because the skilled writer does not waste words to tell what the reader instantly perceives for himself. Nothing weighs down and kills lively action more than unnecessary explanation, even though it be but one word long.—Study of this second movement is especially recommended to beginners. The unskilled story-teller would probably begin in some such way as this:

Michael O'Brien was going to visit the "Ould Counthry." It had been many years since he left there as a boy, and he had never been back. He had wanted to go, but circumstances would not permit him. But after lo! these many years, he had accumulated financial resources enough to make the trip, and his son Timothy, the father of Michael's beloved grandson, had added enough to his funds to enable him to travel in the second cabin. He had written time and again to his friends in the Emerald Isle that he was "coming back to Erin," and they were all ready to give him a hearty welcome to the land of the shamrock and harp. Now he had taken and paid for his passage, and was starting for the docks. He was going on a White Star Line boat. His daughter, Mrs. Hennessey, Tim's wife, was with him.

28. Michael O'Brien's wrinkled face suddenly twisted, as if with physical pain.

29. "I dunno about goin' at all, at all, Nora," said old Michael, suddenly stopping short, "wit' the wee felly in the bad shape he is. I'd never forgive mesilf if——"

30. "Aw, don't be foolish," said his daughter almost sharply. "There's nothin' to be worritin' yersilf about. Don't little Timmy always sneeze and bark like that, do he but get the wee fate av him wet be some av his own foolishness strammin' through the puddles. He'll be sufferin' no great har-rm be ut. L'ave him lay abed the day and drink the hot drinks I'll be givin' him and I'll warrant ye be to-morrer he'll be out lookin' for more av thim puddles to stram through. Come on! 'Tis a quarter past nine now!"

Now, such a telling of the facts would never and could never "get over." Not only is it uninspired, it is crude in method. It is nothing more than a rambling amplification of the plot abstract (S. S. M., 76). The plot abstract is nothing but raw material for the story. It has been put through some preliminary processes of manufacture, but only those that adapt it to use as raw material in the main process of the composition. Until this raw material has been put into scenario form and then written out into the fulfilled plot, it is a valueless product.

27-28. Cf. the closed window and Whiteside's uneasiness (pars. 7, 11). In each case, we have class characterization—sedulous care for the sick on the avenue, unintentional carelessness in Cherry Street; frank, undisciplined revelation of emotion in Michael, restrained behavior under emotion on the part of Malcom.

30. This paragraph is to be cfd. with paragraph 10. Observe: 1. The impatience of both Nora and Whittleby, by her expressed "almost sharply," by Whittleby more politely—as we should expect from his different social standards. 2. The similarity of their reasoning, and the dissimilarity of their language. 3. The essential likeness of their point of view, corresponding to the essential likeness in the point of view of O'Brien and Whiteside.

31. Michael followed her reluctantly. He looked more like a man going to his execution than one setting out on a long anticipated pleasure jaunt.

32. "He's sech a foine, quare little felly," said Michael. "If he should be tuk bad while I'm gone, I'd nivir be forgivin' mesilf."

33. "Ye'd chuck up yer trip because av that bit av a cold av his, I suppose," said Mrs. Hennessey almost crossly as she quickened her steps. "Sure, ye could be doin' a lot if he *was* sick and ye stayed at home, and threw up yer passage ye've paid for—and Tim givin' ye enough to go and come second cabin instead av in the steerage![1] Even if the lad is sick, he'll get jest as good care as if ye was here."

34. "Av coorse, av coorse," said old Michael, but he said it as if he did not in the least believe it.

35. "I don't mind yer iver worritin' so much about anny of yer own childer."

36. Michael shook his grizzled head.

37. "He's such a different wee felly from most av 'em," said he. "He's that longheaded and such quare ideas for such a wee chap!"

38. "Shure! He's the sivinth wonder av the world," said his daughter with a sidelong, sardonic grin at him.

31-42. Note the almost perfect parallel between pars. 31-42 and pars. 11-24. Note especially the almost complete correspondence between par. 14 and par. 36, and par. 15 and par. 34. Further cf. par. 19 with 37, 20-22 with 38-39. "Handsome gray" is apt for the man whose life has been easy; "grizzled" fits the man of labor and hard knocks. In this very human situation, the only difference in their words is one of pronunciation; and in their manner of speaking is no difference at all.—[1] (Par. 33). See par. 10:3.—[2] (Par. 39). See par. 10:3.

39. "But, heavin be praised, wit' all his great intelleck he's wan rare tough little kid. So don't ye worrit yersilf no more. Go have yer foine trip like ye planned. Think how disappointed the Heaveys and the Shaughnesseys and the Finnigans would be if ye didn't come after all the writin' ye've done to 'em." [2]

40. They had reached the elevated station on the Avenue.

41. "Hurry! I hear a down train comin'," said she.

42. Old Michael was peering down West Cherry Street, and as he peered his face was working in very evident distress.

43. On one of the decks of the *Slavic* is a dividing rope. Forward of the rope the second cabin passengers may disport themselves; aft of it is given over to first-class travelers.

44. On one side of that rope stood Michael O'Brien, taking in the hustle and bustle of approaching sailing; close by, on the other side of the rope, his elbows on the rail, stood Malcom Whiteside.

45. Mrs. Hennessey, having seen her father duly ensconced, had kissed him resoundingly, bidden him not to worry, entrusted to him several scores of messages for several scores of people in the old country, and taken her departure.

46. Mr. Whittleby, having seen his father-in-law

43-46. Third movement begins here. The two preceding movements have introduced the two leading persons, characterized them socially and—in their position as grandfathers—humanly, disclosed the complication, and carried the conflict forward rapidly. The outcome of the struggle in these two parallel phases of the

aboard, had warmly pressed his hand, bidden him not worry, thrust upon him a half-dozen boxes of his favorite cigars, and taken his departure.

47. Sailing time was rapidly nearing. Mr. Whiteside, chewing fiercely the end of the cigar in his mouth, looked longingly at the crowded wharf.

48. Michael O'Brien, gripping tightly the rail, also looked shoreward with troubled eyes.

49. A deep-toned whistle boomed out brayingly above their heads. Michael O'Brien started violently.

50. "I can't be goin'; I *can't;* that's all there is to

---

crisis has been, the defeat of grandparental devotion by the allied forces of the planned voyage and the pressure of the grandchild's parent.—Observe again the swift compactness of the passage that gives the setting for the new movement. As in movement 2, the stage is set in the opening paragraph. This setting, with our knowledge of what has already taken place, gives us a full understanding of the situation as it is now, and of the two men who are in it.—Notice that the secondary facts—the departure of Whittleby and Nora—are buried in the opening, out of their chronological order and in an unemphatic position. To test the soundness of the technique here, recast the opening, introducing the facts in their chronological order.—Study the subordination of ancillary fact in the opening of these movements, referring to S. S. M., 153:4 and 165:21-23.—Observe closely how the two separate lines of action—that involving Whiteside and that involving O'Brien, are brought together and combined. Is the motivating of the trip adequate? true-seeming? Why is it unnecessary to tell more about the wedding and O'Brien's visit home? Are they plausible without further treatment?

47-48. Here the action is resumed. Observe here and in the rest of the story how the two lines of action, involving Whiteside and O'Brien respectively, are intertwined, yet managed so that we are all the time aware of their being distinct.

50. This spontaneous cry of O'Brien's grandfather's-soul, and his unconscious look of anguish, are perfectly natural—artistically

it!" he muttered thickly. As he spoke he turned a distraught face towards Mr. Whiteside. He had no intention of doing so. The action was purely the involuntary one of a harassed mind. He simply looked about him at random. It was merest chance that he turned to Whiteside as he spoke.

51. "I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Whiteside politely, thinking he had been addressed, and the bray of the whistle drowning most of the words.

52. Michael O'Brien started. For the first time he seemed aware of his neighbor's presence. He coughed in embarrassment.

53. "I was talkin' to mesilf," said he, "but I was wonderin' whether or not I had the nerve to go ashore. I've a little grandson, the foinest little felly ye iver clapped eyes on. He's sick. I've been plannin' this trip for years, and if I go ashore I'll have to lose me passage, and belikes I'll nivir get another chance to go across. But I'd give tin dollars if I had the nerve to bolt ashore right now."

---

plausible. Therefore, as they are what brings him and Whiteside into comradeship, they constitute excellent motivation.—Are the last four sentences psychological narration (S. S. M., 228), or merely the author's full description of O'Brien's behavior? Are they superfluous? If not, what is gained through them?

51. Note how in keeping with a Malcom Whiteside this is, as par. 50 is in keeping with a Michael O'Brien. Herein we have skillful *preservation* of manner and characteristic—the sustained and consistent portrayal of definitely conceived character. Go through the story, noting other instances of the same thing.

52. Characteristic behavior.

53. Observe the old fellow's burst of loquacity. Three things unite to produce it: 1, the Irish nature, which frequently is loquacious; 2, the old man's embarrassment; 3, his harrowed feelings. Placing this outburst on his lips is good characterization, and the outburst is well motivated in knowledge of human and Irish nature.

54. He seemed to feel he was speaking to a sympathetic soul.[1] Nor was he wrong. Malcom Whiteside took a long breath.

55. "My youngest son," he explained quietly, "is marrying an English girl. This is the last boat that will get me over in time for the wedding. I have a little granddaughter. She too was ill when I left the house this morning. And I'd give a great deal if *I* had the nerve to go ashore. My friend, we seem to be in the same fix. But I imagine we'd better go on. Probably we've magnified matters, anyway. No doubt both the children will be all right. Have a cigar!"[1]

56. He passed over a long, black, alluring weed from his case. Old Michael took it, mumbled his thanks, bit off a good third of it and held a sputtering match to the wrong end.[1]

57. "All the same I wisht I had the nerve to git off," he said.

58. "So do I," agreed Whiteside.

---

54. [1] Another indication that Whiteside is a gentleman in spirit as well as in social position. We have felt this all along.

55. "Deep calleth unto deep"—the depths of O'Brien's human trouble to the depths of Whiteside's. Probably no other theme would have caused the reserved man of culture to open his affairs in this way to a Michael O'Brien. But the one touch of human nature makes them brothers in trouble.—[1] An act that confirms the sympathy. They are on the same human footing now.

56. [1] Details that stand for Michael's troubled state of mind as well as his embarrassment. No doubt, also, Mr. Whiteside's readiness to notice him gives him a pleasure that adds to his confusion. Try to realize the "business" that an actor taking the part of O'Brien would put into his representation of the Irishman's state of mind.

57-58. Unimportant if it were not that they prepare the way for the entrance of the taxicab party into the motivation, by

59. At that moment a taxi came speeding down the wharf. Out of it tumbled a merry little group—an elderly man, a youngish woman and two small children, boy and girl.

60. There was a hurried round of embraces; then the elderly man caught up his bundle of rugs and stooped to the two little upturned faces.

61. "Goo'-by, granper! Goo'-by! Goo'-by!" they chattered shrilly.

62. "My God!" said Michael O'Brien.

63. Mr. Whiteside did not heed his cigar, which went plopping overside.

64. "Suppose—suppose I shouldn't never see little Timmy again," Michael almost whispered.

65. "My God!" It was Whiteside who said it this time.

66. The whistle was braying again. There was a great uproar on the wharf. Already they were getting the gangplanks in.

67. Whiteside leaped nimbly across the dividing rope and clutched Michael O'Brien by the arm.

68. "Come on!" he cried.

69. "Hurry!" yelled Michael, panting along in his wake.

---

bringing our attention back to the struggle in the mind of the two "granpers."

59-66. The decisive episode, or circumstance. See S. S. M., (index), *passim*. Note how the "granper's" good-by is managed —so that it is certain to bring home to O'Brien and Whiteside the poignancy of parting from their pets.

67-73. Decisive moment, pars. 67-68. Climactic height, pars. 67-73; see S. S. M., 74:B; 168:26-27. The outcome (S. S. M., 115-117) is included in the grand climax.

70. Down the last gang-plank they tumbled. Whiteside hailed a taxicab.

71. "Where do you want to go?" he barked at Michael. Michael gave him the address.

72. Whiteside turned to the chauffeur.

73. "Forty-six West Cherry Street, first; then take me out to 684 Beverly Avenue. Let her out! I'll stand for your fine if you're pinched!"

74. A six-cylinder, ultra-expensive limousine swung into West Cherry Street. It stopped at number 46. Michael O'Brien, sitting on the doorstep, looked up. Out of the limousine was thrust a very handsome gray head. The face beneath the gray hair was a trifle sheepish.

75. "Say," said Malcom Whiteside, "how did you find your kid?"

76. Michael smiled foolishly and licked his lips with his tongue.

77. "He were up the street, whalin' sin outer a Italian kid that had sarsed him," he confessed. "And the little girl?" he inquired politely.

78. "She'd grown tired of being kept abed. She'd got up and run away. They were just bringing her back when I arrived."

79. There was an understanding silence. They grinned at each other.

80. "I think we need a bit of stimulant," Whiteside invited. "Get in!"

74-82. Here begins movement 4. This, with the closing paragraph, constitutes the separate ending (S. S. M., 169-174). (More loosely, these paragraphs *can* be termed falling action.)—In the present ending, we have combined the two sorts of ending de-

81. "I'm wid yez there, sor, though I guess it's on the two av us," said Michael O'Brien, entering the limousine.

82. It is something like a mile and a half from West Cherry Street to Beverly Avenue, as the crow flies. Figuring another way, the distance is even less.

---

scribed in S. S. M., 173: 6. The closing paragraph is interpretive comment. The other paragraphs contain a revelation of the final results of the outcome: these were, that after giving up their trip, the grandfathers found the youngsters perfectly safe —out, indeed, on mischief bent.—The ending here justifies itself for several reasons: (1) It presents as a humor-intensifying episode, the facts necessary to complete revelation of the outcome, with its anti-climax. (2) It emphasizes the fact that the grandfathers were moved by instinct, or emotional impulse, not by reason, thus again concentrating attention on the common *human nature* displayed by them—i.e., on the theme. See S. S. M., 208: G. (3) It satisfies a certain interest that we have come to feel in the children (this hints anew the truth of the human nature trait presented by the author, since it proves that we too feel its emotional appeal). (4) It intensifies our sense of the "humanness" of the two men, showing them continuing (temporarily, at least) in their fellowship after the crisis that brought them together is past. The barriers of rank and station are down. This impression is further increased by the hint of a taste in common (they go to take a drink), and by the sense of humor they reveal in recognizing the element of ridiculousness in their recent conduct.—As to the sufficiency of the motivation, we may now cf. S. S. M., 207: E.

SOME BASIC PRINCIPLES ILLUSTRATED BY THE FOREGOING STORY

1. The conte is a drama in narrative (S. S. M., sec. 3). —this story could be acted as a dialogue-play in four scenes.

2. The plot of the conte must be dramatic (S. S. M., sec. 4).—The plot is adequately motivated throughout, as required by the principle stated in S. S. M., 19: 6.

3. The short story tends to be catastrophic in form; i.e., to meet the requirements stated in S. S. M., 16: 2 and 17: 5.

4. Singleness of effect is necessary to the short story; see S. S. M., 19: 1-3. This story has a single, unified effect: it makes us see that Beverly Avenue (representing wealth and culture) is no different from West Cherry Street (representing the "masses") in the trait of grandfatherly doting on the grandchild.

5. Atmosphere is the result of subjective coloring—the flavor of well-blended literary ingredients (S. S. M., 54-60).—This story has the flavoring of a genial criticism upon life seen in the human nature of grandfathers; and it is tinted—not highly colored—subjectively with seriousness and with humor. This is the result of its reporting accurately (S. S. M., 60: 13) from the viewpoint of a sympathetic observer (the author).

A RAGTIME LADY

The Story as a Whole

1. In forming an estimate of this story, include the ideas of these passages from S. S. M., among those considered:
5:11; 6:14-16; 13:1; 16:2-3; 27:4; 32:15; 35:21; 51:16; 55:4-6; 64:15-17; 37:3-4; 54:1; 48:12; 181:5, 10-14.

2. The elements of character, theme, plot, and atmosphere are so blended in this story as to make classification difficult—and unnecessary. That the authors did not begin from a conception of atmosphere seems reasonably certain. But the origin of the story may have been either a plot, a character, or a theme conception (S. S. M., 36:22; 76:A, B; 217:4). By a process of elimination we may possibly exclude theme as the source of the story, because the theme, although clearly present, is not an emphasized theme; it is present in the form of a *motif* rather than a proposition (S. S. M., 96:10, and "The Defective"). To determine between plot and character as the first source of the conception, however, is harder. The central person (Martha) is conceived not only clearly and completely, but also with sympathy and a strong liking. The idea of such a person, dwelling in an author's mind, might easily result in his conceiving a plot to exhibit the character. On the other hand, the story might readily grow up from putting together conceptions of plot incidents and creating a person to fit the resultant plot. Finally, it is anything

but impossible that the original conception was that of a girl like Martha thrown into an environment of country and small-town life, the plot being built up to fit and illustrate this situation.

3. The difference between setting and environment (S. S. M., 59 ff.) can be observed here. The element of environment is strong, not only in the rising action but in the expository passages as well, and enters into the complication and its solution. Setting is less prominent; it serves mainly as a device for presenting character and mood (pars. 15-21) and as a background for the same elements (pars. 22-35).

4. Subjective coloring produced by the mood and personality of the authors is found in this story (S. S. M., 62 ff., 11-12, 14-17). It can be felt throughout the dialogue and descriptive passages, and definitely located sometimes in single words or phrases of the authors' own (as in pars. 9-10). The student will find profit in trying to locate this quality wherever it is, and also in attempting, in a paragraph or two of direct exposition, to characterize the authors—that is, to describe or explain the qualities of the personality responsible for the creation of the story.

5. The story consists mainly of dialogue. Mark the parts that consist neither of dialogue nor of characterizations of the speech of the persons, and note the amount of marked matter. What part of it is purely narrative in function? What part is concerned with necessary description—setting, persons, etc.? What part is the expression of personal views or feelings? Note all these proportions carefully. Note also the compactness and brevity of the ancillary passages, such as settings, transitions, situation

hints, and the like; e.g., pars. 9-10, 15-16, 21, 22-23, 24, 173. For its use of dialogue, study it in comparison with S. S. M., 229-249.

6. The various means of characterization can be profitably studied in this story. See S. S. M., 161-165; 182-184; 206-214; 214-219; 222-228; 234-240. Probably this study can be carried on best by taking one person at a time. Note every phrase and passage that helps to portray this person's character, and determine how and why it has this effect. Remember that, though this story is alive with action, it is also a story of character portrayal, with a strong element of character contrast.

7. Psychological situation is present. The story is not a psychological conte, but by a redistribution of emphasis it could be made one. A reference to S. S. M., 50:15 is worth while.

8. Consequential exposition (S. S. M., 171-173) is not emphasized enough at one point. Except by our own insight, we are not led to realize the full significance to Martha of her return to the old environment—a probable deterioration in her own character (see comment on par. 154). This is a blemish rather than a structural fault—an obscurity, tending to lessen the strength of the motivation and weaken the sense of tragic crisis. The general excellence of the story, however, helps to obscure the presence of the blemish. A few words—probably in some speech of Martha's—would have directed our attention certainly to this intensifying element of the crisis.

9. As a study of small community persons and character, cf. this story with "The Last Rose" and "Little Sunbeam," and to some extent with "The Defective."

A RAGTIME LADY

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Laurence Yates

Reprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Authors from "The Saturday Evening Post" for July 26, 1913
(Copyrighted, 1913)

1. "Sally Menlick? Gone back to Shoetown, I hope!" A pinched and virtuous nostril could not forbear a sniff. "Good riddance! No more such girls in my dining room!"

2. "Yes—I can quite understand that," said Martha.

3. She accompanied the sympathetic tone with a discreet but slow and reflective glance; so that the ruffled mistress of the Halliday Hotel was suddenly conscious of sallow cheeks, thinning hair and other thinness.

1-7. These paragraphs are the main part of the opening (S. S. M., 122-150). For the dialogue opening, cf. S. S. M., 139: 5-6; for dialogue in detail, S. S. M., 229-249.—Observe the adequacy of the landlady picture that is effected by pars. 1-5; the swift, effective characterization of pars. 1-7. Study the qualifying words, especially the adjectives, through which much of this effect (outside the dialogue) is wrought.—Does the dialogue here amount to *action*, or is it *activity* only (S. S. M., 37: 4; 136: 1; 140: 7-8)? —Observe that, although the landlady is more active than Martha, and receives as much notice from the author, we recognize Martha at once as the more important person. How much of this effect is owed to the fact that Martha is named outright, but the landlady merely described? Is any part of it owed to the fact that the landlady is the object of Martha's attention? How much from her being a foil to the girl (S. S. M., 69, n.)?—How many of the principal actors are brought to our attention in this open-

4. "Hoity-toity! And who are you, you bareheaded baggage?" A mouth to neighbor the virtuous nose tightened primly to a new buttonhole.

5. "Must you know that—really?" Martha turned down the steps with a smile so sweetly serene that mere words were superfluous.

6. "Oho! You're her sister, I guess! Just as brassy as she was! Pretendin' her heart was bad, and writing home—the girls said—that the work was too hard! I told her she needn't think she could gad the streets half the night and mope round all day—impudent minx!"

7. The last words were an interruption of her own addressed to a Parthian foe who, most unfairly, would not look back. The exasperated lady slammed the door. Her complexion was bettered.

8. "Now isn't that just like Sally! Here I do a helpful Henriette—out carfare; miss the ball game——. Oh, you Biff! Never again! Now what will little Miss Timekiller do with herself in this jay-town till traintime?"

---

ing? How many secondary persons? At what points are the other main persons first brought in? Are any introduced beyond the middle of the story (the principle stated in S. S. M., 167:24, about atmosphere, is equally applicable to incident and persons)? —Observe the tone of Martha's speech and behavior; it is characteristic, and it strikes a note of the tonal chord of the story. The landlady strikes another note in this chord; buoyant independence and understanding humanism are counterpointed with sourness, suspicion, and little-mindedness throughout the story. This contrast is part of the *motif* (S. S. M., 96:10). On keynote see S. S. M., 127:10. In this story, much of the tone is the result of character, and of action that conforms to character.

8-10. Properly managed, direct comment on man and life is not opposed to the nature of the short story. Observe that here the tone as well as the substance of the comment is in agreement

9. What little Miss Timekiller did was strikingly human—or, to be accurate, feminine. It is significant that few married men believe the spiteful story that Eve brought all our miseries upon us for an apple. An apple —that common and useful thing!—would that have tempted Eve? It was an apple blossom!

10. Needless dazzles from front windows: needful keeps to the back shelves. In the window of the Little Shop a rose-colored bandeau headed an ambuscade of loveliness. Martha fell at the first fire. That lovely silky-shiny should be hers against the next Casino dance of the Time-Recorder boys or the Dennison Shoe.

11. As she held the bandeau against her hair before an enraptured mirror, she became suddenly, stabbingly aware that no wristbag dangled or swung, or in any-other-soever-wise appertained to either mirrored wrist. It had always been an absent-minded bag and this time had stupidly failed to leave the train, keeping both money and return

---

with situation and character; hence it does not seem to be lugged in, but actually to "belong."—The last sentence of par. 10 completes the placing of Martha socially—a working-girl of the shoe-factory grade.

11-14. As an example of compression, the first fourteen paragraphs are worth studying. A passage-at-words, characterization of a woman, part characterization of the heroine; an explanation of her trip and its uselessness, suggestion of the character of her sister (motivation of later situation), and precipitating incident in the discovery of the loss of her wristbag—all this is here, besides two incidents (the interview and the bandeau-shopping) developed with the effect of complete fullness.—Note the generating circumstance and the easy disclosure of it (par. 11). Note also the self-assurance indicated by pars. 12-14; this will stand in contrast with mental turmoil later on. Study "caressing"; what does it suggest about Martha besides her disappointment at not getting the bandeau (lightly pathetic)? On inciting impulse

ticket to Dennison, and leaving her penniless in a strange town, where she had neither friend nor friend's friend! She turned her head to observe the effect in profile and cooed frank admiration. Then, with a weighty, judicial air:

12. "You haven't this in a delicate pink, have you?"

13. "They are wearing bright colors this season," said the little shopkeeper reassuringly.

14. "Um-m-m—yes." The girl quirked a red and critical under lip. "It is pretty, isn't it? But I'll look round a little, I guess. Thank you!" She went out with a caressing backward glance.

15. Vesper Courthouse fronts Vesper Bridge. Whether the courthouse is more unsightly than expensive is un-

---

and generating circumstance, see S. S. M., 85 ff. This story has a preliminary complication and a preliminary generating circumstance—the problem, how Martha is to get out of the difficulty, which has been revealed to us by the discovery of the loss of the bag. This part, however, is merely machinery to bring on the real complication. This lies in the opposing forces of Martha's family and personal past, her character, temperament, tastes, and manners,—all her experience and outlook on life—and the essentially different conditions of life, manners, and social outlook, and standards, in the new environment. This struggle in turn is precipitated by the love that springs up between Martha and Coburn, and the love-entanglement is the natural consequence of the wristbag circumstance and the resulting meeting. In these passages we have excellent choice and management of plot-incident (S. S. M., 107 ff.). One of the characteristics especially belonging to Mr. Rhodes' fiction is, a choice of unhackneyed yet perfectly, plausible incidents through which to develop his action. (Mr. Yates' incident shows a like preference, but coupled with a fondness for realistic character and local-color portrayal that produces a difference of element in the romantic tone.)

15-16. Note the effect of local-color and how it is secured. The

ascertained. After a conscious view of that massed ugliness no one has had the heart to go into details of cost.

16. Riverward from those muley towers, in a green park shaded about by elm and maple, a granite soldier looks southward to far battlefields. No stiff fighting machine; this was the fighting man—the citizen soldier; careless; confident; leaning at ease on his long rifle; a lean, strong face, firm-mouthed and watchful. We are glad for the strong stone soldier. Perhaps he is none the less effective against a background of Vesper Courthouse. We are a venal nation; but we build no statues to contractors.

17. "And Dennison twenty miles away—almost," said Martha, with a whimsical eye for the granite soldier, high on his four-square shaft. "Tell my troubles to a policeman? Get sent home by express and a column in the Vesper Bell? Not on your linotype! I'd rather tell 'em

---

Vesper; the courthouse, ugly and expensive; the common or "square," with the statue—these are all suggestive of the American town that is something more than a village and much less than a city. Observe the limited number of details. Essential characteristics of the American town in any section—north, south, east, or west—are given; too many details would have tended to localize the story more definitely than is desirable—so that the reader would be less inclined to realize its action in his own environment. Stories in which the action is at bottom that of the inner life rather than of the outer, are sometimes strengthened by the use of a setting general enough to permit the reader to localize the story in his own environment. The present story is a story of inner character translating itself into outward action. —Note how the last three sentences of par. 16 are made to carry comment on our national ideals.—

17-21. Mood conveyed in monologue by the actor. Note the pleasing effect of the fanciful conception in this full-of-life girl who uses slang. Here is the first obvious indication that there are depths of imagination, sound romance, and feeling beneath the flippant surface and ready self-reliance. The act of par. 20 is

to you, soldier, if you have the time." She saw that the stone soldier was listening; he turned his head ever so slightly as he peered through the green arches.

18. "Know what I'm going to do? Walk—that's what—just like a boy! Bing!" She set her white teeth together with a click. "Now let's check up. You keep count on your fingers. Loss first: One brown suède bag to go with the tan challis—my best and other dress. Three-twenty-five in real money—the frugal savings of a lifetime. One rabbit's foot that didn't work. My ticket to Dennison. One pair of ninety-eight-cent shoes on the blink; my birthday socks, ditto; one pair of heels, ditto and blistered. Credit: one whopping big adventure. Me for the marathon!"

19. She sprang up, but wheeled, stiffening, and brought her hand to salute with a pretty and unexpected diffidence.

20. "Good-by, soldier! And—thank you, you know!"

21. She swung out across Vesper Bridge in the low sun, her resolute little mouth turned up at the corners.

---

charmingly naïve and tender.—With par. 21 ends the opening; see S. S. M., 122-129, 136-142. These paragraphs have: 1. Introduced the leading person. 2. Characterized her in several important matters; so that much of the remaining characterization will merely amplify this outline. 3. Caught interest by immediately employing activity. 4. Begun the action (1) by showing a natural reason why the actor should be in the present locale, and (2) by introducing a plausible pre-complication (wristbag) to bring on the conditions that produce the main complication. 5. Struck the keynote. The tone of the story will largely be that of frank, generous unconventionality surrounded by mean suspicion and stupid dullness, and of unselfish though independent character in contrast with selfishness and hypocritical morality. 6. Presented some exposition—indicated Martha's industrial and social status, her temperament (and something of her human depths), and the preliminary events out of which the action is to grow.

22. A gray ribbon of road stretched on and on into the luminous dusk. The dust of its groaning, ground and harried by swift wheels, lay thick and powdery; the girl shunned the beaten track. Bareheaded, all in white—even to stockings and canvas shoes—she merged with the pulsing night, swinging along with boyish vigor. Low above the meadows the fireflies glowed and danced; overhead the stars swam in haze, dim reflections of these earth-born myriads. Afar off a whippoorwill wailed mournfully. From beyond the road fence came the harsh tonk of a cowbell, and nearer the soft gurgle of a sunken brook.

23. Reckless, carefree, star-mad, obsessed with youth, the girl sang, against the loneliness of the unhoused way:

"Fiddle up! Fiddle up! on your violin!
Lay right on it; rest your chin upon it—
Doggone, you better begin——"

24. Enormous and malignant eyes blinked over a distant swell; the melody snapped off. The sinister eyes dipped downward, long quivering bars of white light rending the darkness. They flashed near, dropped from sight in a little hollow and swooped up, the cut-out motor barking staccato. The girl drew aside—the white glare beat upon her.

22-23. Here begins the first movement proper. On the placing of descriptive matter in the position here given it (par. 22), see S. S. M., 165-167. Analyze the paragraphs for their color, light, motion, sound, and mood qualities, and the terms that produce them.

24-28 (34). Is this plot incident or amplifying incident (S. S. M., 107 ff.)? Does it, with pars. 29-33, serve a purpose in giving the impression of elapsed time? That is, if pars. 24-33 were dropped out, would the young man in the wagon seem to be

25. There was but one man in the huge hooded car. As it roared by a wanton voice floated back:

26. "Oh, you Bright Eyes! You look good to muh!"

27. "Lobster.!"

28. The word was a hissing bolt. The worst thing about profanity is its uselessness.

29. A cloud of dust rolled back, choking—powdered the white gown to a dull gray. Turning resentfully, the girl saw the lights of a second car beyond the first—a car coming from Vesper. A hundred yards back she would have hailed this homeward car to demand a lift for cause; but that wanton voice echoed insolently to her ear.

30. "Guess I'll stick to the walking, soldier," she said aloud.

31. The cars, two hundred yards apart, fused headlights. In the white-lit space between, gleaming black, clear-cut, hung a team of horses, a plunging wagon, a man braced against the reins. A leaping blackness blotted out the driver as the off horse stood straight up, looming monstrous in the double light.

32. The cars throbbed on, passed each other; the lunging horses were swallowed up in darkness. Martha scaled the high bank beyond the ditch—that team might be running away. When the eastward car shot past she heard the whimper of a fretting child, caught the outline of a woman's hat.

33. "There!" she said. "Only for that fresh gink I'd have got a ride. Oh, well!"

---

rushed into the story just because the author needed **him**? Now, he seems to enter, quite naturally, as one of the numerous travelers along this road. Observe the touch of contrast between **him** and the "Lobster!"

34. She kept to the grassy bank; the gay refrain lilted to her lips:

"Hurry up! Hurry up! with your violin!
Make it sooner—don't you stop to tune 'er,
Fid—fid—fid—fiddle in the middle
Of your ragtime violin!"

35. Quick hoofs plumped in the dust, drew even, held up sharply.

36. "Hey, ghost! Want to ride and rest your wings?"

37. "Won't I, just?" said Martha, for the voice was a good voice. She fluttered down from the bank. "Nix on that Sir Walter thing! You hold the jumping-jack horse—I'll get in. . . . Home, coachman!"

38. "I don't believe you're a ghost at all," said the voice, doubtful and rather aggrieved. "You make the springs creak."

39. "Hundred and thirty-eight in the shade," said Martha complacently.

40. "Well, I'm going to look, anyway. You hold these reins."

41. A match grated and flamed. She was a tall girl, but she had to look up, which she did with admirable composure.

35-56. With par. 35 comes the second generating circumstance (cf. pars. 11-14)—that of the action proper.—In this and the following paragraph are good instances of distributed description.—The conception of the character of each of these two persons will repay study. In what essential qualities are the two alike? What is it in their temperament and nature that causes them at once to take this attitude of good-fellowship toward each other? What fundamental quality is it that prevents this byplay of per-

42. She saw a well-shaped head, rather small for the broad shoulders; blue eyes, at once quizzical and puzzled; good ears and mouth; a puggy and much-freckled nose; and dark auburn hair, curling willfully despite its shortness. The match nipped his fingers.

43. "Ouch!—and so forth!" he remarked in some haste, and added gloomily: "Girl—shucks!" Then he sighed.

44. "Ever try cold cream?" said Martha sympathetically.

45. In the starlight she saw his hands rub the freckled nose thoughtfully. He took the reins from her.

46. "Cold cream won't do freckles any good—they just won't spread and I can't make 'em," he answered dismally. "But even these few are some help." He sighed again.

47. Martha required a little time to digest this.

48. "Oh, I see! The girls persecute you, poor dear! Do they call you Curly? You ought to keep a dog."

49. "No use—they poison him!" said the disconsolate voice. "This fatal gift of beauty—" With a manly effort he fought his emotion down and began anew: "Smooth, oval face——"

50. "Smooth, oval fiddlestick! Why, your face is as round as an apple."

---

sonal comment in these paragraphs from striking the reader as mere raw and vulgar flirtation? Go back to the beginning and examine all the passages that help to characterize Martha (including pars. 24-28); notwithstanding her slang, is she anything but a modest self-respecting, sensitive, and refined girl? Cf. S. S. M., 217:4; 209-212; 214, end of par. 7; 227:14; 51:16. Observe then that scarcely a word of direct interpretive matter has been employed; the character has been indicated entirely through act

51. "Yours——" said Curly, undisturbed. He went on in a dreamy monotone: "Complexion good, but dusty —a little too white—looks like the tired kind of white; ripping hair—also rippling—brown and heaps of it—blacky-brown; a ki—competent mouth and chin; dark eyebrows—passable!"

52. "My eyelashes are considered rather good. Did you notice them?" said Martha anxiously.

53. "Lashes; big eyes, wide apart, golden brown. Why are the little skipping lights?"

54. "Meek eyes—like a trained seal," said Martha in lieu of answer.

55. "Meek in appearance, but with little skipping lights, unexplained; nose unbroken. Girl from the summer camp, probably. Bicycle smashed—something like that."

56. "Wrong number! Come down to the footlights, marquis, and hear my strange story while the orchestra plays the Suwanee River, all shivery-quivery-quavery!"

57. "To Dennison? At night?" interrupted the marquis when the strange story had got so far. "Well, you just nicely won't!"

---

and speech.—Consider further in this connection that the language of Martha would usually tend to create an atmosphere rather coarse or vulgar; but here the atmosphere material is found so largely in the characterizing facts that the element of coarseness is missing—showing that dialect, which is accidental, is not a certain indicator of character, which is essential. That is, dialect is an intensifying or individualizing device; in our story, it is part also of the social exposition (it suggests the extraneous social status of the person).

57. An inexperienced writer would quite likely have made Martha actually recount the facts anew—a deadly mistake.

58. "Oh, tell that to the sheltered-life dames!" she scoffed. "God can take care of them and I'll take care of myself. I'm a working girl—a factory girl."

59. "You're a girl," corrected the unmoved marquis, "and you're going straight home with me—to my aunt."

60. "I've already been called a bareheaded baggage once today," said Martha with spirit. "That welcome on the mat—why, you poor ninny, no nephew's aunt would mean that for me! How stupid men are!"

61. "Redheaded nephew's aunts are different," explained Curly.

62. "Oh, I'm going on to Dennison. I'll be all right. Where's the harm? Why, I dance twenty-two miles every Saturday night. This little walk can't feaze me. Honest, curlyhead, I couldn't do it. I'm scared stiff of aunts, even when they belong to red-headed nephews."

63. "So that's settled," said the placid driver. "You go home with me. We quit the river road just beyond here. About half past nine we do a little experiment with cold beef, bread, milk, strawberries, cream——"

---

58. Not irreverent, but a fine flash of characterization—an exploding flash-light of class feeling. (Observe now, too, that in pars. 35-56 part of the character-conception is based on class traits—the natural readiness of young people of the industrial class rather than the "polite" circles, to meet each other on a frankly personal level. Certain ranks of society shun this attitude. It is a matter, therefore, partly of class standards. See S. S. M., 209-211.)

61. First hint of the aunt's character. It is direct assertion, but kept from appearing so by being put in the mouth of a person in the story (S. S. M., 212-214).

62. A new element in Martha's character—shrinking from unsympathetic criticism, even though, as we have seen, she is not afraid to be independent. Another indication that she is a girl of sensitive feelings. For others, see pars. 17, 20, 30, 33.

64. Martha caught his coatsleeve with both hands and looked at him earnestly.

65. "Oh, say those heavenly words again!" she begged. "Goodness, Agnes! I'm that hungry I could eat patent food!"

66. It is odd how one things brings on another. The horses quickened their pace as the turn of road and conversation reminded them of mangers; the ringing hoofs beat to strong cadence; and Curly joined in the merry stave:

"Somebody's hat am a-hangin' on the rack where my hat used to be;
Somebody's face am a-flirtin' with a fork that oughta be a-feedin' me."

II.

67. "I might stay for a stop-gap," said Martha doubtfully. "But there's three things I don't like to do—churn, turn the grindstone, and work. Only for that——"

68. A flame-colored sun peered over a rim of hill. Martha fluttered with excitement. "Oh, isn't he early?

---

67. Second movement begins. Observe the immediate opening, with distributed setting as the action proceeds. The first plot incident of this movement continues to par. 83.

68. Characterization that helps toward a satisfying outcome. A natural question for the thinking reader to ask about the possible match between Martha and Coburn is, will this girl, from the gayeties (such as they are) and environment of the shoe-manufacturing town, make Coburn happy or be happy herself on the farm. This paragraph partly removes our doubt. See

Did you see that? He just jumped up and shook himself! This beats fireworks! Does it happen often?"

69. "About this time every morning—except legal holidays. And if you stay," said Aunt Harry dryly, "I will make it a point to see that you don't miss a performance. You don't get up early at Dennison?"

70. "When I worked in the factory I had just time before seven to breakfast on a few kind words and an orange; when I sang for the movies I bounced up at eleven; and when I worked at the hotel I didn't go to bed at all."

71. "Well, make up your mind," said Aunt Harry over a clatter of dishes. "Coburn has to meet the ten-thirty train. You can go with him or you can send for your clothes."

72. "Let's see—this is Saturday. If I do a go for Dennison I get to see the double-header this afternoon; but I'd like to stay here, at that. It's all new stuff to me."

73. "Maybe you'd think housework beneath your dignity?"

74. "Thunder and lightning!—excuse me, I mean dewdrops and crocuses. I see you never worked in a factory." Martha hesitated; her pulses stirred to the breath

---

also pars. 68, 74, 118, 148. This is not exactly motivation of the action, but it is motivation of the final effect—an adjustment of all the elements of the situation to produce a final agreement (see S. S. M., 180-183).

69. From this point on, characterization of Aunt Harry occurs frequently (distributed).—Observe how the nickname "Aunt Harry" fits the virile personality of the lady.

70. Another portion of distributed exposition—Martha's backgrounds.

of roses, of pine-needles, the clean warm smell of fresh-turned earth. A stretch of deep and misty valley framed broad in the window, far and still, a glimpse of white Windsor shouldering through the haze, and a clear river curving away to dimness. "But, honest, I don't know beans! I can wash dishes and make fudge, and that's about my limit."

75. "I'll teach you," said Aunt Harry reassuringly. 'I've told you what I pay. 'Tisn't much—less than half what you earn making shoes, I guess."

76. "And board!" Martha's nose gave a grateful little twitch for steaming coffee and spluttering ham. 'I'm real fond of food, too. Guess I'll sign for a tryout."

77. "If you're sure you know what you want," said Aunt Harry tartly, "I don't mind saying that a little country air will do you a power of good. You look like skim milk."

78. "Yes'm—freckles are real becoming. I've noticed that. I'd get a nice grist from the strawberry picking. But I ought to tell you that I don't seem to have the knack of holding a job. Guess I'm a new-broom girl." She spoke solemnly, and Aunt Harry stole time for a quick look.

79. "Well, child, if you only stay through the strawberry season it will be a sight of help—I'll be as honest with you that far. The menfolks are rushed off their feet and everything is left to me. But, mind, you'll have more housework than berry picking. City cousins are coming. They always do—to save us from handling so many strawberries."

80. "I'm your man. I'll write a card for my duds.

Let's see—how'll I put it? 'Dear mother: Please pack my little old suitcase and send it to Windsor, care of Curly's aunt.'"

81. "Bless my soul!" said Curly's aunt. "Forgot that last night, didn't we? I'm Harriet Hall. Now, you go call the menfolks to breakfast and I'll introduce you."

82. From the porch Martha called in a clear bell-note:

83. "Au-bur-n-n!"

84. "You know I'm not one to meddle, Harriet—I never was!" Mrs. Euphemia Mix settled her plump person in a rocking chair. "But it really did seem, bein' in the place of a mother to him as you are, you ought to know about Coburn Hall's scandalous goin's-on! Lottie thought so, too."

85. "Ye-s," said Aunt Harry reflectively. "Lottie would."

80-81. Observe here and throughout how the tone of Martha's talk is preserved (unity of atmosphere). Note the skill with which the purely matter-of-fact is introduced—not plumped at us baldly, but so worked in that it is actually part of an interesting passage of characterizing dialogue. Moreover, the situation so revealed—that these delightfully informal folk forgot the immaterial matter of mere names—is itself a side-light on their character. Little minds would think about names; big-souled folk think of essential, not accidental, matters. Euphemia Mix would have had the matter of names settled five minutes after the wagon drove up.

84. The second plot incident of the movement, beginning here, continues to par. 99. Note again the direct beginning.

85. Three words of dialogue and four describing the manner of the speaker, are enough to tell us (1) that Lottie has her cap set for Coburn; (2) that she probably is a schemer, as Mrs. Mix is; (3) that Aunt Harry understands them thoroughly; and (4) that she is quite equal to Mrs. Mix in any contest of will or wits. It is largely by such effective compactness that the short

86. "Of course we couldn't speak to Mr. Hall"—Mrs. Euphemia Mix shuddered at the thought—"but you can. Harriet Hall, he came up the glen road last night with some girl——"

87. "Mr. Hall?" said Aunt Harry tranquilly.

88. "Goodness, Harriet, how you do put me out! Coburn, of course. He came along with some girl about nine o'clock. Everybody heard 'em singin' and carryin' on all the way up the hill. I think Mr. Hall ought to be told."

89. "Well, I can mention it if you insist; but Coburn's twenty-one and I doubt if John would interfere anyhow; he likes singing himself."

90. "Harriet Hall! The idea! You know perfectly well what I mean. That girl—she was none of the neighbors' girls. There isn't such a voice on the hill. Shameless hussy!"

91. "Shameless for having a good voice or because she wasn't born on Holley Patent?" asked Aunt Harry.

92. "Now what makes you so provoking? That woman; who was she?"

93. "Oh! I could have told you that; but I misunderstood you. I'm a little deaf in one ear," said Aunt Harry simply. "You may have noticed it. I was beginning to

---

story, although limited to briefer treatment, often attains something of the large perspective and general interpretive scope of the novel.—Observe the hidden fitness of the names "Mix" and "Euphemia."

88. Utters in dialogue a thorough realization of a petty, vicious mind; fine characterization.

93. Study the characterizing value of the speech, (1) in its shrewd affectation of simplicity and misunderstanding, and its equally shrewd, though covered, thrust at Mrs. Mix on the side of

think you meant to complain that the singing woke you up. I have to go to bed early myself now. How time does go on, doesn't it?" She settled back in her rocker, comfortably intent on her knitting.

94. "Harriet! You make me want to shake you! Who was she?"

95. "Oh! The young lady? She came to help me through the strawberry season. Shall I tell her you praised her voice? Or perhaps you would like to meet her?"

96. Mrs. Mix was almost in tears. "A girl that would sing songs like that!—Put Your Arms Around me, Honey! —Turn Off Your Light, Mr. Moon Man!"

97. Aunt Harry rose—that masculine lady; she put her knitting aside and fixed her caller with a satiric eye.

98. "Euphemia Mix, I knew you when you were a Calder; and I'll say this for you—no one ever heard you singing as you came up a dark road! Don't talk to me!"

99. She lacked little of the grenadier except the shako.

100. "Won't your mother object to your working here,

---

her age; (2) in helping to fix our opinion of Mrs. Mix. This indirect characterization becomes pretty direct in par. 98, where Aunt Harry's speech is sharp and plain in its implication. This same speech, moreover, has the indirect effect of expressing anew the conclusion about Martha—that as she sings along the dark road, and girls who sing in such circumstances are doing nothing to be concealed, Martha's morals are to be trusted.

100. Here begins stage three of the second movement; it continues through par. 111. It is mainly concerned with further character-exposition—Martha's exaggerated summary of the character-forming influences of her experience and family surroundings. Observe once more that her account of herself rather increases

Miss Menlick? And would she mind if I smoked?"

101. They were under the pine trees on the lawn. No, that is a mistake—the trees were not on the lawn; the lawn was round the trees and was built to fit them. Miss Menlick delayed her reply to repeat a starbright with earnest faith.

102. "She'd be glad to get me away from the bright lights!" It was said with a simple directness worthy of Aunt Harriet at her most fearsome.

103. "And the smoke?"

104. "Silly!"

105. "Don't you suppose she was worried about you last night? Why wouldn't you let me telephone?"

106. "Worried? Her? What for?" Martha brought her eyes from the stars to her neighbor. "Like as not she forgot to take the census—we're a Roosevelt family. Even if she missed me she probably thought I'd got a job somewhere. Seems like I never hold a place down. . . . Long distance, please! We live out in the hoop-skirts and we don't keep a 'phone. Of course I might have called up Biff Lee—he knows the way to our house. But what's the odds? They know I can look out for myself."

107. "Biff Lee?" Coburn's tone was like that of one who, with a wrinkled nose, regards a noxious insect.

108. "Biff? Best batter in the Shoestring League. Good old Biff!" said Martha cheerfully. "Thought everyone knew Biff!"

109. Coburn flung the insect aside.

---

our liking for her. She has had a hard time, has been equal to the emergencies she met (adaptability—see 68), and has evidently maintained ideals, sometimes at a cost. Moreover, her disposition has kept sweet—and her sense of humor is abounding.

110. "So you don't stay in one place long?" he suggested.

111. "Long? Honest, Curly, if they knew about me they'd run me in the Sunday Supplement: Mournful Mattie—She Gets Fired! I've been in 'most every room in the shops; I can make the whole dinky shoe, from hide to wearer. I've been fired for cutting hours and fired for cutting leather; for being sassy and being surly; fired because I wouldn't let the foreman make love to me and fired for making love to the forearm; fired for not doing enough work and for doing too much work—yes, I have! That was piecework. I fired myself from the hotel because the graveyard was so crowded, and I quit the cafeteria for a reason I had. Then the nickelodeon—I stayed there the longest—singing; fired only last week. . . . I busted the piano stool over the professor's head. S'pose that had anything to do with it?"

III.

112. "You may say what you like, Harriet," urged Mrs. Euphemia Mix. "I tell you that girl can't afford to dress the way she does on what you pay her."

113. "Think so?"

114. "I know it. Whoever heard the like—chambray and French gingham for working clothes? And them short sleeves!"

115. "Perhaps you're right," said Aunt Harry. "I'll raise her wages."

---

112. Third movement begins. The first stage extends through par. 148. Studying the opening, observe how much merely explanatory narration can be omitted.

116. Mrs. Euphemia bit back tears of vexation.

117. "Harriet Hall, you're just bekacked with that good-for-nothing gadabout—and she knows as much about housekeeping as a cat does about Sunday."

118. "She's learning—not fast enough to shock me, maybe; but I like her and I like her pretty dresses, too. She sort of lightens up the old place. I wouldn't have her any different. I like to see her round. So does John."

119. "Oh, I dare say—and Coburn, too!"

120. "And Coburn, too." Aunt Harry serenely clicked her needles. "We like to hear them sing—John and I."

121. "You're as blind as a bat! Harriet Hall, do you know that bold-faced piece sang in the moving-picture shows at Dennison?"

122. "So she says."

123. "And was discharged for improper conduct?"

124. "So you say."

112-138. Besides developing the action, these paragraphs contribute much tone material—the part of the atmosphere that has the subjective coloring of small-minded suspicion and malicious hypocrisy. The same is true of pars. 84-99. In all this, too, is the effect of contrast; for Aunt Harry is directly opposed to Mrs. Mix, as a type of the militantly generous-minded, and Martha (and to some extent Coburn) are indirectly in contrast with the Mix-Halliday type. Incidentally, in these two episodes we may consider Aunt Harry, in character quality, a foil to Mrs. Mix (S. S. M., 69).

124. See close of par. 111. The reader knows, though Aunt Harry does not, part of the circumstances, and has guessed the others; therefore he is in position to judge the accuracy of Mrs. Mix's words, and appreciate Aunt Harry's remark, together with its revelation of character in each of the women. At this point, we may note that in this story the authors permit their attitude to

125. This was too much even for Mrs. Euphemia Mix. She rose, shaking.

126. "I suppose you'd take her word against mine!"

127. Aunt Harry counted her stitches.

128. "Did you discharge her yourself, Euphemia, or did someone tell you about it?"

129. "I knew you'd take some such stand as this.

---

the persons to appear (S. S. M., 212-214). Study the methods by which they create a subjective coloring that reveals this attitude. For instance, throughout the introduction of Martha (pars. 1-21), the descriptions have an admiring quality, although they are almost entirely objective—somehow they give one the impression that the authors chose them with a sort of caressing desire to make them fit the girl and picture her forth as she appeared to them. In pars. 19-21 come adjectives of direct indication—"pretty and unexpected diffidence"; "resolute little mouth." So far as Martha is concerned, this sympathy, showing throughout the story, is most discernible in the zest with which she is portrayed and characterized; "reckless, care-free, star-mad, obsessed with youth" (par. 23), she is presented enthusiastically as if she embodied qualities that the authors greatly like. And the spirit of this is so strong that it catches and fills the reader. Rightly understood, the "author's view of life" can always be conveyed—and conveyed by artistic means—through his story. See S. S. M., 196-198, 245 (last 7 lines ff.), 246 (middle to end). This story is full of a spirit of enthusiasm for frankness, honest unconventionality, kindness, generosity, tolerance, beauty (of heart, person, and nature); but the student will have to look close to find outward expressions of this fact.

129-139. The basic source of interest is suspense (S. S. M., 134, 20-21). The basic source of suspense is uncertainty, and uncertainty arises always from conflict. The episode in these paragraphs is a conflict, or struggle, between two persons and between the two types of character and views of life represented by these persons. Similarly, many episodes and incidents in dramatic fiction—especially *plot* incidents—themselves consist of struggle or conflict. Determine what the nature of the struggle is, and between what persons, forces, ideas, etc., it takes place, in pars.

Harriet Hall, you've put me down mighty often and snubbed me off short; but this time I've got you where you can't help being convinced." Malice gleamed in the beady little eyes. "I never was one to be inquisitive; but when I run up here last week to look over the Vesper Bell I couldn't help noticing the police items had been cut out. I kept it in the back of my head, and when we took the eggs to Vesper yesterday I went to the Bell office and got last week's copy. I want you should see it." She brought the paper from her folded shawl with a triumphant flourish. "Read that, will you?"

130. "You read it to me," said Aunt Harry. "I'll tend to my knitting."

131. So Mrs. Euphemia Mix read, with vindictive emphasis:

132. "Edward Blossom pleaded guilty in police court yesterday to petit larceny, having stolen a gold watch valued at forty dollars, belonging to Mrs. S. A. Halliday, proprietress of the Halliday Hotel. The watch was found in a West Avenue pawnshop, and when Blossom was taken into custody he confessed that he took the timepiece from Mrs. Halliday's room on Friday evening of last week. Mrs. Halliday had not suspected Blossom, her star boarder, but had sworn out a warrant for Sally Menlick, a wayward girl who was discharged by Mrs. Halliday the day the watch disappeared. The Menlick girl was already on probation from the juvenile court at Dennison. Blossom was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in jail."

133. "Well?" said Aunt Harry.

1-7, 11-21, 67-80, 149-172; and find others. (Is there any element of struggle or contest, in pars. 37-65? How is it settled? Does the outcome in any degree forecast the outcome of the story?)

134. "Ain't that enough? Now you see the kind of a girl your precious Martha Menlick is!"

134. "I don't seem to follow you," said Aunt Harry humbly. "I thought you said Sally Menlick?"

135. "So I did. But you don't want the sister of such a creature as that hanging round you! No knowing what she'll take."

136. "Exactly. If three times three is eleven, three times eleven is eighty-six. Just so!" Aunt Harry rose with the briskly unmistakable air of one who terminates an interview; she appropriated the Vesper Bell as contraband of war. "I'll light the supper fire with this. Excuse me for not being surprised, Euphemia. I cut that little item out of the Vesper Bell myself!"

136. "What! You stand up for such rubbish as that —and you a respectable woman!"

137. The respectable woman snapped her fingers.

138. "That for Pheb' Halliday! She accuses a girl of theft; the accusation is proved false, and you blister your feet and your tongue telling it for true. Respectable woman! Bah!"

139. With such peroration, this estimable lady, more grenadier-grim than ever—if ever a grenadier wore steel spectacles and a Little Orphant Annie apron—bore down upon her shrinking foe, apparently intent upon physical violence. Whether such were indeed her design, or some more diplomatic measure, can never be known. Mrs. Euphemia Mix opened her mouth once, thought better of it, and flung herself through the door, dismayed and dumb.

140. Aunt Harry laid the fire with an unwonted vigor of lid and lifter that verged upon the profane; in which

duty she became aware of a tall, white Martha at the pantry door.

141. "I heard every word, Mrs. Hall. You're—you're very good to me. I appreciate it. I'm grateful to you for all your kindness—indeed I am—but hadn't I better go?"

142. Aunt Harry scowled ferociously.

143. "And the house full of company next week? Let me catch you at it! Grateful your granny! Hark! Because I like to cross and bedevil Euphemia Mix? That woman just naturally sets my teeth on edge. You needn't flatter yourself 'twas on your account—except that I need your help for a while. You go peel the potatoes!"

144. "Aunt Harry!" Martha used the term quite unconsciously and for the first time. A runaway tear trickled down her freckly nose. "Did you—you didn't——" With a quick step she hid her burning face in Aunt Harry's martial bosom. "It wasn't you who cut that story from the Vesper Bell, was it—really?"

145. "My word!" said the scandalized grenadier, and she groped for adequate comment. The pressure of warm young arms was not wholly unpleasant. "You heard what I told Euphemia Mix, didn't you? What do you want me to do—own up that I lied?" The arms conveyed an insulting affirmative. "Well! Well!" To her

---

143. Many persons conceal their feelings by devices similar to Aunt Harry's; hence the truthfulness of characterization underlying her speech.

144-148. Preliminary to crisis; the action has risen to the point where the love of Martha is revealed, and that of Coburn clearly indicated. In pars. 149-172 we get the crisis of this movement, which is one of the two main crises of the story. Pars. 144-147 are the outcome-paragraphs of this stage of movement 3.

great astonishment, Aunt Harry observed that her own hand was bestowing surreptitious and awkward pats on Martha's rounded arm. Shamefaced and incredulous she glared at the offender. "As Euphemia would say, I never was one to grudge a good lie in season. You go get those potatoes!"

146. At the potato bin Martha shook aside an angry tear.

147. "Curly did it—for me!" she whispered to herself happily. Then she drooped.

148. "You?" she scoffed. "You silly, slangy little dunce! Not good enough! You—You—doing a Weepin' Winnie!—going into a clinch with that dame and givin' the snap away—you make me sick! Do you want to pull him down to your level? Beat it, you little fool! Beat it—see!"

149. "S'matter, pop?"

150. It was plain to be seen in the mellow glow from the hall lamp that something was the matter. There was more than anger in the boy's puzzled eyes; the bewilderment of a faithful collie who has felt injustice for the first time and does not believe it possible.

151. "I guess you know. That she-poison-pedler——"

152. "Mrs. Mix?"

153. Coburn's guardian angel sighed. Martha laughed.

149-172. Stage 2 of movement 3, and the most intense stage of the story, being the part in which the opposing forces in the critical period of Martha's life that this story covers, subject her to the fiercest struggle.

153. Why? Even speech can be made clear by suggestion. What did Coburn say? Is it as effective in his own words as it is in this indirect presentation? Why did Martha laugh? Theoretical morality and wholesome human nature are contrasted here: how?

154. "Cheer up, old hand," she said. "Sometimes things will go wrong like that—ever so long; and then turn right round and get worse! Some class to Phemy; but she can't show me up the way I could myself—she don't know!" She laughed again; but the spontaneous, light-hearted bubbling changed on her lip to a harsh and strident sneer.

Is "Martha laughed" more satisfying to the artistic sense than a passage of direct moralizing would be? Rewrite the paragraph, bring out the contrast by means of reflective comment; then test the effect by reading it in connection with the preceding paragraph. Does the substitute give the effect of tyro work? See S. S. M., 194-196.

154. This paragraph presents Martha in a period of character-growth, as does the entire stage. Observe the mood of this, as in the "harsh and strident sneer" (find other instances). Character does not often pass through crisis without undergoing some change as a reaction. At the close of this episode, Martha has achieved a noble act, but at a personal cost that is likely to react unfavorably on her own character; thereafter, she is likely to become inwardly more like the environment to which she has returned, represented outwardly by bold speech, cynical behavior, recklessness of amusement, and the like. The paragraph shows her at a moment when she fully recognizes what this environment is, and how she has been and will be a part of it, and thus presents her at a potentially tragic moment of character history (but cf. introd. n. 8). Later—at the end of the story—reversal of the tragic situation takes place, so that she is not made to pay the harsh price of her self-sacrifice, but is brought back to the happier and wholesomer environment where her fine qualities will be stimulated rather than thwarted; and in that environment, she will always be a "bigger" woman for the crisis and her decision in it. Martha, therefore, grows in character; and the struggle producing this growth, with the uncertainty whether it will ultimately take the direction of good or of ill, is part of the conflict of the story. Incidentally, the "happy ending" problem is well illustrated. The authors' report could end either way with truth to life. They chose the non-tragic outcome. As the probabilities would not be violated in either

155. "Oh, what's the use? Except mother and the kidlets, we're a hard lot. Sam—he's the oldest—he's all right. He got away. Guess the rest of us didn't have much chance. My dad's a booze-hoist. He used to be good to us, at that—before he took to bending his elbow and making a little amateur hell between acts. And Sally —you know about her; you did the little scissors stunt with the Vesper Bell. That was white of you, Coburn!"

156. On the porch-rail a brown hand closed over a white one.

157. "I don't care one copper cent about your family! I care more for you than——"

158. "Forget it!"

159. "I do—you know I do. I want you, Martha."

---

event, their decision in favor of the happy ending would be based on: (1) The underlying purpose of the story. This clearly included a presentation of generous, upright spirit in opposition to suspicious meanness. This aspect of the theme could be presented either by showing youth and frankness rising superior to meanness, or thwarted and embittered by it. Therefore the decision would be felt to depend a good deal on (2) the tone of the story. This is on the whole happy—serious, yet not too serious; touched with youth, gaiety, and the spirit of a "ragtime lady." Further, the decision would quite likely depend somewhat on (3) the authors' view of life (optimistic rather than pessimistic), and also on (4) the liking of the authors for their central person. That they liked Martha personally is, I think, certain. Almost instinctively, therefore, they would be likely to give her the happiness that she deserved.—Note the satisfying effect of the final reversal (mentioned above) in Martha's fate. Some authorities regard a reversal as absolutely necessary to dramatic effect.

155-168. Seek out the indications of tenderness notwithstanding the language used. Are there other examples of the employment of suggestion to communicate fact?

160. "You're a good driver, Curly Puzzlehead, and kind to dusty little girls. Let it go at that!"

161. "Will you marry me, dear?"

162. She flared scorn at him.

163. "Can it! Nothing doing! Line busy! Ring off!" At each coarse and repellent word she shriveled and shrank away in some horrible anamorphosis, as though a butterfly should change back to a grub; she put by sunlight and wings, calling desperately on her store of pitiful knowledge. "Me? Me marry a roughneck? Oh, go hoe your cabbage! I want a live one! The short and merry for mine!"

164. But he was close; he saw in her eyes the little skipping lights that belied her. She read his purpose in his face and wrenched loose her forgetful hand.

165. "Why, you great chump! If I was fool enough to want to marry you—which I'm not—do you suppose your folks would let you marry Sally Menlick's sister?"

166. His arms were open, pleading.

167. "I love you! If there were fifty Sally Menlicks——"

168. She laughed in his face with a bitter and brazen tone; her voice was hard.

169. "Aw-w, you will have it! You big mutt, I'm Sally Menlick!"

169-170. The climactic height of this stage, and also of the story as a whole up to this point. Note that if the story were not to have a happy ending, this point would probably be the grand tragic climacteric. The situation here established may be described as a contrast, for the final or climactic situation. Note that the latter includes a *reversal* of the story outcome up to this point. Out of this reversal much of its dramatic thrill comes. Pars. 169-170 are, therefore, a strong item of resistant delay (S. S. M., 154: 7 and footnote).

170. Then Coburn went away.

171. She stood on the porch and watched him go. Her throat was aching and dry with the ashen taste of triumph. . . . Tomorrow—and tomorrow—and tomorrow! . . . Into her tired brain came a thought of refuge—the midnight train for Dennison. She grasped at it—the one sure thought in a whirling world! . . . Aunt Harry? Aunt Harry would understand! Desperate, afraid, she fled between the glimmering tall syringas and set her feet toward Windsor and the midnight train.

172. Alone along the winding way, swift and strong, breasting the moonlight, bareheaded, all in white, she went as she came; and, so remembering, she sang—lest Heaven should guess or warm earth sense her pain. High and clear her young voice rang bravely into the perfumed night; to sink at the last—pitiful, sagging and slow:

Now the moon shines tonight on pretty Red Wing—
The breeze is sighing—the nightbirds crying;
For afar, 'neath his star, her brave is sleeping—
While Red Wing's weeping her heart away!

IV.

173. An August sun beat upon the stone soldier. At his feet the public fountain brimmed in a great iron basin; and here Coburn Hall let his horses drink. No one would

---

173-196. These paragraphs constitute movement 4. They include the decisive moment and the supreme climax. There is but one sentence of falling action—or rather, of ending—the last. The decisive moment, with outcome implied, comes in pars. 179-184 (189). Note the compression and rapid narration of this movement.

call Coburn apple-cheeked now; the stone soldier himself was scarce more gaunt and hard.

174. While Coburn put out his team at the feed-stable, Aunt Harry waited in the park, grateful for the cool shade. Farther along the walk a young man and a young woman sat on another iron bench, much engrossed. The girl was handsome in a bold and sullen way; her voice was pitched too high.

175. To Aunt Harry, waiting, came trippingly Mrs. Euphemia Mix, with manner ominously pleasant. She sank down upon the seat.

176. "Warm, isn't it?" she smiled.

177. Aunt Harry admitted as much, with misgivings, and prepared to receive cavalry. The stone soldier, for his part, saw gladly that Coburn Hall was near at hand, coming across the street; and was also aware, out of the tail of his eye, that belated Boney Hardman, with an empty cab, was clattering trainward over the brick pavement; and he heard the eastbound local at the whistling-post.

178. Mrs. Euphemia Mix unmasked another smile, and even Aunt Harry, for all her hardihood, flinched a little; she longed for her knitting needles.

179. "You remember that Menlick girl who came so near making trouble between you and me, dear? Well, I never was one to hold a grudge, but I've got something to tell you. I've just been calling on Phœbe Halliday; and what do you think?" She beamed delightful intelligence. "Her sister's had the face to come back to town; and that's her yonder—that chattering, bedizened creature, over there on that bench."

180. "Pheb's?" suggested Aunt Harry.

181. Mrs. Euphemia Mix was not to be baffled today, however. She was in her best form. She laughed vindictively.

182. "Oh, no! Your precious Martha's sister—the girl that stole the watch—Sally Menlick."

183. "You are sure of what you are saying, Euphemia Mix?"

184. "Pheb' Halliday pointed her out to me."

185. "Thank you," said Aunt Harry. "It was real good-hearted of you to tell me. Coburn, come here!"

186. Coburn had been hanging back in dread of Mrs. Mix; but he came at the call.

187. "Nephew," said Aunt Harry, with fine directness, "look at the overdressed young woman on the next seat. Take a good look! Did you ever see her before?"

188. "Why, no. What about her?"

189. "Coburn Hall—that girl is the real Sally Menlick!"

190. "Aunt Harry!" He whirled, ran and flung up his hand at Mr. Boney Hardman. The cab barely checked; Coburn swung up to the driver's seat.

191. "Catch that train!"

192. The cab made the corner on two wheels. The local was just pulling in.

193. "Afraid I can't do it, sir," said Boney as they took the bridge at plunging gallop. "They'll arrest me, too."

194. "That will be afterward," said Coburn. "*Catch that train!*"

195. The stone soldier's eyes were dreaming.

THE UNKNOWN

The Story as a Whole

1. "The Unknown" is an excellent example of the oblem short story (S. S. M., 27: 4-15). That it distinctly a short story (conte) is proved by its singleness of effect S. S. M., 19: 1-3; 36: 2); by its having a conclusive outme (S. S. M., 10: 1-6; 192: 6; and running note on par. 39); and by its turning upon a conflict (S. S. M., 0: 10)—that between parental impulse and cold reason.

2. It is one of those stories which can be best developed by employment of the strictly chronological order S. S. M., 122: 1-5; 153: 5-7); for its aim is gradually to nfold before us this question: if children of ours (see ext note) had remained in savagery for many years, ould it now be for either our good or theirs to bring them ick into civilization; and should we be happier to know at, under conditions that must have returned them to an nimal-like existence, they still survive, or to believe that ey died in time to escape this fate? To bring this queson home to us, the author carries us through a series of ents in which, aspect by aspect, the problem is laid bere us as it developed for decision by persons with chilen lost in such circumstances. By this method we are ade to meet the problem stage by stage as, with growing tensity, it presses upon the parents (in this case the ther) for decision. Chronological sequence clearly is st adapted to effect this presentation.

3. Although directed to all mature readers, the story is particularly addressed to parents, or at least to those in whom affectionate interest in children is strongly established. No one who has not experienced devoted love and realized something like parental responsibility for some child, is likely to appreciate the story except in an intellectual, not an emotional, way. The author's method of creating emotional appeal (S. S. M., 63: 14, with 15-17 and esp. 18) is partly responsible for his employment of the chronological order. He realizes that any reader whose experience qualifies him to appreciate such a story at all, will immediately put himself in the place of the friends and parents of the lost children, and while following through with them the successive stages of their problem, undergo emotionally the same feelings as they underwent. The absence of any artificial stimulation of emotion is to be noted; such stimulation would be out of place in this story, and attempts to introduce it might degrade the narrative. See S. S. M., 67: 18.

4. A review of the narrative will disclose that it is remarkably rhythmic in the alternating rise and fall of expectation and uncertainty, hope and disappointment. To this alternation is traceable (from the technical point of view) much of the suspense felt by the reader (S. S. M., 92: 1; 99-103).—That the suspense in different stories may be of a very different quality can be fixed in mind by study of this in comparison with other stories. This difference of course is the result of a difference in materials and (sometimes) in manner of presentation. Cf. "The Unknown" with "In the Matter of Distance," "The Love of Men," "A Rag-time Lady," "Tropics," "That Hahnheimer Story," and other stories, especially

those of plot or character, as met with in general reading.

5. The story offers an example of masterly integration of impression-producing elements. The note on pars. 139-147 attempts some discussion of this; but the effectiveness of the management is here one of those things that have to be sensed; it is not to be appreciated merely through exposition.

6. The story presents "the universal" (S. S. M., 256) in two ways—by familiarizing us with instincts and emotions common to all men and classes, and by suggesting indirectly the supreme necessity of social organization to preserve and transmit the experience of the race; for it makes us realize that in fifteen years persons accustomed to civilization throughout their childhood will revert to a wholly animal existence if removed from the influences of society. This power to "present the universal" is here mentioned because the story is a good reminder of what we sometimes forget—that the influence of art can be and is instructional—upon all who follow their enjoyment with reflection. See S. S. S., 34: 19-20; 194: 10.

THE UNKNOWN

By Albert Payson Terhune

Reprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Author from "The Red Book" for February, 1917.
(Copyrighted, 1917)

1. When the tiny tourist steamship Aloha puffed through the Golden Gate in late November of 1900 for a wintertime loiter in the South Seas, she carried 107 first-class passengers who had more time than business, or else more money than health.

2. When the Aloha was creeping with blind-man caution, one fog-cursed night late in December, through a reef-starred stretch of remote ocean far southward of the travel-lanes, her captain chose that festal occasion—it was Christmas Eve—to accept a single small glass of punch brewed by a passenger who was one of the line's foremost officials.

---

1. See S. S. M., 129: 12-21, on interest-in-opening. The leisurely development of the opening (this and the four following paragraphs) must be judged by the requirements of the story in its later parts. It will be found (e.g.) that the motivation and plausibility of various later facts and situations really depend on apparently immaterial details mentioned in pars. 1-15. Such are the long uncertainty about the place where the vessel was wrecked; the separation of friends and families in assigning the passengers to the boats; and the upsetting of a boat, with the consequent possibility that the children were drowned at that time. The verisimilitude of the wreck incident itself is much increased by the plain, matter-of-fact introduction of this body of convincing details.

3. This mild potation would not have turned the head of a ten-year-old child. Its very mildness was the captain's excuse for drinking it—that and the fact that the magnate who brewed it and who pressed the glass upon him was the arbiter of his financial destinies.

4. There was perhaps a teaspoonful of whisky among the other ingredients in that one glass of punch.

5. It was Captain Stilsen's first taste of liquor since a drastic three-month drink-cure course at a sanitarium years earlier had given him strength to change from a periodic drunkard to a smartly reliable navigator.

6. Stilsen went back at once to the bridge. There all the torments of hades racked his very soul. Presently, turning over the command to his first officer on plea of sudden illness, he went to his cabin.

7. Thither he summoned a wondering steward, who presently brought him two quart bottles of Scotch whisky, a siphon and a bowl of cracked ice.

8. An hour later it occurred to Captain Stilsen that the night was very foggy, that reefs were unpleasantly numerous in that stretch of sea and that a captain's place, in such a crisis, was on his bridge. This idea took such complete possession of him that he strode back to his post of duty and resumed command.

9. Within half an hour the Aloha's starboard quarter was the nesting place of a shark-tooth reef.

10. Stilsen did the two things that remained for a man in his circumstances to do. First he got all his passengers and crew safely into the boats before the slow-settling Aloha's weight tore her, inch by inch, from the upholding tooth of rock. Then he went calmly back to his own sharply listing cabin, locked its door behind him and un-

corked the second quart of whisky. He was having a very pleasant time indeed when the increasing water-pressure burst inward his locked door and pushed a shower of port-hole-glass into the cabin.

11. Of the Aloha's boats all but one was sooner or later picked up. All her passengers but three were rescued, in better or worse condition.

12. The exception, in the roster of boats, was a little naphtha launch, a mere toy. The three human absentees were:

HENRICUS VAN DUYNE (A.B., A.M., Ph.D., F.R.S.), aged forty-five, Professor of Applied Science at Coromandal University.

MARK BURLEIGH, aged fifteen, a "prep"-school boy, who had been making the voyage as the guest of his maiden aunt, Miss Susan Burleigh, of New York.

MARGUERITE CRAIG, aged fourteen, whose parents, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Craig (also of New York), were saved by a copra-schooner and reached home at the end of twelve incommodious weeks.

13. A naphtha launch, a man of forty-five, a boy of fifteen, a girl of fourteen—these were the Aloha's missing. The captain did not count. There was no mystery as to his fate.

---

12. Observe the tone of actuality given by means of the quasi-newspaper form; also the condensed cataloguing of essential information-details made possible by this form. (The narration throughout closely adheres to journalistic standards in its compactness and directness, and its freedom from superfluous amplification and adventitious ornament.)

14. The launch (which had been stowed on deck, for the benefit of a "way" passenger who owned it and who was to have debarked three days later) had contained fuel and by Stilsen's orders had been provisioned and lowered with the other boats. Who had manned or occupied it, nobody seemed to recall.

15. The night had been black and foggy. The drink-dulled Stilsen had automatically—and autocratically—assigned the various passenger groups to the different boats. And without panic, but with dazed, sheeplike obedience, they had followed his commands. One boat had upset, spilling its load into the calm water, but everyone—supposedly—had been hauled aboard again when it was righted.

16. For weeks the tale of new-landed survivors was continued. For months Miss Susan Burleigh and the Craigs and Professor Van Duyne's invalid wife clung piteously to hope. Then, when a year had passed, they schooled themselves to face their losses.

17. Two insurance companies duly paid Van Duyne's widow seven thousand, five hundred dollars apiece. A dual memorial service was arranged by Miss Burleigh and the Craigs, as belated obsequies for Mark and for Marguerite. And life went on—as life has a way of doing.

18. But eight months after the year's lapse a whaler, touching at Sable Island, left there a very dirty and very

---

18. Upward fluctuation of hope—quickly disappointed, but maintaining expectancy even while seeming conclusively to show that the children were drowned; for if one of the three lost passengers survived, some chance might have likewise saved the other two. It will be seen that the story produces suspense by thus utilizing the trait of human nature that makes the heart hope on when the brain insists that there is no hope. Look for other fluc-

unkempt man of middle age who promptly introduced himself to the local authorities as Henricus Van Duyne, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., F.R.S., etc., recent Professor of Applied Science at Coromandal University—who demanded instant passage to New York.

19. The Craigs and Miss Burleigh read the cabled account of Van Duyne's reappearance. And all three of them traveled as far north as Halifax to meet him on his southward journey. But they had their trip and their reawakened hope-pangs all for nothing. Professor Van Duyne could give them no tidings whatever of the missing boy and girl.

20. The story Van Duyne told was simple to a degree. He and two sailors, he said, had been assigned to the naphtha launch on Stilsen's learning that he understood the working of motor-craft.

21. The two sailors—ignorant Lascars—had trusted neither the efficiency of such a newfangled boat nor the guidance of a landsman. Wherefore they had at once slid over the side and had swum across, under cover of the fog, to an undermanned lifeboat fifty feet away and had climbed aboard.

22. Left alone, Van Duyne had tried to follow the general course of the boats ahead of him, but had lost his bearings in the fog. He had chugged along by guesswork, until daylight lifted the mist. Then all around him the ocean had showed no sign of any other craft. Taking bearings by the new-risen sun, the Professor had continued along the course the Aloha had been steering. His supply

---

tuations. The summarizing of Van Duyne's story has the further effect (cf. note on par. 1) of increasing the impression of truth-to-actuality, the verisimilitude, of the story.

of fuel gave out before he could sight land. Then a gale had caught his boat astern and had driven it on—while he alternately prayed and bailed—for another forty-eight hours.

23. At last, with the falling of the wind, the exhausted man had sighted a hilly island blazing green in the blue glare of the sea and girt with snow-bright sand. Thither, by rigging his shirt on the launch's boat-hook, he had beaten his way more dead than alive and had beached his boat.

24. On that South Sea island, for six long months, he had lived. Except for lonely hopelessness, he had not fared ill. From fish to breadfruit, from trappable game to edible roots, there was natural food enough on those twenty square miles of fertile land to sustain fifty men.

25. There were indications aplenty of former human occupancy. A Polynesian tribe had doubtless lived there, but many, many years ago. Some pestilence had probably wiped out or at least decimated the islanders, and the place had since been shunned in terror by all other natives.

26. Six months later the Professor's signal was seen by a whaler cruising to the island in quest of water. The whaler's captain had been in haste to get well out beyond the reef-fringed coast before the coming of a threatened typhoon, but had stopped long enough to fill a few casks and to take the marooned professor aboard. The captain, however, had refused to leave his course to carry Van Duyne to any port whence he could reach home. Thus the Professor had perforce remained on board, reluctantly working his passage, until toward the end of the cruise, when he was dropped at Sable Island.

27. The Professor's story was interesting enough, as stories go. But it ceased to interest the Craigs and Miss Burleigh as soon as they found he knew nothing about the fate of Mark and Marguerite. And again hope died.

28. The mourners remembered the overturning of one of the lifeboats, the spilling of its human freight into the sea, the righting of the boat and the hauling of dripping swimmers over its sides. There had been no "counting of heads," after the capsized passengers were fished aboard again. And, since the launch was now accounted for, there was no longer any mystery as to the fate of the boy and girl.

29. The Aloha sank on Christmas Eve, 1900. On New Year's Eve, 1915, Mr. Bruce Craig received by mail a long envelope containing a brief note and a pair of typewritten sheets. The note ran:

BRUCE CRAIG, ESQ.:
DEAR SIR:

The enclosed is a copy I made today of one of the papers I found in the safe-deposit box of the late Henricus Van Duyne of this city. As Professor Van Duyne's next of kin, I was searching his effects for a will when I came upon this statement. I recall the

---

29. Is anything more than definiteness of time attained by mention of Christmas and New Year's? Would "Sept. 1" and "Sept. 8" be as impressive? If not, why not? (Cf. S. S. M., 56:5-7; 25:4 (d); 63:14; 65:16-17.)

29-30. Preparation for another upward fluctuation of expectancy and hope. The fact that this fluctuation depends on facts that are of leading importance in the plot leads the author instinctively to give it prominence by preparing the way for it in advance—or, as we may say, introducing it formally, thus emphasizing it by increased attention. Find the remaining instances.

whole case, very vividly. And it occurred to me that you have the right to see this statement at once. So I have herewith copied it. It needs no comment from me.

Very truly,

RUFUS K. VAN DUYNE.

30. Puzzled, Bruce Craig unfolded the sheets of typed paper and read:

31. I, HENRICUS VAN DUYNE, being as nearly in my right mind as ever again I can hope to be, have decided to add the following facts and corrections to the statement I made to the press, upon my arrival at Sable Island in August of this year (1902).

32. For obvious reasons I cannot make known these facts, while I am still living. But if I die within the next twenty years, it may not be too late to atone in part for what I have done—and for what God will perhaps forgive me, when He remembers that He gave me the soul of a coward.

31-48. Is it likely that such a document would be left by any man in such circumstances? In other words, is the existence of this confession sufficiently motivated in recognized traits of character and human nature? Would a man such as Van Duyne be troubled in conscience by what he had done? If he were weak enough to abandon the children, would he be weak enough to continue his concealment of their existence after his own escape, and also weak enough on the other side to try to sop his conscience by such a secret confession? Once having written it, would he, either through inertia or indecision, let it continue among his papers, to blast his reputation after his death if it came to the knowledge of his family or the public? The author (rightly, it seems to me) makes no attempt to explain Van Duyne's course, but depends upon the reader's own knowledge of character and human nature to appreciate the facts on which this confession is motivated.

33. My statement to the press was in the main correct —so far as it went. The only actual falsehood I told was concerning the two sailors assigned to the launch with me.

34. The two persons entrusted by Captain Stilsen to my care, in the launch, were not sailors. They were a boy and a girl—Mark Burleigh and Marguerite Craig.

35. Nor did they jump overboard, as I said the sailors did. They remained with me through those three days of torture and fear, and they landed with me upon the island that for six months was my prison. There, through my small scientific knowledge, I taught them what plants to use or to avoid, for food. I also taught them how to weave fishlines from fiber and to shape fishhooks from tuna-bone and how to set gamesnares.

36. One day they two went to the western end of the island for shellfish. They started at dawn and were to return by moonlight, as it was a nine-mile journey each way. An hour after they set forth I sighted the whaler at anchor off shore; its longboat was already rowing toward me, laden with water-casks.

37. The captain—so the mate in charge of the boat told me—had ordered the casks filled as hastily as possible from the nearest spring, as the glass gave warning of a gale and he wished to get out into deep water. There is no safe anchorage at the island. He bade me be ready to accompany the boat as soon as the casks should be filled —or else to stay where I was.

38. In vain I begged him to wait until night, so that my two companions might return. He refused. When the casks were filled, I put off to the whaler with him, and there I repeated to the captain my plea for delay.

39. He brutally refused, telling me I might swim ashore again if I chose, and that he would not risk a hurricane among those reefs, to rescue a whole orphan-asylum.

40. What was there for me to do? If I went back to that accursed island, a lifetime might elapse before the next ship would touch there—for it is far off the lines of ocean travel, and the whaler merely neared it because blown far out of her course by a storm.

41. How could I have benefited Craig and the girl by returning? My first duty was my wife—and to the world of science. Also—I realize it now—I was a coward.

42. In brief, I made up my mind. I told the captain and mate that I had no companions on shore and that I had mentioned them only in hope of gaining time to go back to my hut, across the island, for some scientific specimens I wished to save.

43. The captain kicked me for lying to him; and he set me to work scraping blubber—a horrible occupation.

44. I had time, in the months that ensued, to realize the figure I should cut in the eyes of my friends and of the world at large should I confess I had gained my own freedom and had left my two young comrades to end their days there on the island.

45. I dared not face the contempt of the public. I should never have been able to live down the cowardice. It would have broken my wife's heart with shame. It would have meant my expulsion from the University—the belittling of my life work. So I framed the story I told on my arrival.

46. May God forgive me! May those who loved Marguerite Craig and Mark Burleigh forgive me! Perhaps,

when I am dead, it will not yet be too late to rescue the two children I deserted.

47. And yet—if much time shall have elapsed—let those who love the two think twice before seeking to rescue them. Many years ago I read a strange book—*The Blue Lagoon,* I think, was the name. It told of a boy and a girl thus cast away on such an island; the thing has happened before now, in fact as well as in fiction. And I advise the castaways' parents or guardians to read that book.

48. But this latter is no affair of mine. Again I implore forgiveness—my wife's above all.

HENRICUS VAN DUYNE.

49. Craig read the confession through a second and a third time. Then he read it to his wife. Then they both

---

49. Beginning here and continuing as far as par. 85, we have the first portion of the narrative especially devoted to indication of the *conflict* out of which the problem grows.—It may interest some to note that the author has made the women the representatives of its emotional side—the instinctive impulses of affection—and the man the representative of its intellectual side (though he shares with the women-folk the emotional impulse). In the final stages of this conflict, when Craig has become the main representative of it (89 to end), Captain Rance is also found to represent this side.

If any argument or justification for assigning this side to the two men is needed, it is found in the obvious fact that a lifetime of deciding practical problems has trained them in the habit of considering questions in all their aspects and basing decisions on clearly forecasted results. The two women have lacked the kind of experience that gives the knowledge of life and affairs necessary to such apparently cold weighing of facts and probabilities.

We may regard this assignment of parts as giving a side-light on economy of management; for though, with the like precedent

went to the gloomy old Stuyvesant Square house of Miss Susan Burleigh. And there Craig read the confession aloud.

50. He had to read the last half of it to Miss Burleigh a second time, for in the middle of his first reading she fainted.

51. Then followed much more talk, interrupted now and then by a flood of hysterical tears from both women.

52. "What is to be done?" demanded Mr. Craig at last, his brain recovering some of its wonted working-power.

---

experience, women might be as likely as men to apply coldly practical logic in deciding such a problem, the fact remains that most women have not had such experience and that the author would therefore have to expend additional effort (to no gain in truth or conclusiveness of impression), in order to give plausibility to the situation.

Reduced to a technical direction, this comment amounts to saying, "Don't waste time by motivating anything that is not required by the outcome and impression, but leave it out, especially when you can build directly on some belief or convention so generally received that it may be treated as fundamental." (The belief or convention may be erroneous, but its utility as a motivating means is not thereby necessarily nullified.)

The amount of space occupied (here and later in the story) in getting the problem before us, is justified by the demands of clearness and the fact that human impulse is emphatically on the side of "rescue"; at first thought, few persons, man or woman, but would be for an immediate attempt to bring back the castaways. The forces of the opposed argument impress only by slow degrees—and may not fully impress us at all unless we clearly appreciate the meaning of some of the things merely suggested by the narrative. (As hinted in introd. n. 3, the author depends largely for understanding upon the extent of the reader's experience and of his ability to realize through his own knowledge and sympathies the true inwardness and intensity of the situation.)

53. "Done?" echoed his wife, amazed. "*Done?* What do you mean, Bruce? Surely there's only one thing to——"

54. "*Done?*" babbled Susan Burleigh, tearfully indignant at the question. "Why, man alive, there's *everything* to be done! What's the matter with you? Don't you understand? The two babies that we've mourned as dead for fifteen years are alive! *Alive!* There on that awful island, in the South Seas! Alive—and waiting for us to bring them home. How soon can we start? It's too late, tonight, I suppose. But——"

55. "Yes," grimly agreed Craig, "it is *too* late, tonight. I'm afraid the last car for the South Seas has gone."

56. "Bruce!" gasped his wife. "How can you joke, at such—at such a sacred time? The joy has made him light-headed," she explained to Miss Burleigh.

57. "No," he denied, "it has made me level-headed. Someone must be. That is why I asked 'What is to be done?' You see, *I* once read *The Blue Lagoon*—that book Van Duyne speaks about."

58. "What's that got to do with it?" shrilly challenged Miss Burleigh. "This isn't a time to talk about books."

59. "We can start for San Francisco, first thing tomorrow morning," declared Mrs. Craig. "And from there——"

60. "Yes," interposed her husband, "from there—*where?*"

61. "To the island, of course—by the first ship we can charter. By the——"

62. "Where?" doggedly insisted Craig. "Where is [redacted]? The South Seas are fairly aswarm with

islands—thousands and thousands of them, big and little. That's what *Polynesia* means. It's Greek for *Many Islands. Polloi* means *many,* and *nesos* means——"

63. "But Professor Van Duyne lived there six months. Surely, he——"

64. "How could he know?" asked Craig. "He had no instruments, no chart. He himself said that he had no means of guessing except in the most general way, where he was. He traveled three days from the spot the Aloha went down. But in what direction and at what speed? There are probably fifty islands in a two-hundred-mile circle from the place where the Aloha sank. And we've only a vague knowledge as to where she sank. The wreck was never located, and the ship's log wasn't saved."

65. "But the whaler!" cried Mrs. Craig in triumph, "the whaler that picked up Professor Van Duyne! Surely the——"

66. "The whaler was an old ship fifteen years ago," countered her husband. "She's probably been broken up or gone to the bottom years ago. And her captain would be impossible to locate, even if he is still alive. He was an elderly man, Van Duyne told us. And that was in 1901. The crew are scattered, of course. And probably the ship's log could never be found, now—even if the log made record of the exact latitude and longitude of an island, off the regular track, where the ship was blown by a gale and where she watered. They're notoriously careless, those whaling-men, in recording anything except catches and deaths and accidents——"

67. "Mr. Craig!" broke in Miss Burleigh, "I am a fairly well-to-do woman, as you may know. I don't spend one-fifth of my income—because I don't need to. And I

am going to spend every cent of money I have in the world, if I have to, to find my boy. I'm going to charter a ship—not *one* ship—a dozen ships. I'm going to have the South Seas combed with a fine-tooth comb. I'm going to offer a reward of fifty thousand dollars——"

68. "A reward!" eagerly chimed in Mrs. Craig. "That's it! We'll *both* offer a reward—a reward big enough to set every Pacific skipper to hunting for them. Oh, we'll find them, that way. Something tells me we shall! And we'll charter a ship, too—and——"

69. "One minute!" said Craig gravely. "Do you realize what this means? Do you realize——"

70. "I realize I want my little girl—my only baby!" flamed Mrs. Craig.

71. "And I want my boy!" sobbed Miss Burleigh, "—the splendid little boy who never knew any mother but me. He was only my nephew. But no mother could have——"

72. "You don't understand me," intervened Craig. "Let me put it as kindly as I can."

73. He paused to collect his words in the order he desired. Then he continued:

74. "You say you want your children. Miss Burleigh, your 'little boy' was fifteen when you lost him. Our little girl was fourteen. That was fifteen years ago, last week. If they are living, Mark is thirty. Marguerite is twenty-nine. Does that mean nothing to you? Think it over."

75. "It means that they have grown up, of course," said Miss Burleigh. "But we can make up to them for all their years of exile there, and——"

76. "*Can we?*"

77. Craig fairly shot the question at her.

78. "*Can* we make it up to them? If they are alive, ey have lived since childhood the lives of savages—with) books, no advice, no civilized surroundings, no teach- gs—except Nature's. They have fished, hunted, eaten, unk, slept. They have lived for more than half their ves as young savages might live. No,"—forestalling an terruption from his wife,—"not as young savages, but animals. For young savages would have tribal cus- ms and traditions and folklore and the experience of eir elders to guide them. These two children had not en that. If that cur Van Duyne had stayed there with em, it would have been different. But he stayed only ng enough to teach them how to sustain life—not how) *live* life. They would be dragged back here—two vages, nothing better! Perhaps something worse! Is fair to them? Is it fair to *us?*

79. "Have you any idea," persisted Craig, "in how ief a time a whole civilized community can revert to rbarism, if it's left to itself? Then how about two ldren who grow up as ours have—if they've lived to w up at all? How about clothes? How about mental cises? How about——"

). "Then we must make up to them, all the more, what they have missed," purred Miss Burleigh olently.

With a groan, Bruce Craig gave up the battle.

"All right!" he agreed drearily. "Have it your y! I'll do all I can. I'll do all any mortal can promise that. Only, I insist that you leave the atter in my hands for the present. I'll arrange ing the reward and for chartering a boat and

everything. And I'll use all the speed and all the skill that money can supply. Only, I want you not to take any steps until I've succeeded or failed. Will you agree?"

83. In the end, because he was a man and she a spinster, Miss Burleigh agreed. And because she had a way of obeying when she saw that queer, set look around his mouth, Mrs. Craig assented too.

84. And that night as he lay awake and hot-eyed beside his slumbering wife, Bruce Craig whispered over and over to himself in agony of soul:

85. "My little girl! Dad's own, *own* baby girl! God in His mercy grant that you're safely dead! God grant you died while you were still my baby girl!"

86. In the morning Craig was quite grumpy and businesslike at breakfast, and he seemed to have forgotten all about the tidings of the night before until Mrs. Craig recalled the matter to his mind. And before the meal was fairly finished, he left the house.

87. He did not go, as usual, to his office, but instead to the Public Library. There, consulting newspaper files of August, 1902, he found the story of Van Duyne's rescue. The account gave the name of the whaler and of its captain, —also the shipping firm that owned the vessel. It was a New York firm.

88. Craig jotted down the firm's address and went thither. Two hours later he was climbing the front steps

---

86-88. These paragraphs might be put into a single sentence: "Craig at last found the old captain who had commanded the whaler." But the fuller form helps in making us live through the events, stage by stage, thus creating in us more strongly the sense of personal experience. Cf. introd. n. 3; S. S. M., 192: 6.

f a jerry-built New Jersey cottage. He was the bearer f a strong note of introduction from the whaling firm, to ıe whaler's ex-captain, Hiram H. Rance—who had for ve years been on the retired list and who was ending his ays here in a suburban dry-dock.

89. Like many another seafaring man who is an unholy rror on his own quarterdeck, Captain Hiram H. Rance, hore, proved to be a mild-mannered and deprecatory old ap, with watery blue eyes and a lonesome-looking white tch of chin beard.

90. He received Craig, non-committally, in the cot- e's atrocious sitting-room, and very carefully read the n's note of introduction. Then he read it again.

---

9. Here and in later paragraphs, care is taken to make us reciate the character of Captain Rance. (On characterization ubordinate persons, see S. S. M., 182: 6-9.) One reason for is, that the author wishes us to realize how the problem strikes erent types of person. We have seen how the mother and t—the women most closely bound to the castaways by human —*feel* about it; how the father *feels* and *reasons* about it. ow we are to see how it strikes such a man as Rance, who the one hand has been accustomed to situations where senti- t has no place and where men learn to deal with the bare ıalities of life, but who on the other hand has plenty of man" quality and whose love for his own "little girl" quali- him to appreciate the parental and "heart factors" of the blem; and who moreover knows at first hand what the chil- ı will have become, because his whaling life has acquainted with all the aspects of human degeneration from that of the nan and whaler down to that of the beach-comber and the barian tribe.

here is also another reason for making us realize his char- r. He is to be the father's proxy in determining the prac- l solution of the concrete problem; therefore we must have idence in his human sympathy on the one side and his bal- ed worldly judgment on the other. (Note par. 90, which vs what his social standards will be in making his judgment

After that he visibly threw aside the reserve so proper to a sailor who is approached by a prosperous-looking landsman and placed himself wholly at his guest's service. "Owners' Orders" are shipmasters' Ten Commandments.

91. Craig told his story succinctly, yet in a way that made Rance understand the terrible problem that faced his guest and to do mental homage to the speaker's self-control. Then Craig began to ask questions. And Captain Hiram H. Rance gave full and careful replies.

92. Yes, Rance had perfect recollection of the island and of Van Duyne's rescue. The matter had not only been entered in the whaler's log but in the private diary which the Captain had religiously kept since boyhood (and which, after brief rummaging, he now produced from a sea-chest in the attic).

93. Here was the entry—six lines in all. And here, of course, were the latitude and longitude of the island.

94. Yes, and Captain Hiram distinctly remembered the professorial castaway's story of two fellow-refugees. He had believed Van Duyne's later assertion that there

—not those of wealth and cultured refinement, but those of the ordinary everyday "common" class. The ground is thus cut skillfully from under the possible idea that such castaways might fall into common life well enough even if existence in the refined and intellectual surroundings of the Craig and Burleigh class required impossible adjustments; for Rance makes us perceive that such castaways would be misfits, not with this or that social class merely, but with civilized society in any class.)

94-103. The reluctance of the Captain to come to the point conveys to us better than direct statement what he believes about the survival of the children and what his judgment is on the problem itself; evidently he feels that in letting the father know his daughter did not perish, he is giving evil news (cf. par. 85). (Note that the Captain nowhere expresses a direct opinion. This is true to human nature, for most of us would evade in the

were no such refugees. He had believed it, and in his heart he had been glad, for he had been irked at the need of leaving two white people there for the sake of his ship's safety. He had believed the story, until—until——

95. "You see, sir, it's this way: That island, now—she's off the beaten track. She's far-an'-away off the trade-routes an' travel-lanes. I knew her, because when I was mate on the Annie S. (out o' Gloucester, you know) back in 1887, we touched there for water. That's why I tried to water there when we were blowed out of our course the time we picked up your professor. I don't believe there's a craft of any kind sights that island twice in ten years—let alone stops there. An' for some queer reason, the natives steer clear of it. It isn't even charted."

96. "Well?" asked Craig impatiently as the narrator's rambling talk trailed away.

97. "Well,"—Captain Hiram took up his seemingly aimless tale,—"I was retired, back in Jan'ry, nineteen-eleven. My last voy'ge ended a week before that. A three-year cruise it was."

98. Again he paused, cleared his throat, and looked uncomfortable.

99. "In St. John's, it was, on the home-stretch," he added, "that I met up with Cap'n Boyd of the Speed an' Follow. (He went down with his ship an' all hands, off Sable, in nineteen-twelve.) Him an' me got to chinning about this an' that. An' he said he'd read in a newspaper

---

same way in like circumstance, and it accords with the method of the story, which does not emphasize the outcome (S. S. M., 31: 12), but seeks rather to leave us with a sense of the weight of the problem itself. See comments on coherence and integration of impression-elements, par. 139-147.)

about me picking up Professor Van Duyne at that island, in nineteen-two. He asked me a lot about the location."

100. "Well?" again interrupted Craig, to whom these devious reminiscences were a growing annoyance.

101. "Well," said Captain Hiram more briskly, as if nettled by the other's impatience, "I couldn't make out what he was driving at, till pretty soon he tells me he sighted that island early in nineteen-ten,—that's 'bout five years back, now, you see,—being blowed off his course by one o' those mussy little tropic typhoons, same as I was. He passed the island five miles to south'ard. An' he gave it what my grandson calls 'the once-over' with his glasses. He'd heard it wasn't inhabited. But—on the beach he saw—he saw—two natives."

102. "*What?*" cried Bruce Craig in sudden tense interest. "Two natives?"

103. "Two natives. At least—at least, he thought they must be natives. An'—an' he *thought* there was only two of them. He couldn't be sure. The day wasn't bright, an'——"

104. Again his voice trailed away. Craig jumped to his feet, walked heavily to the window and stared out for a long time into the slushy suburban highway. Over and over to himself, through no volition of his, he found himself repeating the Captain's words:

105. "He thought they must be natives. He *thought* there was only two of them!"

106. Suddenly Craig turned back into the room.

107. "Captain Rance!" he said sharply. "You spoke just now of your grandson. Have you a daughter?"

108. "No sir," answered Rance in surprise. Then, his voice softening, he added:

109. "Not now. Three sons and the grandson. I hadn't but one daughter, ever. She was took to heaven when she was twelve—summer complaint. I was on a cruise at the time. I call to mind, I brought her home a toy theayter from Frisco, that trip, an' a necklace of abalone. An' she'd been dead pretty near a month when I got to shore. She'd of been—she'd of been thirty-one, this next March—eighth of March. The parson told me at the time that I'd stop grieving for her, by an' by, an' get reconciled to her being took. An' maybe I will. But I don't seem to make very much progress. It's queer how much fonder a man is of his little girl than he is of his big, noisy sons, an' how much harder it is to forget her. Little girls are so cute an' loving an' gentle, an' all that. Why did you ask about Tillie?"

110. "I asked," said Craig, "because I want your advice—and then your help. I'll *pay* liberally for the help. But the advice must come as a gift from one stricken father to another."

111. "I don't seem to get your drift, sir."

112. "Then I'll ask the advice, first," returned Craig. "Captain, look me square in the eyes and answer me, man to man. Knowing the circumstances as you do, would you change places with me?"

113. "How d' you mean?" queried Captain Hiram, puzzled.

114. "I mean," pursued Craig, "would you rather know your little girl had died before the world could lay its dirty claws on her—would you rather know she is

109. Homely words, but they assure us that whatever part Captain Rance has to perform will not be performed without full sympathy and sense of responsibility.

happy with the Savior of little children—or to know she might still be alive, under the same conditions that *my* little girl is alive—if my little girl is really alive?"

115. "Why—why, what a queer question that is, now!" sputtered Captain Hiram.

116. "It's a fair question," insisted Craig, "and it calls for a fair answer. If you could have your choice: to know your daughter is where she is and *as* she is, or that she is as *my* daughter is—which would you choose?"

117. "I—I—" began the Captain; but Craig went on:

118. "And if your daughter were still alive and had been living as *my* daughter has, for the past fifteen years, would you bring her back to civilization? Not for your own sake, but for *hers?* Would you uproot her from the life that an unguided Nature has taught her to lead, and transplant her in twentieth-century New York? Would it—or wouldn't it—be fair to her?"

119. For a long minute, Captain Hiram made no reply. Then he said, with seeming irrelevance:

120. "I come of New England stock. My folks was among the first Deerfield settlers. You've read, in the hist'ry-books, about the Deerfield mass'cre? Well, a baby girl—one of my fam'ly's children—was carried off by the Injuns during that mass'cre. She was brought up a savage, an' she married a savage. Twenty years later her folks got news about her, and they brought her back to civ'lization an' to their own home in Deerfield. She was a savage, an' her ways was the ways of a savage. She pined for the Injuns. An' as soon as she could, she ran away, back to the Injuns. An'—her folks was glad enough to let her go. That's a true story. You'll find it

in the hist'ry-books. Maybe it has some bearing on your question. An', again, maybe it hasn't."

121. "It comes as near to answering it as I'm likely to get," said Craig after a moment's hesitation. "And as near to it as I have any right to expect. So much for the advice. Now for the help I spoke of. Captain Rance, will a bonus of five thousand dollars, and all expenses paid, induce you to charter a ship and go to the island with me to bring back my daughter and Mark Burleigh?"

122. "Hey?" grunted the astonished seaman.

123. "Remember," added Craig, "I foot every bill. And you get not only master's pay from the minute you sign on, but a five-thousand-dollar bonus—half of it in advance."

124. "But—but, Mr. Craig," faltered Captain Hiram, his brain buzzing with the temptation to add so much easy money to his meager savings. "But why *me?* There's scores of younger men——"

125. "You are the man I want," said Craig tensely. "I've decided that, since I've been here. You are the man I want, because you *understand.* To the ordinary shipmaster, it would be only a job. Will you do it?"

126. In the end, Captain Hiram consented.

126-130. Endeavor to decide why it is better, for the purposes of this story, to have the father left behind and the visit to the island made by an outsider—a man like Captain Rance. Would the plot-outcome (S. S. M., 31:12; 24:1-2) be given too much emphasis were the father brought face-to-face with his child and forced to decide his problem in those emotional circumstances? Would his decision, whichever way it fell, be more likely to seem to readers either emphatically wrong or emphatically right—the outcome thus in either case transforming itself into a too definite answer that would minimize our sense of the unsolvable nature of the problem itself despite any outcome of the plot (see close

127. Next morning Captain Hiram and Bruce Craig started together for San Francisco. Craig, by superhuman eloquence and argument and bulldozing, prevailed on the two women to remain in New York until his cable from Honolulu, on the return trip, should apprise them whether or not there was need for them to come out to California to meet him.

128. Six days later, on the slippery docks of San Francisco, Craig fell, breaking his right leg in two places —one of the breaks being a compound fracture.

129. Two months in the hospital was the very best the local surgeon could promise the sufferer. And Captain Hiram perforce chartered a ship and set sail without him. On the eve of sailing the Captain came to the hospital for final orders.

130. " I'm doubly glad I chose you for this job instead

---

of n. on pars. 94-103)?—Since the method of the presentation is, to make us appreciate the problem by carrying us imaginatively through a series of experiences attendant on a concrete instance (introd. n. 3), will the story gain or lose in effect if it is kept all the time a trifle vague and uncertain as to the truth of the facts involved?—that is, does not the author wish us all through the story to feel the mood of uncertainty and hope and fear that Craig felt; and, since we put ourselves in Craig's place in reading, should we not have this mood changed over into one of certainty and perhaps horrified grief were we along with him brought face-to-face with the reality? Is not this uncertainty an essential part of the impression aimed at, and is not the outcome for this reason so managed that even Craig himself is left still with some little room to doubt, some small ground for hope, concerning his child's fate? Finally, would not Craig's conduct, if he in person were the one who decided to leave the castaways on the island, so revolt our instincts that we should cease to sympathize with him and thereby lose our realizing sense of the problem because we have lost our favorable feeling for the person through whom the problem is revealed?

of any other man," said Craig, who was reclining with his plaster-cast leg thrust grotesquely out in front of him, "doubly glad. Because on this quest, you've got to be not only Captain Hiram H. Rance but Bruce Craig as well. Do you understand me? You've got to use not only your own judgment, but mine as well. I—I can't speak any more plainly. I have no right to—not even to myself. But—but keep on thinking of your own little girl when you go to look for mine. Just imagine you're Bruce Craig, in search of Hiram Rance's lost daughter. I—I——"

131. "I guess I catch your signals," said Rance gruffly, blinking very fast. "Good-by, Mr. Craig. I don't mind telling you I'd rather do a month in irons in the booby hatch, than tote the load you've just crowded onto my shoulders. I'll have to act as the Good Man gives me light to. That's the best anyone can do."

132. Eight weeks later Bruce Craig, supported by a crutch and a cane, hobbled forward to greet Captain Hiram H. Rance as the latter entered the hotel room whither Craig had been removed from the hospital two days earlier.

133. "Your 'No-one-alive-on-island' cable from Honolulu kept me from boarding the first liner and coming out to meet you," said Craig as the Captain silently shook hands with him. "You've nothing to add to that?"

134. "I'm glad you're on your legs again," replied the Captain, finding his voice with some effort and speaking with unwonted effusion. "You're looking better'n I

133. Another of the reminders that under Craig's reasoned conviction is the volcano of a father's feeling. By such means we are kept from misjudging Craig—which would mean a failure to appreciate his problem. See n. on pars. 139-147.

134-136. Cf. pars. 94-103, note.

expected to see you, after such a lay-by. I'm sorry you've had to pay out so much good money, too, on a fool's errand. I——"

135. "Tell me about it! Sit down and tell me about it—everything. You found the island without any trouble?"

136. "Found it?" repeated Captain Hiram with fine scorn. "Why wouldn't I find it? Give me the latitood and longitood of a place, an' I'll find it as easy as you'd find a house-number. Any navigator can. I——"

137. "Captain," interposed Craig, "I want you to tell me what you found there. And—it's only a detail, of course—I wish you would humor a sick man's whim by looking at *me* instead of at the floor. You got to the island. Well? What then?"

138. "We searched three days high an' low," said Rance glibly, like one who repeats a well-learned lesson. "Not a living soul there—not anywhere. We stumbled onto an old thatch, at last. It was overgrown with jungle an' looked like a landsman had built it—Van Duyne, most likely. An'—brace yourself, take it brave, sir—in sep'rate corners of the shack we come upon two skel'tons—of a boy an' girl, it looked like—about fifteen years old, I should say. I take it they'd died of hunger or something when Van Duyne wasn't there any longer to teach 'em what to eat. That man had ought to have been hanged, for leaving them. We buried the bones, an' I read a service over 'em. Then we provisioned with a lot of fresh fruits an' fish an' the like, an' we came back."

139. "You were able to provision your ship there,"

139-147. Here is the plot-outcome (S. S. M., 24: 1-2), which leads us to infer that Captain Rance found the castaways alive,

commented Craig, "and yet you say they died of starvation? After Van Duyne had taught them how to fish and to trap and to——"

140. "I didn't say they starved," growled Rance crossly. "I only said I s'posed so. All I know is that I found their——"

141. "And there were no natives on the island?"

142. "Not a one. Not a sign of any living person, native *or* white."

143. "Yet your friend told you he saw two people—at least two people there, five years ago. Marguerite and Mark would have been twenty-four and twenty-five years old at that time. The skeletons, you say, were of a boy and girl of about fifteen?"

---

and decided that it would be better to leave them as they were; and that in his judgment Craig and the womenfolk would be happier if they could be convinced that the children perished when Van Duyne abandoned them. But in obedience to the governing principle of problem-stories, the author makes the outcome merely a plot-outcome, and not an answer, one way or the other, to the question, which is best? On the contrary, he manages it so that at the end we are left asking ourselves, what should I have done? That is, he has left us with a sense of the problem, not with a solution of it. We are now in a position to note a significant fact about Craig's conduct and the character of the man as indicated by it. His conduct has all along been governed by two aims—to take that course which would be for the best as concerned his daughter and the boy, and then as concerned his wife and Miss Burleigh; not a trace of selfishness appears in him. Yet he had to bear also his own burden, and it was heavier than theirs, because he realized so much better than the others the tragedy of the children's survival. Besides, he suspected in his heart, though he might at times permit himself to dream the opposite, that Rance had found the castaways alive, and that he himself could still rescue them. Henceforth, therefore, he had the terrible burden of protecting the women from the truth, and

144. "Look here, Mr. Craig!" bellowed Rance in sudden rage, "I ain't used to having my word questioned——"

145. "Did you ever study physiognomy, Captain Rance?" asked Craig very quietly. "I ask because a study of physiognomy has taught me two things: one is that a thoroughly angry or indignant man always looks straight into the other fellow's eyes. The other is that an amateur liar always clenches his fists when he's telling his most important lies."

146. "What's all that got to do with——"

147. "With the fact that you've been looking everywhere except at me?" broke in Craig's dead voice, "and

---

yet of eternally questioning his judgment and decision. Unless we realize this, we shall not fully realize the intensity of his struggle; and unless we realize the intensity of Craig's struggle, we shall not realize the spiritual intensity of the story in which this struggle is presented.

Coming thus to technical interpretation again, we now note the remarkable coherence of the impression-producing elements of the story (S. S. M., 19:1-3). It appears first in the method employed, which causes the reader to put himself in the place of the relatives—ultimately in the place of Craig—thus vicariously *living through* an experience identical with theirs, so realizing in its full intensity the struggle that takes place. Then it appears in the masterly devices employed for the maintenance of unity of mood (for one illustration, return to pars. 126-130), including the skillful management by which the outcome, instead of seeming to end the problem, leaves the reader still questioning himself, "Which would be right? What should I do in Craig's, or even Rance's, place?"

As an example of integration, therefore, "The Unknown" deserves the most careful and intimate study by the student of technique. See S. S. M., 166:23 for definition; for pertinent comment, see S. S. M., 180:4-5; 183:8; 184:10-15; 16:3-5; 47:10; 50:15; 63:13; 66:17; 90:10; 107:30-32; 109:33; 112:39; 158:11-12; 168:26-27; 192:6-7.

that your fists are so tightly clenched that the knuckles are bone-white? I don't know, I'm sure. We'll start back for New York, this evening, you and I. You've earned your pay, if ever a man did. You're a good fellow, Rance. And a—a good father!"

THE LOVE OF MEN

The Story as a Whole

1. A theme story. The theme is presented or reinforced in four places. First, it is embodied in the plot-conception itself. The germ of this is: Two men love each other so well that, to determine which shall sacrifice himself for the other's happiness, they undertake an adventure meaning almost certain death, and discover thereby that they are more to each other than anything else can be. Second, it is implied in the paragraphs that give the main part of the exposition (49-56). Third, it is expressed in St. Mar's speech in par. 88. Fourth, it is again expressed in the paragraph of Bossu's philosophical comment at the end (103). We may infer that the story had its origin in a proposition embodying the theme, and that the working-plot was built up to illustrate this central thought.

2. The reader leaves the story with the feeling that, although impressive emotionally, it yet does not attain full emotional effectiveness. This is partly because it fails to attain essential atmosphere. Intense emotional experience on the part of the two chief persons is not as apparent as it could be. Among the reasons for this are, that the beginning does not effectively strike this keynote; and possibly that the passages of intensifying description are too few, or inadequate. (Cf. "Tropics," "Nerve," "The Great God," et al.)

3. The partial falling short mentioned in note 2 is also owed a good deal to the angle of narration adopted (S. S. M., 138:3). In this story, narration by a subordinate actor proves in some respects disadvantageous. For one thing, it gives us part of the most critical situation at second hand only. The early part of the journey of the two friends through the swamp would be suspense material of great intensity, and with another angle of approach, could be worked up to the chief point of emotional climax, the discovery and rescue. But from the angle of narration here adopted, this useful part is not available, because Bossu was not with either man during this period of rising suspense, and cannot report it plausibly except by the indirect way of telling his anxiety. Instead, the discovery and escape, in which he took a leading part personally, whereas the experiences of the two chief persons before this climactic incident can be presented only by inference, are emphasized. All this is the result primarily of choosing the angle of narration necessary to Bossu.

4. A further result of telling the story through Bossu is, that Bossu tends to claim and hold our attention as much as or more than the central persons do; consider (e.g.,) pars. 13-21, in which the two friends are introduced to us. Not what they are, but how they affected Bossu, impresses us. Bossu seems thus to dominate the interest more or less elsewhere also; in pars. 66-76 he is clearly more interesting than are the men he seeks, and in the last par. (103) it is Hunchback—le Bossu—of whom we think. He has a more definite and concrete personality than the central persons have—once more largely the result of the angle of narration. Bossu's prominence could be reduced some-

what, and the narration made to appear more impersonal, by dropping some of the "I said" and similar expressions that so frequently occur in Bossu's sentences; e.g., recast the first sentence of par. 18 to read, "Ah, m'sieu, *one* does not see that light in ——." Go through the story making similar changes wherever possible, and note the effect. As a further example, make par. 71 begin, "Never was there a swamp like that one near Anse Le Vert."

5. On the matters mentioned in the preceding comments, especially that in notes 2, 3, and 4, comparison of the present story with "The Cat and the Fiddle," "Nerve," "The Great God," "The Opal Morning," "Little Sunbeam," "A Quiet Life," will be worth while.

6. The conception of motive and consequent incident is fundamentally good. The theme out of which it grows is interesting and plausible—of a sort to arouse reflection, and of especial appeal to men. (Note that the story appears in "Adventure.") The novelty of this theme is in its favor —not that it is really new, but that it is comparatively so little used in our day, when (according to some) our literature has lost virility by devoting itself over much to love themes and situations of a sort to find favor with readers of women's magazines. Moreover, this conception (once we accept the motivating assumption, that conflict between the love of men for each other and their love for the same woman might produce a state of mind in which they would agree upon such a solution of their problem) becomes really heroic, producing a situation as intensely romantic as those found in the fiction and drama of the Elizabethan periods and reminding one of the romantic situations characteristic of medieval fiction down to the time of The

Morte Darthur. Our difficulty about believing in such a state of mind in two men of the twentieth century may perhaps be set down as an indication of modern matter-of-factness and a changed point of view about the extent to which the purely emotional shall be permitted to control our acts. Some critics may wish to throw this thought into the assertion that we have lost the power to sympathize with emotional situations that approach the heroic. Others might say that it represents a different view about what the elements of romance and the heroic are—for example, that Lenoir, in "The Cat and the Fiddle," is more heroic than the two romantic emotionalists of Bossu's story. Persons who wish to be both broad and deep will endeavor to appreciate and sympathize with both aspects of heroism and human nature, recognizing the eternal man under different forms and under changing fashions of thought and art. The strangeness to us of any fundamental element of human life—e.g., this form of heroic character—indicates our need to have the ideal of it restored to influence among us. The theme and romantic basis of the present story are therefore worthy to be pondered.

7. The story is exceptional in structure because in its rising action there is no movement representing the essential part of the climax—the psychological action through which the spiritual outcome is reached; and because (therefore) it has no decisive moment. This is more fully discussed in the note on par. 81.

THE LOVE OF MEN

By Nevil G. Henshaw

Reprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Author, from "Adventure" for June, 1915.
(Copyrighted, 1915, by the Ridgway Company)

1. After it had become sadly apparent that we would see no more ducks until the evening *passée,* the little hunchback, Jean Le Bossu, produced the lunch with which he seemed always to be miraculously provided. We ate heartily, for it was our first bite since long before sunrise, and then when the last crumb was gone, stretched out behind our blinds to enjoy that peace and contentment which comes only with tobacco and a day spent in the open.

2. "And now for a story, Jean," I suggested when my pipe was going and I had fixed my head so that I could just catch a glimpse of the long, gray line of the Louisiana coast.

3. The little man thought for a moment as he rolled his pinch of tobacco into a square of brown paper.

4. "A story, m'sieu?" he asked. "*Bien.* I will tell you one, and I will also answer your question of this morning.

5. "You remember how, just before a flight, you asked me if in my position as guide I did not run across many

---

1-5. On openings, see S. S. M., 122-127. In this story we have an introduction, not an immediate opening (S. S. M., 148:17); and it is unnecessary. Its chief apology is, that its setting agrees in general respects with the setting of the plot incidents (S. S. M.,

strange events and people? Listen now and you will hear of the strangest event, the most curious people, that it has ever been my lot to know."

6. It came about some years ago, in the early winter when the birds were at their best. For two weeks I had been with a party out near the edge of the gulf and so, when they returned to Anse Le Vert and I went with them to make sure that their effects departed safely, I was very tired. Yet hardly had I seen them off when fresh work came pulling at my elbow.

7. This time it was Laperouse, the keeper of the hotel and coffee-house, and he greeted me with a shout of satisfaction.

8. "Bossu," he cried. "I thought that you would never return. I have looked for you every day."

9. "Yet you will look longer, you and your guests, Laperouse," said I. "First of all I must have some rest."

10. But Laperouse was not to be denied.

128-11), thus avoiding inharmony, and that it is brief. Against the need of its employment here are: That it fails to strike the keynote of emotional intensity (S. S. M., 124:5-6; 127:10); and that it is unnecessary otherwise, serving none of the usual purposes mentioned in S. S. M., 127:9; 130, end of 12; 134:20; 135:21; 137:2; 140:7-8; 149:18-19. To prove that this introduction is not essential, and therefore is artistically a mistake, omit it entirely, beginning at once with par. 6. The real strength and interest of the story at once stand out more evidently.

6-9. Try rearranging the sentences in these paragraphs in this order: 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, [2,], [3 omitted], 8. Recast [2] thus: "For two weeks I have been with a party; I am very tired." The revised form has more vigor; it gets rid of prolix explanation in par. 5, and brings action on more quickly (dialogue is a form of action; S. S. M., 229:2; 234:10), substituting speech by one of the persons for historical statement by the author.

11. "Ah, no, Bossu," he insisted. "This will be a rest. There are but two of them, and they swear that they will have no one save yourself. Of course it is to my advantage[1] to keep them, but if they stay longer they will drive me mad. Come, Jean. You cannot refuse. There will be good money in it also."

12. And thus he went on until we had reached the coffee-house, and he had dragged me inside.

13. The two who were so anxious for my services are not hard of description. They were young, they were

---

11. Is this strong desire for Bossu as the indispensable guide sufficiently motivated (S. S. M., 96:10)? Why did St. Mar and Prevost want Bossu so much above any other guide that they would thus postpone their trial—on which, according to par. 18 and other passages, they were so feverishly set? Is this part consistent with the situation outlined? Is it one of the things that make Bossu seem unduly important, as mentioned in introductory note 3? Was there a reason, since they would use no guide, why any boatman could not have served them? Or did they want Bossu because of his reputation—a man they could depend on to wait for the survivor beyond the swamp, and bring him out? Or was it that the unusual nature of the expedition demanded a man who would respect confidences and understand the motive of the two friends (par. 48)? Whatever the reason (if there be one) is it sufficiently indicated to support the emphasis of Bossu's importance that results from this phase of the incident? Cf. pars. 16-17, 44-46, 48, 79, 88.—[1] Is the phrase bookish and conventional? Watch for others of like effect and decide if they are incongruous (S. S. M., 236:12-13; 242:2-3; 244:7; 91:13-14).

12. Would anything be gained by splitting par. 11 in two, and introducing par. 12 (with any needed rewording) between the parts (after sentence 4)?

13. Cf. note on par. 11, "to my advantage." The occurrence of stilted, formal, stiff, bookish, or conventional phrasing blemishes style, and frequently indicates incomplete mastery of the pen. The paragraph will be improved by omitting sentence 1 altogether, and beginning with sentence 2 (change "They" into "The

from the city, and they were of French descent. Both were strong-limbed and muscular, as from a life of care, and in age, in weight, and in height there was little difference between them. Perhaps the one who was called St. Mar was a little the older, since it was he who first addressed me.[1]

14. "You are Jean Le Bossu," he asked.

15. "I am he, m'sieu," I replied.

16. "Good," he returned. "And now, since my friend Prevost and I have already waited for you several days, we need waste no time in haggling. We wish to go upon a hunting expedition, and, through the recommendation of friends, we particularly want you as our guide. We will need your boat, and supplies for a week. Also we wish to start no later than tomorrow morning. Here is my bill-book. After you have arranged for everything, take out what you consider your services worth."[1]

17. Now this, m'sieu, was a pretty compliment. Tired though I was, I could not help but appreciate it. A mo-

---

two").—Is the description concrete enough? We know something of Bossu's appearance, but what do the two persons-in-chief look like? Should they be individualized? Cf. S. S. M., 222:9; 224:12; 182:6; 209:3-212; 162:17; 258, description.—[1] A touch of social characterization, because it hints of the precedence that custom among people of French extraction allows to the elder and the deference it imposes on the younger.

16. [1] A double-edged character hint, characterizing both Bossu and St. Mar. It also tends to intensify our feeling of significance in the situation that is developing.

17. The closing sentence is a good touch of characterization, revealing experience and knowledge of men in Bossu. It and the remaining paragraphs as far as par. 21 also show good management of motivation. The same paragraphs may also be regarded as interest tickler; they lead us to wonder if after all this is merely some sort of treasure-hunting incident. (Note that, in

ment I stood with the bill-book in my hand, framing my refusal, and as I did so my eye caught a certain strange light in that of M'sieu St. Mar.

18. Ah, m'sieu, I had seen that light before, though not in the eyes of huntsmen. It was one of anxiety, of impatience, of that nerve-racking suspense when each moment of waiting is a year of torture. Looking quickly at M'sieu Prevost, I surprised the same light in his eyes. It was then that I understood Laperouse's desire to be rid of his restless guests. It was then also that, despite my weariness, I changed my mind.

19. "So," said I to myself. "Your trouble is easy to read, my friends. One of you has in his pocket an ancient chart of this coast, and upon that chart a cross marks the resting-place of buried treasure. Now I, who all my life have sought unsuccessfully for one of these gifts of M'sieu Lafitte, am still of a mind to try. There, I will go with you."

20. But aloud I only said:

21. "*Bien,* m'sieu. It shall be as you wish."

---

so far as Bossu's conclusion misleads us into agreeing with him, it is a surprise device, for we are soon to find the conclusion wrong. This kind of surprise we may call internal surprise, in distinction from the surprise that develops only at the end, with a surprise-plot. S. S. M., 39-40; 117: 5.)

19. Observe the gain by reason of the concrete expression. The same thought, but not the same vividness, force, and interest would have been there if the passage ran thus: So you are looking for buried treasure.

20. Consistently through the story Bossu shows himself a man who can see and see through, but keep his mouth in repose.

21. Here ends the first movement of the story—its preparatory stage. In the paragraphs that it includes (6-21) we have the three persons of the story presented, with fragmentary characterization (more complete as to Bossu); a situation indicated,

22. We left next morning at sunrise and, as we dropped down the bayou to the bay, M'sieu St. Mar came aft to my post at the tiller.

23. "And which shall it be, m'sieu?" I inquired. "Drake Island for ducks, or the passes for geese? Or will you try both?"

24. But M'sieu St. Mar shook his head, turning and pointing behind us.

25. "Neither, Le Bossu," he replied. "We are bound for that great cypress swamp which stretches out to the westward of Anse Le Vert. By coasting around, how long will it take you to reach its outer edge?"

26. "You mean the Pointe Noire, of course," said I.

---

with unexplained elements of intensity growing out of the impatience and anxiety of the two chief actors; a forecast of the mood of the story (atmosphere), produced by the same unexplained cause that produces the anxiety; and the real plot-action prepared for, though not actually begun.—On the other hand, the exposition is left incomplete, only enough being given to indicate the tenseness of the situation, whatever it be, in which the two chief actors find themselves. In this story, the postponement of the complete exposition is one of the means of producing suspense. We are kept wondering about the reason of all this suppressed and suffering eagerness until we reach the fourth movement (pars. 49 ff.); then only is the exposition completed by revealing the generating circumstance, or source of conflict.

22. Second movement begins.

23. Bossu (as already indicated by his narrative) is accustomed to dealing with men. This experience now shows itself (together with a touch of subterfuge) in the question he puts to draw out the purpose of the expedition.

25. St. Mar's answer accomplishes two narrative purposes—it increases our uncertainty about the purpose of the two men, and it introduces us to the setting of the main events, i.e., the swamp.

26. Adds to our knowledge of the scene of action by conveying an idea of the size and desolateness of the swamp, and further

"We can make it by sunset. But surely, m'sieu, you do not intend to hunt there? At this season the marsh is burnt off by deer-hunters, and at best it is deserted. Upon the edge of the swamp there is naught save large game, and you have only your shotguns."

27. "Just the same we will try it," replied M'sieu St. Mar, and with that he returned to where he had left his companion in the bow.

28. Thus, m'sieu, I took my course, and as I went I wondered much. As I have said, I knew from the first that our journey was not to be made in the interests of game. Also I had thought that my employers were in search of treasure.

29. But now, with the Pointe Noire as my destination, I knew not what to think. That Lafitte should have buried treasure in such a desolate, inaccessible place with its treacherous, shifting marsh was well nigh impossible. Also, even if treasure were there, my employers had brought aboard no pick, or spade, or other utensil with which to unearth it. What then was the object of their expedition?

30. All that morning the two held their place in the bow, and if they spoke to each other their words did not reach me. At noon, when I lay to and cooked their meal, their silence was the same. It was the dreadful, breath-

---

heightens uncertainty by apparently eliminating hunting as the aim of the party. Pars. 28-29 further increase the uncertainty by removing treasure as the object.

30. Accelerated movement; passage of time conveyed in condensed statement. Besides the intensification of mood accomplished, this and the following three paragraphs are mainly serviceable for their indication of lapse of time. Observe the method —a time expression in the first sentence of 30; a bit of amplified

less silence of those who are waiting for something—for something that, when it comes, will not be good to see.[1]

31. Once I made some remark about the prospects for game but no advantage was taken of my words. M'sieu St. Mar glanced hurriedly away toward the marsh to hide the torture in his eyes. M'sieu Prevost muttered something in his throat that had the sound of *"Dieu."*

32. As for myself, I felt as if I had spoken in church; and when, their meal finished, the two departed for the bow again, I made the sign of the cross.

33. That was a journey to be remembered, m'sieu. It was like one of those terrible dreams in which one is divided between the desire to awake and the wish to sleep on and know the end.

34. We made the Pointe Noire at sunset and stood in toward the ruined hut upon its tip, beneath a sky that was like blood.

---

episode in the noon-day incident; and the suggestion of long-drawn-out journey in par. 33. On the plot as the carrier of concentrative material, see S. S. M., 107 ff.—[1] Why is the indefinite expression at the end more effective than some positive phrasing would be (e.g., will be awful, horrible, intolerable)?

32-33. Realization of mood accomplished by indicating the effect of the immediate situation on an observer. Mood is the main element of the atmosphere throughout the story; i.e., emotional coloring; S. S. M., 25:4 (d); all sec. XI (pp. 54 ff.) 167:24.

34-48. The third movement begins. The amount of action in it is not large, but is important; for at last we learn what the two men purpose. As this satisfies our interest in their intention, the suspense would slacken unless our curiosity were directed to new questions. This is accomplished by making us wonder *why* they should plan so foolhardy an attempt and by provoking us to wonder whether they can accomplish their aim.—Note the frequency in all fiction, as here, with which suspense depends

35. Ah, m'sieu, that was a place to suit the mood of my employers. There was no beach, no marsh, no green of any kind. Only the rotten, wave-eaten bank, with its toppling hut and its litter of bones and shells. Back of

---

mainly on conflict. The crossing of the swamp will be a terrific struggle of men against physical conditions. Note further of this particular story, that it has a larger number of conflicts than is common. The basic conflict is that of the love between men and the love of man for woman. But involved in the motivating or the incident, or in both, are also the conflict between personal desire and the generous unselfishness of friendship; between the love of life and the despair of happiness that will result with the loss of the woman; the struggle of mere endurance, of mental and spiritual resolution, until the trial shall be past (see pars. 18, 30-33, etc.); and the struggle with nature which their proposed solution of the spiritual problem requires. Ordinarily, in the conte, the conflict should be single, simple, and clean-cut; the novel is more appropriate for recounting the struggle of diverse and complicated impulses and forces. But in this story, the various struggles are merely aspects or consequences of the basic conflict, and as such are not necessarily opposed to essential unity. Possibly, however, this assertion should be modified. The physical struggle involved in crossing the swamp results from the spiritual conflict, but, on account of the emphasis necessary to make us realize its fierceness, it tends to overshadow the spiritual conflict. (This is because, to portray the severity of the physical struggle, great material realism is necessary; cf. pars. 71-80, 92, 99.)—This movement is largely expositional and concentrative. It now dwells on and details what pars. 25-26 introduced—the swamp as the setting of the action that is to come (on the placing of this part of the description, see S. S. M., 165: 21-22), with constant emphasis on its terrors. Attend to the use of epithets and other words of concrete descriptive fact. Pick out the passages by which the atmospheric tone of the story is maintained; cf. note on pars. 32-33 and decide if realization of the atmosphere has been increased. How?

35. Details selected with reference to the effect to be produced; S. S. M., 65: 16.

the point the burned-out marsh lay black and lifeless, its pools and sloughs scummed thick with ashes until they were like the eyes of the blind. Upon three sides this desolation was shut in by the gray waters of the bay, while upon its fourth the great cypress swamp lay rusty-red across the horizon. And over all that crimson sky burned slowly out like some beacon of disaster.

36. In silence we landed, in silence we ate our evening meal, and then when I felt that I could bear no more M'sieu St. Mar spoke.

37. "That swamp there?" he began. "How long would it take one to pass through it to Anse Le Vert?"

38. "That is hard to say, m'sieu," I replied, "since few care even to try its edge. One man, Jacques Bernard, went through without food or ammunition, and his story will be told while the last tall cypress stands. He says that he was inside many lifetimes, although he expected but two days."

---

36. Observe how the heavy, oppressive passage of time is suggested.

38. Few actual measurements are given anywhere in the story; the size of the swamp, the periods of time, etc., are suggested or stated indirectly. How long, for instance, was occupied in reaching Pointe Noire, and how is this period indicated? Even here, the extent of the swamp is to be gathered only from the indirect suggestion that one man had estimated two days as necessary for traversing it. Observe again the indication of its great difficulty —"many lifetimes." Then note that this method of measuring is much more impressive than that of stating dimensions, hours, and the like. A swamp of this nature, if traversable in two days, might be from 12 to 20 miles across—scarcely more. Substitute now the mere mileage, and make the paragraph say, "May be 25, may be 30 miles." At once much of sense of its terror is lost. As a matter of fact, the miles are a matter of indifference, for what is to be measured is human endurance and suffering.—

39. "And if one were to have a compass and ammunition, what then?" asked M'sieu Prevost, speaking to me for the first time that day.

40. "Perhaps it would be the same, m'sieu," I returned. "There are still the poisons, the fevers, and above all the mosquitoes, to be conquered. You cannot shoot a mosquito, m'sieu, yet in the swamp he is death."

41. "Yet my friend and I are going through," said M'sieu St. Mar. "We start at sunrise, without food, but with a compass and gun. You will go back and meet us at the narrow neck that runs out near Anse Le Vert."

42. For a while I was silent through sheer amazement. Then, gathering myself together, I spoke my word.

43. "M'sieu," said I, "I will not ask you if you are joking, since it is very evident that you are not. Also, as your affairs are your own, I will not ask you if you are mad. But if you and your companion are going to attempt the passage of that swamp, then must I take back some story to the mainland, wherewith to account for your deaths. I am waiting for the story, m'sieu."

We here have for several paragraphs (combined with distributed expository detail), consequential exposition (S. S. M., 171:4); on distribution of detail, S. S. M., 80:4 ff.

43. One difficulty that the author has to meet in presenting this plot is, the unusualness of its theme and situation; he has to overcome a feeling in the reader of its improbability. In this paragraph he partly removes that feeling by inserting this most natural and reasonable demand of Bossu's. Through Bossu he virtually says, "This certainly is a strange thing. I can see you are in earnest, but frankly the ordinary man will find it hard to understand." In law this would be a "plea in confession and avoidance," acknowledging an allegation but presenting an explanation that justifies the matter complained of. In par. 48, the author, still through Bossu, reinforces his justification.

44. At this M'sieu St. Mar smote his palms together ike one who is well satisfied.

45. "Good," said he. "I knew that we would not be lisappointed in you, Le Bossu."

46. M'sieu Prevost nodded, and for a moment his hand ay upon the shoulder of the other.

47. "Yes," he agreed. "Let us tell him all. It is iis due."

48. And so they told me; and, as they did so, all the ient-up thoughts and words of that day burst forth in a orrent of speech. Also, strange though it may seem, I hink that I understood. At least I grasped their idea, vhich was more than many would have done. Perhaps, n my poor words, you will find it hard yourself, m'sieu; ut had you been there to hear them, you would have nown.

49. They had been friends since childhood—the sort f friends that are closer than brothers. Living side by ide in the city, sharing their pleasures, their griefs, even

---

49. Fourth movement begins.—Up to par. 57, it consists of xposition. Here we find an instance of massed exposition, post-oned until the story is half told; S. S. M., 79-85. This reveals o us the fact that (putting the artificial beginning aside, as rrelevant) the opening of the narrative plunged us into action hat represented the crisis already well advanced (S. S. M., 22-151, especially 122-126; 127:9; 135:138). See also S.S. M., 53:4-6. Here review pars. 6-21, as the real opening. Read S. S. M., 127:9-11 and 140:7-8, and consider whether this open-ng strikes the keynote, or whether we catch the mood of the tory only as we pass further; and whether the opening is strong n the elements of suspense. Finally, ask whether pars. 1-5 ustify themselves by affording a hint of the setting wherein he action will work itself out.—On the tendency of the conte o deal with the crisis only at its height, see S. S. M., 15-18.

their youthful possessions, they had, at the age of manhood, become inseparable. Together they had entered business, together they had taken their leisure, spending long days in the wild in that close companionship which is born only of the tent and blanket.

50. And then, m'sieu, a woman came along—a woman with whom both fell in love. There was no jealousy, no bitterness, none of those dark things which are said also to be fair in war. Each loved deeply, each felt for the other, each offered unsuccessfully to sacrifice himself.

51. Then there was nothing to do.

52. Ah, m'sieu, can you not see it? They could not fight, since there was no anger. They could not forego their chances, since both were firm in refusal. The friendship of each became even stronger, nourished by the thought of the other's pain. Yet ever in their hearts was a torment of hopeless love that gnawed unceasingly, driving them to despair.

53. And then, when all was at its worst, there came to them the story of Jacques Bernard. Perhaps you have heard it, m'sieu, of how Bernard, marooned upon the Pointe Noire, set forth through the swamp without food or ammunition to save his wife from the fever at Anse Le Vert.

54. The friends listened to the story, and when they had thought over it there came to them an idea. Bernard had faced the swamp through love of a woman. Why should they not do the same? Both were young, both were experienced, the chances would be equal.

55. If they started without food from different points,

---

50. Generating circumstance and initial response; S. S. M., 74: A; 85: 1-3; 154: 7 (italics).

the god of Luck would decide the matter, sending the rare game of that desolate place to the fortunate one. From what they had heard it was inconceivable that both should win through. Therefore, he who was favored would have all clear before him. If both remained inside, it would still be as good a method as any of settling their difficulty.

56. Perhaps they were mad, m'sieu, but what could I do? That they were weary of their lot beyond argument was proven to me before I had uttered a dozen words.

57. "*Bien,*" said I. "Your blood be upon your own heads! I will wait for you as you ask, but you must give me a paper explaining your disappearance. They would laugh at your story at Anse Le Vert."

58. "And how long will you wait for us?" asked M'sieu Prevost while M'sieu St. Mar wrote the paper.

59. "A week," I replied. "If you are not out by then, you will never be."

60. That night we slept in the hut and, when I awakened my employers at sunrise, they went about their preparations briskly.[1] Each took a gun, some shells, a compass, blankets, and many matches. Also each drew for position, M'sieu St. Mar taking the bay, or outer side, M'sieu Prevost the one that was lost in the burnt-out marsh. Then, when all was ready, I gave them my final advice.

61. "Choose always high ground for camping, and

57. Repetition of consequential exposition.

60. [1] This one word portrays the change in temporary mood natural to the immediate situation, when the tedious waiting time was past and action was at hand; compare the feeling of soldiers while waiting to go into battle with their relief when the charge is ordered.—The rest of the paragraph, like some others, consists of details introduced mainly for realistic verisimilitude.

sleep with your head in the smoke of your smudge," I told them. "Also, seek no trail. Bear ever east and, if you live, you will arrive."

62. At parting they shook hands in silence, despite the look in their eyes. Ah, m'sieu, who could describe that look, its weariness, its hope—its pain. It was as if each were saying to the other—"pray God you win," and to himself—"may I stay inside."

63. Yet I knew that each would strive to the bitter end through that scorn of death which alone had kept them both alive.

64. After they had gone I stood and watched them; and as they disappeared into the black desert that separated them from their goal, a vague, moving cloud formed slowly above the head of each. The wind blew stale [1] and warm from an empty [1] sky, and on it many other little clouds drifted silently in toward the swamp.

65. Thus I left the two, already in the grip of their enemies, while from far and near above that dreadful wilderness the tiny whining pests gathered together to seek the feast that was prepared for them.

66. And so I returned whence I had come, m'sieu, and went up through the marsh to that narrow neck which the

---

62. Once more a natural shift of temporary mood.

64-66. The movement is made to close with a return to the dominant mood of the story as a whole, conveyed in mention of realistic details that form part of the immediate setting and belong from this time on to the situation. S. S. M., 165-167 may be consulted.—[1] Note the effectiveness of these words, and of the other epithets and descriptive adjectives in the two paragraphs.

66. Fifth movement begins.—On the passage over from one stage to another, see S. S. M., 151:1; 107, note.

swamp thrusts out near Anse Le Vert. Four days I waited on my boat, and upon the fifth I took medicines and supplies, and made my way inside.

67. Perhaps I was mad to attempt it, yet there was that within me which drove me on. Indeed, had it not been for the sheer uselessness of it, I would have gone upon the first day.

68. You do not know, m'sieu. Those four days of waiting were a torture. All through them I sat upon the deck of my boat, gazing out at the rusty, prison-like walls of the swamp and thinking of what must be going on inside. All through them I came each moment to know better that dreadful suspense which had sealed the lips of my employers.

69. "No," I said to myself on that fifth day. "I can stand no more. If they are alive, they must by now be near the neck. I will go in one day's journey and meet them."

70. Now you, m'sieu, who have hunted much, have known times of hardship. I, who have hunted more, have known them also. Yet if all those times were rolled into one it would not be as an hour of that journey of mine.

71. True, I had known swamps, having entered them often, but never had I known that there could be the like of that one near Anse Le Vert. Underfoot was the black, oily water, foul with decay, dotted with innumerable shiny

---

67-69. Is his decision motivated with sufficient clearness? Is it convincing? If so, would you regard the paragraphs as an effective characterization of Bossu? Do they support the criticism made in introductory note No. 4? Can you find any passages in which, either St. Mar or Prevost is characterized as adequately?

71-72. Study the selection of details to fit the intended effect, comparing pars. 35, 64-65, the note on 35 and the closing part of

cypress-knees that tripped the foot at every stride. Overhead was the dense, rusty canopy of leaf and branch, blotting out the clean blue of heaven, strangling the very air itself that sought to cleanse the poisons and vapors below. And between, the trees grew thick and close, shutting in the view on every side, each of them fluted, each of them tapering, until the mind grew sick with their monotony.

72. Of life there was naught save the snakes and turtles that dropped from their logs with a single, thumping splash. Of sound there was only the ceaseless whine of the mosquitoes that bit and stabbed with their tiny, poisoned bills.

73. It was terrible, m'sieu. It was like the dark, empty shell of a world in which all was dead save suffering and despair. That afternoon, when I could go no farther, I built my smudge upon a knoll, and there I lay half conscious amid the droning, whirling swarm of my tormentors.

74. But if that first day had been hard, the second was harder still, for I was bruised by a hundred falls, and already the poison was beginning to run in my veins. Yet that which was within me drove me ever forward, and so I went on, stumbling, tripping, calling aloud, until once more, near sunset, I made my camp upon a knoll. This time I drank deep of the brandy that I carried, and while it burned I took my reason in both hands.

---

that on 34. All these paragraphs present local color in the setting.—Note how the description retards the movement and thus creates the illusion of the passage of time.

73. Observe the climactic effect as the description passes from realistic particulars to figurative expression.

75. "You have done enough, Bossu," I told myself. "Already you have gone too far. The two are lost beyond doubt. In the morning you will return."

76. Then, even as I made this decision, there came from afar a faint sound of splashing. Nearer it grew, while I ran forward shouting, and then, through one of the innumerable alleys of the tree-trunks, I saw the figure of a man.

77. Slowly he came, staggering and falling, and by the rags of his clothes I knew that it was M'sieu St. Mar. His face was swollen beyond recognition, his eyes were all but closed. From the puff of his lips there came an endless babble of words, and each time that he fell he screamed aloud. His gun was gone, also his blankets, but in one hand he still clutched the charred and mangled fragments of a turtle.

78. "M'sieu!" I cried, and for an instant reason flashed into his brain.

79. "Bossu!" he gasped. "Thank God."

80. Then he fell once more and, as he screamed, I caught the sound of a name that was Prevost.

81. After that it was work, with food, with brandy

---

75. From par. 66 to par. 75 resistant delay is strong (S. S. M., 155, italics. Note the difference between this and anticipatory delay, explained in S. S. M., p. 74, note.)

76. The coming of the height of the climax is sudden; hence there is something of the effect of surprise.—The unpleasant realistic detail of several of the succeeding paragraphs suggests consideration of the question, how far may realism go in presenting what is painful or horrible? Does the present story cross the line? How much farther could it go without doing so?

81. Last sentence: here we have the first indication of the outcome—St. Mar's first thought is not of the woman, but of Prevost. It is indicated fully in par. 88, and repeated with reference to

and with quinine, until near the break of dawn M'sieu St. Mar spoke with reason again. Also, as had been the case whenever the sharp points of the cypress-knees had driven the spark of consciousness into his brain, his first word was Prevost.

82. "You have found him?" he asked.

83. "No," I replied. "Nor will I ever do so. You have won, m'sieu."

84. But M'sieu St. Mar staggered to his feet in a sudden outburst, half delirium, half fury.

85. "Then go to him while I crawl behind," he cried. "Or I will crawl in front, if you have no courage in your soul."

86. "*Bien,* m'sieu," said I as quietly as I could. "But you must first regain some strength. I am only doing the best that I can."

Prevost in par. 100. This raises the question, where came the decisive moment? So far as the spiritual outcome (the important thing in this story) is concerned, the decisive moment came some time while the two men were struggling through the swamp (pars. 88, 100). But because (owing to the angle of narration adopted) we know nothing of this struggle except its outcome, we have here a story not only without any decisive moment in the action, but also without any presentation of the most important period of the action itself—the emotional part that gave the two their clear vision. Although we called pars. 66-75 a passage that functions as resistant delay, this is true only of the physical (or objective), not of the spiritual outcome. For while Bossu waited and searched and the two men toiled through the swamp, the subjective action that brings the spiritual outcome is also going on—in the emotions of St. Mar and Prevost. Structurally, therefore, this story is exceptional—all accounted for by the angle of narration. (So far as the mere objective or physical outcome is concerned—that is, the bringing out of the men alive—the decisive moment may perhaps be regarded as that when Bossu determined to go into the swamp after them.)

87. At this he lay back willingly enough, and as he did so his hand sought mine. Then he began to speak, slowly, with long pauses between his words.

88. "Forgive me, Jean," said he. "I know that you —will understand. Also, while my mind is clear, you must understand something else. You say that I have—won? I tell you that I have lost all—the greater love. We were mad, Jean. We did not know. The swamp has taught me—among other things. The woman-love was but one of months. Ours was from the beginning."

89. He lay a long time silent, and by the gray light of dawn I could see the shine of tears in his terrible eyes.

90. "Prevost!" he murmured. "My poor Prevost. We had gone through life hand in hand."

91. "As you will do again, if God is willing, m'sieu," I encouraged him. "Come, we must lay our plans. You have seen him—inside?"

92. "A million times in my delirium," replied M'sieu St. Mar. "Once at a moment when my mind was clear. It was this morning, and he was bearing north. Like myself he had lost his gun. I called to him—I waved my food—but he was worse than I, and could not hear. Then I fell, and when I got to my feet again he had disappeared. I was following him when you came along."

93. I shook my head.

94. "You were bearing east, the direction that was stamped upon your brain, m'sieu," said I. "Otherwise I would not have found you. But your words are encouraging. At noon, if you are able, we will bear north until nightfall. Then, if we would live, we must turn back. Better the one to die than all."

95. But M'sieu St. Mar made a movement of refusal.

96. "Better for you, Jean, yes, but not for me," he replied. "I will go on until the end."

97. We left at noon, and how M'sieu St. Mar forced his tortured, exhausted body into the effort, I cannot say. Gasping, swaying, fighting hard his fever and his madness, he staggered along beside me, and as he went my own poor sufferings were forgotten in the greatness of his soul.

98. "*Dieu!*" I said to myself. "It is your end also, Bossu. Our search is useless, and tomorrow you will never leave him."

99. But God was good, and we found Prevost not three hours' journey from our knoll. He lay with his head in the hollow of a tree-trunk, a poor, tattered rag of a man who, having done all, could do no more. Speechless he was, and with tight-closed eyes, yet at the cry of his companion he staggered forward holding out both arms.

100. Thus they met and, in that gesture of M'sieu Prevost, I knew that he also had learned a lesson of the swamp.

101. And then we came out, m'sieu. It took four days, and it was very hard. Perhaps another could describe it. I cannot. There are some things of which one is unable to tell.

---

98. See S. S. M., 74, note. Considering only what we have called the objective action, or physical struggle of the men to win through the swamp, where does the anticipatory delay begin? What paragraph marks the point of final suspense? Are there other points of similar suspense in it? In what paragraphs?

101. The separate ending begins. Is it indispensable (S. S. M., 169: 1, 2, 3)? Is it less open to objection than was the separate opening?

102. Afterward we regained our strength at Anse Le Vert, and when the two departed it was in that peace which had made the happiness of their younger days. Many gifts they gave me, but most precious of all was the memory that they left behind.

103. Ah, m'sieu, it means much to me—the little, twisted Bossu who is without a mate. Often, when all have gathered about the fire, I hear the others speak of that love of woman which I have never known. It is then that I smile to myself, who alone have seen that greater, rarer love of men.

---

103. Is the introduction of the title in the closing words especially effective, or is it artificial? Assume that par. 100 closes the story, and compare the effect.

NERVE

The Story as a Whole

1. An excellent example of the "pure theme" story (S. S. M., 26-36, especially 31 : 14-15); should be compared with "The Unknown," "The Last Rose of Summer," "In the Matter of Distance," "A Quiet Life," "The Love of Men," "The Song," "The Defective," "Miss Mitty and the Ages Hence," "The Opal Morning," and "The Great God," in noting different ways in which themes may support the story and be presented.

2. Its opening is in the nature of a philosophical prelude, the particular usefulness of which here is to emphasize the theme (S. S. M., 122-150). But it also strikes the keynote, or prepares us in mood for the scene, persons and action of the story proper—its atmosphere—by bringing us into its own setting of outlying, semi-outlaw settlement. Cf. especially S. S. M., 125 : 6; 127 : 10-11; 132 : 16; 135 : 21; 136-140; 147, note 11; and see S. S. M., 33 : 18.

3. It is based in part on delicate motivation, making necessary a rather intricate machinery of fact in order to create the situation necessary for the central plot action. See the running explanation, par. 43.

4. It helps us to realize how fiction, as an interpreter of life, always goes back to and founds itself upon human nature and its manifestations in individual and social standards. See the comment on par. 75.

5. Is a story in which the carrying-plot and its devel-

opment occupies less space than is commonly the case, in proportion to the length of the story as a whole. The development of the dramatic plot (excluding expositional matter) begins only with par. 42. Sufficient explanatory comment will be found in the running notes.

NERVE

By William Slavins

Reprinted from "Collier's Weekly" for September 20, 1913, by Permission.
(Copyrighted, 1913)

1. The wind and sleet of a December storm had rendered navigation in the plank street of the little town huddled at the foot of the Coast Range of the Northern British Columbia Mountains well nigh impossible and had evidently driven all the "fine ones" to the shelter of their own shacks, for the "Poker Parlor" was deserted, with the exception of three old-timers and myself, who sat around the cannon stove, listening to the storm devils howl, cursing the country and profanely assuring each other that any man who was fool enough to get caught in such a country in the winter time deserved all the hardship he underwent and not a bit of sympathy!

2. The old-timers grew reminiscent as the hour grew late, and the talk drifted around to the early days on the Western plains.

3. At the mention of some old plainsman's name, Dick

1-2. By putting us into sympathy with the atmosphere of the prelude-situation, prepares us for the atmosphere of the story itself. Note the transition to immediate narration; so that the prelude, though mainly discussion, yet gets over as consisting of active incident (cf. S. S. M., 140: 7-8).

3. The characterizing detail, like the employment of narration, is a means to procuring interested attention to the philosophical

Hesler, idly playing solitaire, threw down the deck with a snort of disgust and spoke his mind.

4. "Him?" he said. "I knew him! Wintered in Red Lodge, Mont., with him one year. See him die there, and I never felt better over seein' a man go out in my life! Him? Bah! He had a yellow streak in him a yard wide!"

5. "Ye-e-e-s," said old Charley Nelson, the spectacled, grandfatherly, benevolent-looking old fellow with a reputation as a gun fighter and all-round "bad man" that kept him immune from annoyance in the toughest of camps. "Ye-e-e-s, I've heard that; an' far's that goes I make him take water once myself in a little argument we has over a card, nine turns in a stud game, that fills up a flush for me an' lops a big pot.

6. "Him an' me disagree about the part o' the deck this card comes from, but I bring him to see the light all fine and proper, an' he's got a good shave on me at that, 'cause his hand's on his gun when the pow-wow starts, whereas mine's on the table an' my gal's in the check drawer, so if he's game to finish his play, it's a dirty, mortal cinch he beats me to it. However——

7. "An' then again I've seen him go all the way thro' on a deal where he had the worst of it! He seemed to be kind o' flippety-flop somehow. Sometimes he shows clean game, an' others he quits cold!"

8. "An' nothin' to it!" said Dick contemptuously. "Ef a man's game he's game, an' that's all there is to it!

---

prelude. Observe similar instances in the rest of the prelude, including the paragraphs of condensed episode with which the old-timers illustrate their discussion.

Ef he ain't game he's a dirty quitter, an' that's the answer to that! There ain't no halfway stuff about this nervy thing. A man is or he ain't, an' he wasn't!"

9. "That's what they most all say," replied Charley, "but I dunno! It's an awful queer thing, this matter o' nerve. Now, take you, for example. Anybody that knows you at all knows that you'd go all the way thro' any time it comes to a show-down."

10. "Why, most certainly, I would," said Dick. "Why not? That's all nonsense, this stuff about bein' worried about goin' out! You got to go some time, ain't you? You know that much! It makes a hell of a lot of difference whether you go today or tomorrow or the day after; don't it? Yes, it don't! Why, a man that ain't game to go when it's put up to him is a fool!"

11. "Yes," said Charley, "same way with me. I'll go with any man any time he says he's ready. But suppose now that a feller gets tangled up with me, say, or you an' this feller's got one o' them kind o' women that's the real dope, an' he's thinkin' a heap o' her, an' maybe got a kid or so that he's lookin' out for an' watchin' grow up—has he got an even break with us when it comes to the touch? Ain't he got the shoot end of it? Mos' certainly! He's got somethin' to stay for; we ain't. An' if

---

10. The most striking of several paragraphs in which the old-timers discuss categories into which men can be separated according to their character in the matter of nerve. Dick's exposition is so impulsively sincere as to stand for the feeling of the type of the frontiersman and mining pioneer. This emotional attitude, be it observed, is altogether different from that of the hero of the story proper; hence Dick's exposition is an effective exposition, by contrast, of the character-quality of the hero, which, in turn, is indispensable to the establishment of the theme.

he sticks for the big jump with a gee like me, say, he's either a whole sight gamer than I am, or else he's a fool, whichever way you look at it.

12. "Now, some men is game—that is, they'll stick for the big show, 'cause they're proudlike an' they're a damn sight scarder o' what folks'll say about 'em if they don't toe the mark than they are o' crossin' over.

13. "Some men is game 'cause they ain't got no sense! They don't savvy nothin'! They're just like a bull tryin' to butt an express train, an' once you can orate vivid enough to make one o' them thick-headed wallopers understand that, he's sure due to get his if he follows out his play. He'll wilt quicker'n a tallow candle in hell! Others is game 'cause they're more or less hot-bloodedlike. They go plumb crazy as soon's ever anythin' starts, an' then they don't know nothin' more till it's all over! An' them kind can't help it, no more'n a keg o' powder could help blowin' up if you was to drop a match into it.

14. "Men is built different, an' what's dead easy for one is awful hard for another. Take a reckless devil of a cowpunch, that'll ride anythin' that wears hair, an' put it up to him to go into a church and preach a sermon. You couldn't see him for the dust he'd raise gettin' out o' town! Same way, put one o' these preacher fellows up against a bad bronc; he puts his trust in the Lord, but this

14. The philosophical prelude ends. The theme is precisely gathered into words in the last sentence of this paragraph. Note how smoothly the transition is made into the story proper. The story itself might begin with par. 15, and be complete so far as plot and action are concerned; but it would lose something in the distinct emphasis of its theme and perhaps a little in atmosphere effect.

bronc don't look to him as if the Almighty had an awful lot o' influence on his manner o' life, so Mr. Preacher he prob'ly fans up a nice little breeze, same as the cowpunch! To my way o' thinkin', a man shows clean game when he does the thing that's *hardest* for *him,* whereas the same thing might be just like eatin' a meal to me.

15. "Summer o' 19— I'm gamblin' on the boats on the Yukon, an' I go outside an' make one trip to Seattle an' back. On the run north they's the average crowd aboard: old-timers that's got rid of their stake below an was headin' back, quite a bunch o' husky young 'chuckakos' [Indian for "newcomer"] makin' for Dawson, an' a few tourists just takin' the round trip to Skagway an' back on the boat; an' one young maverick that's so *dog-gone* ordinary and common lookin' that I take particular notice o' him right from the start.

16. "He was a well-dressed sort of fellow, 'bout medium height, maybe twenty-three or twenty-four years

---

15. On narration in the first person, see S. S. M., 138: 3-4. In this story, the first-person narration springs spontaneously out of the philosophical prelude, the story itself being told (nominally) as an illustration of the theme proposition. But it is well adapted to this story for other reasons, chief of which is that the interpretation of the hero's character and behavior is more intimate and convincing, coming from one who knew him and saw and reflected over the incidents detailed, than it could possibly be from the impersonal third-person narrator. Note too that the character of the narrator chosen materially increases the value of his interpretation. How is it with "The Love of Men"?

16. We are now in the opening of the plot-portion of the narrative (i.e., of the story proper, distinct from the narrative as it includes the thematic prelude). The paragraph is one of direct characterizing description (S. S. M., 222: 9). Here we might expect the name of the central person to be given—but is it given

old, thin an' a mite stoop shouldered; he had kind o' scarce, light-colored hair that made me think of a wheat field that'd been hard hit with the drought; pale-blue eyes that always looked sort o' strainedlike, as though he was always tryin' to read somethin' that he couldn't quite make out; great big forehead; a thin, high nose that was always kind o' twitchin' at the end; a smallish chin an' jaw, an' a funny little mouth that was always open just the least mite an' made him look all the time 's if he was surprised about somethin'. He'd set around the smokin' room listenin' like a good one to all the talk that's passed, but never sayin' nothin' himself; an' once at the table, when one of the tourist ladies that's sittin' across from him asks him to pass her somethin' or 'nother, he makes a mistake an' hands her the wrong thing. Well, sir, you could toast your feet up back o' his ears, he gets that red!

17. "He was so awful bashful an' timidlike that I kind o' felt for him, an' one mornin' a couple o' days out he's all alone when I comes into the smokin' room, so I asks him for a match or somethin', and sets down alongside o' him.

18. "'Goin' far up?' I sez.

---

anywhere in the story? If not, why? Is the hero thoroughly individualized? Would giving him a name appreciably increase the concreteness of his presentation? Notwithstanding the clear individualization of him by the narrator, is he anything but a type, introduced for the purpose of illustrating the theme? Is he personally of any importance, so that you are interested in him at all except as he affords demonstration of the thematic proposition? Is it skillful or unskillful treatment that thus clearly individualizes a person who, in himself, is of no importance to us except as a type (S. S. M., 208: 2-3, with notes)?

19. "'Why, yes, sir; yes, sir,' he kind o' stammers. 'I'm goin' away up to Juneau!'

20. "'Yes?' sez I. 'Well, Juneau's a nice camp, all right.'

21. "'Yes, sir,' he sez, awful eagerlike. 'I heard you speakin' about it last night, an' I was very anxious to ask you about it. Do you know where the Sunburst Mine is up there?'

22. "I told him I did, an' he says: 'Well, I'm goin' up there to keep books for them. My uncle in Philadelphia—that's where my home is, in Philadelphia—owns a lot of stock in the mine, an' he got me the position. They're payin' me a splendid salary,' he says. 'I suppose it's awfully difficult for them to get the kind o' men who can do any sort o' office work to risk goin' up there.'

23. "I thought of all the doctors an' lawyers an' preachers, too, that was handlin' nucksticks on the claims

---

19. Dialogue in keeping with the "part"; cf. that of pars. 1-16. On dialogue, see S. S. M., 229-249; on characterization and dialogue, 234: 9-14; on dialect, 247: 11-12.—Follow through the speech of the "hero" in this story, noting how in each instance it accords with and reveals his character.

21. ". . . awful eagerlike." In studying dialogue-characterization as directed just above, note also the brevity and effectiveness of the narrator in indicating for us the *manner* of the speech and speaker. That dialogue gains much in effectiveness when its manner is conveyed to us as well as its substance, is evident. This story affords several good illustrations. Observe however that such interpretations are used only where the dialogue and situation are especially significant, and where the situation and words together do not themselves fully disclose the speaker's manner. The inexperienced writer likes to hitch a description of manner to every speech, no matter how insignificant.

22. Purpose: to disclose the young fellow's ignorance of conditions; gives us a more rounded out realization of the kind of man he is.

around Dawson that would think they was back in civilization sure 'nough when they got outside to Juneau, but I kep' a straight face an' told him I reckoned it was.

24. "'Yes, sir!' he sez, shuttin' his jaws down tight. 'I know I'm takin' a tremendous risk an' all that, but I'm just determined to stick to it! I'm gettin' all this big salary, you see, an' then I'm liable to find a mine. They tell me that an untried man who knows nothin' whatever about the country is just as liable to stumble onto a mine as anyone else.

25. "'I can hardly realize,' he goes on, 'that I'm actually en route to the Far North! I never dreamed that I'd ever have the courage to undertake such a journey! I used to read of the hardships that the men in Alaska underwent, an' wonder what motive could actuate anyone to voluntarily place themselves in such peril. But I understand now.'

26. "'Oh, you do, eh?' sez I. 'Have you got her picture with you?'

27. "'Yes, sir,' he sez, flushin' up. 'That's it! But, you see, I haven't very much money. I couldn't see how we were goin' to be able to make a go of it for a fright-

---

24. Gives a forehint of the element of "nerve" in him—sticking the thing through no matter how hard it is for him, once he believes that he ought to. Unobtrusive character-touches and hints (S. S. M., 257) like this aid greatly in giving verisimilitude to the character portrayal by keeping suggestions of the character-conception before us and causing us unawaredly to realize the nature of the person through his characteristic speech and acts. Where such suggestive details abound and are well managed, no outright interpretation or analysis of the character may be needed at all; consider Ring Lardner's baseball and detective heroes and Harris Dickson's negroes as examples of work in which the latter method prevails.

fully long time, an' when this offer came it just seemed providential!

28. "'She didn't want me to take it; she's very unselfish, you know, an' she said she didn't care about the money part at all; but then, of course, girls never can see the practical side o' things!

29. "'I told her it wasn't right for a fellow to keep a girl waiting for years an' years, as she'd be obliged to wait if I worked up in the place I was employed then; an' that by comin' up here I could save enough out of my salary alone, even if I didn't discover a mine or anything like that, to give us a start.

30. "An' sir, he went on an' on like that. Seemed as though I'd pulled the cork out of a bottle of perpetual conversation!

31. "He showed me the girl's picture an' told me how he happened to meet her, an' all about her family history an' all of his.

32. "Then he began hammerin' again on what a risk he was takin' in comin' that far north, an' all that. He was scared of everything! Scared the boat would go down! Scared he'd freeze to death somehow up in Juneau that winter! Scared he'd get snowed in an' starve to death! Scared he wouldn't get enough fresh vegetables

---

30. Supplementary character detail.

32-33. Intensifying (emphasizing) detail (S. S. M., 107: 30-35); makes us appreciate how much moral nerve he showed in the later incident, when he "called" the bad man. See also pars. 40-41. If one is thoughtfully minded, par. 33 provides material for reflection upon the effect that the imagination and an imaginative tendency of mind can have upon one's affairs—another illustration of the fact that fiction opens ways in all directions into the philosophies of human life.

o eat an' he'd die o' the scurvy! Scared that he'd run nto a crowd o' rough necks that'd murder him right out ' hand! Scared o' every kind o' death he could think of! An' he could think o' more kinds an' worse than a bunch ' drunken 'Pache Injuns with a healthy white man for a risoner!

33. "It wasn't only that he just thought of it casual-ike. No, he just naturally seen it all *plain!* He *seen* imself lyin' out in the snow, froze to death! He seen his egs all eat off with the scurvy! He fairly got thin from eein' himself snowed in an' starvin' to death!

34. "I eased his mind down as much as I could; tried o make him see that *keepin' books* in Juneau or in any ' the mines around there wasn't a heap different from loin' the same thing in Philadelphia. But it wasn't no se! As fast as I'd rub out one picture o' ten-cent novel leath an' disaster with a little common sense, this here magination o' his would have another fine one painted, all overed over with plenty o' gore an' pieces o' torn-up bone n' flesh, an' he'd be dyin' all over again!

35. "I wound up in Juneau that winter dealin' black-jack in the dance hall there, an' one day, 'long in Janu-ary, I'm takin' the wrinkles out o' my bread-basket over in the northern restaurant when this young calamity howler I'm speakin' of comes in.

35-41. The expositional stage of the story proper (pars. 14-41) here merges off into a transitional division, in which we begin to feel a more active mood and perceive narrative movement, espe-cially in the indication of elapse of time. No other story in this volume is so slow in taking up the action of the sustaining plot. This however is not an adverse criticism; for no other story has quite the same thematic conception as this. The stu-

36. "He's plumb tickled to meet up with me again, an' squats 'longside to have a chow.

37. "'Well,' sez I, 'you're one o' the most lifelike-lookin' corpses I ever did see! Did you freeze to death or die o' the scurvy? I been aimin' to send a wreath o' evergreens or somethin' to put on your grave, but I couldn't find out where you was buried!'

38. "He kind o' colors up an' laughed a little embarrassedlike.

39. "'I was frightfully green, wasn't I?' he sez. 'I expected to find a horribly savage sort o' place when I got here. Really, you know, it isn't half bad at all.

40. "'There's one thing, though,' he goes on, pickin' up his old dead an' forsaken tone o' voice. 'You know the office out at the mine is situated only a short distance from the mouth of the shaft, an' the men pass right by the door every day carrying the dynamite from the powder house. I tell you there's goin' to be a horrible accident there some day! It's positively criminal the way they handle those high explosives! One would think they were carrying so many sticks o' wood!'

41. "An' he's off again! I see him after that off an' on hustlin' round camp with that scared, peerin' way he had, an' every time I met him he had some new brand o' sure death doped out! He'd 'a' been worth wages to any

---

dent is advised to consider in this connection the entire discussion of story openings in S. S. M., 122-151, noting that although action whereby the carrying plot (S. S. M., 107:30-31) is developed does not begin before par. 42, there is no lack of interest (S. S. M., 126:7 and 249) in what precedes, and that the element of activity (not action; S. S. M., 37:4) is one reason for this. On these matters, also cf. especially S. S. M., 125:6; 130:14; 132:16; 135:21.

undertaker just to stick around an' keep off the blues when business was bad!

42. "Same spring, an' the snows' gone out. The kid goes agin the same old game that every man in a minin' country that ain't prospector himself always does fall for, an' grubstaked an' old walkin' whisky vat who'd 'a' been shipped out o' camp long before only they was lookin' for him to slough off every day, an' figured it'd be cheaper to plant him than pay his fare below.

---

42. Plot action now begins to develop. The narrative may be outlined thus:

Stage I, philosophical prelude—theme analyzed—pars. 1-14.
Stage II, expositional opening—pars. 15-41—A, central person characterized, pars. 16-34—B, transition to stage of plot development, pars. 35-41.
Stage III, first plot incident, pars. 42-69—A, motivating facts, pars. 42-59—B, crisis of incident, pars. 60-69.
Stage IV, second plot incident, pars. 70-96—A, expositional facts motivating incident, pars. 70-78—B, crisis of incident, and climactic height of story, pars. 79-96.
Stage V, falling action and prompt close, pars. 97-101.

Observe how plausibility (S. S. M., 90:9-13; 241) is secured. The belief of prospectors and miners in "fools' luck" is widespread, whether sound or not; and the author introduces this class-belief (which has extended itself to almost all classes), knowing that its general acceptance will obscure or remove in the reader's mind the reflection that a "strike" by the "kid" is extremely improbable.—Examination will reveal that the entire problem of so motivating the gambling incident as to give it plausibility is ticklish. A timid, retiring fellow, whose mental state is largely a succession of imaginative terrors and who would think a game of "rummy" an adventurous dissipation, has to be motivated into a situation utterly remote from his natural instincts and from the ordinary probabilities of such a case;

43. "We might 'a' knowed it! A pea-green sucker an' an old lush that you wouldn't think had the legs to carry him out o' sight o' camp, nor the sand left in him to let his feet get that far from a bar rail! Luck couldn't never pass up no such a pair as that! Especially when they was good men combin' them hills that had put in their whole life prospectin', an' the nearest thing to gold they ever got was a Indian's complexion, an' the only silver they could show was what hardship had washed their hair with.

44. "Why, that combination o' ignorance an' booze would 'a' struck pay dirt in a Kansas cornfield!

45. "Sure they hit it! Hit it rich! Sold out the mere prospect for $38,000 apiece, an' the old man he melts out o' existence in one geelorious three-week bath, an' leaves what's left o' his part o' the bank roll to the kid.

---

otherwise no incident can be built up wherein he must clash with the crude and uncombed violence of pioneer conditions and with unrestrained human impulsiveness. In other words, he must do something absolutely "out of character," and we must be made to feel that his doing it is true to human experience and natural in the particular circumstances. Now observe how the author has motivated him into this situation and us into acceptance of it. (1) The developing means decided on is a gambling quarrel. (Reasons for the choice: Truth in local coloring, adding to romantic element in setting and atmosphere; and diametric unlikeness to "kid's" experience—he must face the thing that is hardest for him.) (2) The "kid's" mental state is prepared for his divagation into uncharacteristic adventure. This is accomplished by means of his "strike"; he not only has money, so that the investment of twenty dollars in gambling no longer seems an impossible extravagance, but he is also in that state of exultation which, following on notable success of any kind, relaxes the inhibitions of habit, reflection and convic-

46. "One night about a week after the old man dies, Dick Croton, who's runnin' the poker game in the joint I'm workin' in, finds out that he's gettin' more'n his share o' the loose change lyin' 'round camp, an' bein' fair-minded, he starts out to distribute it. His neck gets stiff from tiltin' it back; to be sure, there ain't none left in the bottom o' the glass, an' his fingers git so dizzy unwindin' his bank roll that he couldn't deal tiddledywinks in a kindergarten for idiot children an' hold his own! So, the blackjack play bein' light that night, I close my game an' go behind the dummy for him.

47. "'Long about eight o'clock we're single footin' along in a six-handed draw game when this young son o'

---

tion (truth to psychological experience); he is in a mood that makes it easy to take a try at adventure. (Note the persistence of his normal nature, however, in his suggestion that he can afford that much in return for the old timer's friendship, and in the guileless innocence with which he rakes in the winnings without realizing that he is "riling" the seasoned and hardened players). (3) His out-of-character appearance in the gambling place is arranged by his coming to say good-by before leaving for the States. (4) There is a touch of natural human perversity and irritation in the old man's suggestion ("generating circumstance") that the "kid" sit in, but the "kid" is too innocent to see that, and his innocence, coupled with his confidence in the old-timer, is the last deciding influence in bringing him into the situation in which the author started out to place him.—Once more we must reflect that the author quite probably did not *reason* this all out in this detailed way; but he instinctively felt these requirements and considerations, as is proved by our analysis of his management of the motivation. We may append a moral to these remarks: motivation of single incidents may be as important and as difficult as motivation of the action as a whole; and adequate motivation of the whole may easily be nullified by unconvincing motivation of some developing part.

42-59. Here occur some speeches that should be studied in connection with the suggestion made in the note on par. 19.

luck ambles into the dump lookin' for me. He come side steppin' thro' the crowd in front o' the bar, excusin' himself every time anybody bumped into him, an' finally fetches up by my layout.

48. "'How do you do, Mr. Nelson?' he sez. 'I hope I'm not intrudin'. I'm goin' to leave tonight on the Cottage City, an' I just come in to say good-by. Perhaps you may have heard someone speak of my good fortune?'

49. "'Yes,' sez I. 'An' *perhaps* I may have heard someone in this camp speak o' somethin' else in the past few weeks, but I don't remember it! It's too bad, kid,' I sez, 'with all that money thrown on your hands, the way you're runnin' an awful risk o' livin' too high an' dyin' o' liver trouble! But,' sez I, 'we all got to take chances; don't we? What time does your boat leave?'

50. "'Two o'clock in the mornin',' he sez.

51. "'Two o'clock is a long ways off,' sez I, 'an' there's room for a live one here. You ever dabbles in this sweet sin at all?'

52. "'Why, no, sir,' he sez. 'I never played any myself, but I used to watch the fellows at prep school play sometimes, so I understand the relative value of the different cards an' all that.'

53. "'Well,' sez I, 'you'll never learn the curse o' gamblin' any younger. Come on in an' get your feet wet.'

54. "'Why, really, Mr. Nelson,' he sez, 'I'd like to awfully well, but I don't know—— How much would it cost me to play for a little while?'

55. "'It'll cost you twenty dollars to sit in, an' when that's gone you can blow out or buy more, accordin' to how wise you are,' I sez.

56. "'By Jove!' sez he, 'I'll do it! It will be a novel experience,' he sez, 'an' I can afford to spend twenty dollars with you, Mr. Nelson, in part payment for the many little kindnesses you showed me comin' up on the boat last year. Where shall I sit?'

57. "Well, sir, he didn't know a thing about the game. We had to explain this an' that to him every deal, but luck! If I was to dream that I was havin' a streak o' luck like that I'd shoot any man that woke me up.

58. "First hand he played he hocked in on a short pair against a pot flush, got three aces on the draw, showed me his full house, an' asked me if I would advise him to bet on it!

59. "It was a joke to the rest o' the bunch at first, but it kep' on so steady that he come near cornerin' the game, an' pretty soon some of 'em began to get kind o' sore.

60. "Tex Morrissey was in the game that night, an' I guess he'd had a few drinks. Anyhow, him an' the kid gets tangled up in a lot o' big pots, an' the kid draws out on him every hand.

61. "This Tex person was a pretty fairly haughty sort of a party—one o' them workin' dogs that's right there with the big bite, too! He gets right sore at the way the kid's cuttin' him out o' the grapes every time, an' starts in makin' some pretty cuttin' talk. Finally the kid beats a jack full for him with four eights, an' Tex throws down his hand an' talks out in meetin'.

62. "'Say! Lookahere, you snivelin' little white-liv-

60-69. Climactic height of this (the first developing) incident.

ered rat,' he sez; 'I'm no squealer an' I don't mind havin' a full-growned man beat me out o' my money, but I don't like the color o' your eyebrows! An' if you're man enough to win my money, you're man enough to step outside an' take a lickin' or give one!'

63. "'Why!' sez the kid tremblin' all anew. 'I—I didn't mean to offend you, really I didn't! I didn't mean to beat you; it, it just happened that way! I couldn't help it! I—I can't fight, sir; really I can't. And then you're ever so much bigger than I am, you know! Here!' he sez, pushin' all his chips out on the center o' the table, 'just take these and let me go! That's as much as I won from you. Please take it! I don't care about the money; indeed, I don't. I had no idea of winnin' any way. I was just playin' for pastime.'

64. "O' course him offering to give the money back kind o' put the laugh over on Tex, an' that made him madder'n ever. He jerks out a thirty-eight gun an' throws it on the table.

65. "'Pick that up an' hop to it, you dirty little whelp!' he sez. 'God made some men big an' some little, but guns evened 'em up! I've got the mate to that on me, so grab her up an' beat me to it if you can, an' if you don't see this play thro' you're a——!"

66. "The poor kid couldn't move! he just sits there slumped down in his chair, starin' at Tex with his mouth hangin' open, waitin' for his finish!

67. "O' course *I'm* due about this time, an' when the gun leaves the table I'm on the operatin' end of it an' Tex is dustin' the ceilin' with his finger tips!

68. "Soon's ever the kid see's I've got him covered, he give a jump and lit runnin'! Never stopped to cash his

chips nor nothin'! Just dodged for the door, an' he didn't stop to beg nobody's pardon neither!

69. "'Come on!' sez Tex when the kid's gone, 'put that gun in storage, Charley! I wasn't aimin' to hurt the kid! I knowed he wouldn't have the nerve to pick up my play! He was gettin' so cocky holdin' all them big hands. I just wanted to show him where he got off in a real game!'

70. "O' course it really ain't none o' my row, so I give him his gun, an' we has a drink apiece on it an' the ruction's over. Come twelve o'clock, I'm off shift for an hour to get my eats. I'm across in the restaurant havin' chow when in comes the kid. He comes straight over to my table an' sat down, an', sir, I never see a man so awful white! His jaw was clinched so hard you could see the little ridges in his face where the cords stood out. He set there with his elbows on the table, thrustin' an' pullin' his fingers, lookin' straight at me, but never sayin' a word! Seemed's if his jaw was shut so awful tight he couldn't git it open to speak! All the scared, peerin' look was gone out o' his eyes; they was dead hard an' stern, but awful solemn an' sad like.

71. "'Mr. Nelson,' he sez finally, steady as a clock. 'I've got to fight with that man!'

72. "'You've got to what?' sez I.

70-96. Second developing incident of the story, including its climactic height.—Observe the "hints" (especially mood hints) in par. 70 (S. S. M., 257, bottom). Look for others in the story.

72. Illustrates how dialogue can have dramatic effect without requiring any extraneous explanation. Visualize the scene, and imagine the explosive astonishment with which the old man utters the exclamation. Moral: let act and speech interpret themselves whenever they will; explanation detracts from dramatic value.

73. "'I've got to fight with that man that insulted me this evenin',' he goes on. 'I've simply got to do it, sir! When I left the dance hall I ran right down to the boat and locked myself in my stateroom and I've been lyin' there ever since thinkin' it all over! I've got to do it!'

74. "'Why, boy!' I sez, 'what's the matter with you? You're crazy. You can't fight him, you haven't got the ghost of a show! an' once you get him sure 'nough riled up he'll finish you!'

75. "'Yes, sir,' he sez, monotonous an' steady as an old clock a-tickin'. 'I know he will, but there isn't any other way! If I were to leave town without fightin' him, after the names he called me, I'd be a coward, and *she* doesn't like cowards. You see, sir, I don't want to fight, but it's my *duty,* so there isn't anythin' else for me to do.

---

75. Beneath the "kid's" explanation of his determination may be found the basic fact of human nature on which the theme itself is motivated: the inner impulse to do what seems prescribed by the standards of self-respect, regardless of consequences. The story as a whole enlarges our understanding of man (S. S. M., 1:14; 5:11; 43:1), as good fiction should do; accomplishing its purpose by integrating (S. S. M., 166:23) a thematic proposition with incidents concretely embodying and exemplifying the thought (S. S. M., 2:5-11). Its method in this is that of providing a direct definition of courage ("nerve") combined with an artistic presentation of courage manifested in a concrete instance—the impression of the whole being increased by the tacit suggestion, which experience teaches us is true, that courage may manifest itself unexpectedly in persons who seem almost completely to want it. We find therefore that ultimately our story owes its convincingness to the fact that it is founded on human nature, i.e., motivated in the nature of man, the only satisfying basis. See (in addition to references above) S. S. M., 15:6; 34:19-22; 43:1-4; 46:8-17; 191:5-6; 209:3-5; (213:7); 217:4; 256: bottom.

76. "'O' course,' he sez, 'it's useless for me to attempt to fight him with my fists, so I want you to loan me your revolver.'

77. "O' course, first off, I wasn't goin' to let him have it, but as I sit there tryin' to figure out what to say to get this nutty idea out o' his head, it come over me strong that hid away somewhere's in that little carcass o' his was a chunk o' *real man* that's got to be treated *as* such. O' course a *man's* got to play his own game, an' I chucked him my gun.

78. "'Kid,' sez I, 'go your way! Now listen! This Tex's quicker'n chain lightin' on the draw. Keep out o' sight, get up to him from behind an' git *close* so's you can't miss! Cover him an' tell him "han's up," watch them han's! an' if one of 'em makes a wiggle anyways 'ceptin' straight up, don't wait fer nothin' else, but shoot! an' keep on shootin'! 'cause he'll draw an' drop ye 'fore ever you can pull a trigger!' An' just then the door opens an' in comes Tex!

79. "We're sittin' at a table on the lefthand side as you come in, about halfway back, an' as luck'd have it, Tex is just in to buy a smoke, an turns to the cigar case at the end o' the counter, an' on the *right*-hand side, an' stands there with his back turned our way 'thout ever seein' us.

80. "I'm sittin' facin' the door so the kid don't see him come in. I leans over the table and whispers to him:

81. "'Keep cool!' I sez, 'here he is!'

82. "The kid turns around quick, see's him standin' there, an', sir, he never hesitated nor nothin'. He got right up an' walked toward the door, like's if he was goin'

on out, holdin' the gun down 'longside his leg, an' when he's most at the door an' right behind Tex, he stops, points the gun at him, an' sez, just as natural an' easy as a man'd ask for a match:

83. "'Oh, Mr. Morrissey.'

84. "Tex he turns to see who's callin' him, see's the kid holdin' the gun right down on him an' starts back agin the counter with his eyes fair poppin' out o' his head!

85. "'Put your hands up over your head just a minute until I get thro' talkin',' sez the kid. An' when they're elevated proper, he goes on: 'You insulted me this evenin', Mr. Morrissey, an' dared me to fight you. I was scared and ran away. I didn't want to fight you, but I find I have to.'

86. "I have heard that you are accustomed to handlin' a gun and have the knack of gettin' it out of your pocket very quickly, so of course I'd have no chance at all unless I had mine out first. I'll hold my gun down at my side, and I give you my word that I won't raise it to fire until I see that your hand is at your pocket. I'm very sure that that will be fair to you. That's all, sir! you can take your hands down now and take out your revolver whenever you are ready.'

87. "An' the kid drops his gun at his side!

88. "Tex stood there kind o' crouched a little, scrooged back agin the case, starin' at the kid, an' the kid he's just watchin' them hands same as I told him to.

89. "They stood that way, neither one of 'em movin' a muscle for maybe half a minute! It seemed to me like an hour! An' then Tex began to lower his right hand awful slow! He'd move it down maybe an inch at a time an' then stop!

90. "It come down inch by inch till it was even with his neck! Then down on his chest, an' there she stops, an' they stood there starin' at each other, neither one of 'em battin' an eye, an' then the sweat begin to come out on Tex, an' I knowed he was all thro'!

91. "Then his chest started heavin' like he'd been runnin' hard, an' his hand starts movin' up again, slow, inch by inch just like he'd brought it down, till it's up over his head agin!

92. "All this time you could see his face sort o' goin' to pieces just like rotten ice, it look's if you could poke it with your finger an' leave a dent in it!

93. "He licks his lips a couple o' times an' sez in a sort o' whisper, 'Don't shoot! don't shoot! Let me go, will you?'

94. "'Yes, sir,' sez the kid, steady and clear, by Hokey! as a man could speak. 'I'll be glad to if you'll apologize for what you said to me tonight.'

95. "'I take it back,' sez Tex. 'Can I go now?'

96. "'Certainly,' sez the kid, an' Tex turns 'round an' walks out still holdin' his hands in the air, like's if he'd forgot they was up there!

97. "After he's gone the kid looks down at the gun in his hand an' studies it for a minute curious like, winks his eyes fast like a sleep-walker comin' to, turns the gun

---

97-101. Note the rapid falling action and quick close. Especially note the wisdom of omitting a philosophical epilogue; the prologue-argument and the concrete exemplification presented through the action have fully established the theme. If one wishes, however, he can regard the closing sentence as an enforcing comment.

over in his hand an' studies it in a puzzled kind o' way, an' then the scared look began to come back on him, an' all of a sudden he gives a yell an' throws that gun away from him like's if he'd been holdin' a rattlesnake an' just found it out, an' then down he goes in a fit, laughin' an cryin' at the same time!

98. "I took him down to the boat an' stayed with him till she sailed! Sat in his stateroom an' tried to figure out how that shakin' bundle o' misery layin' in the bunk had ever stood on his two feet an' outgamed a tough old gunman like Tex!

99. "When they called 'All ashore' an I got up to go he grabbed hold o' my hand with both o' his an' looks up at me pleadin' like. His face was all streaked over with tears, an' his eyes was red an' swollen from cryin'. He looked like a ten-year-old kid that'd been spanked an' put to bed without his supper!

100. "'Mr. Nelson,' he sez. 'Tell me the truth. Am I a coward?'

101. "'Kid,' sez I, 'You're the *gamest* dog-gone *man* that ever stood in shoe leather!' An' in spite o' the fact that he's prob'ly worrin' himself gray headed right now for fear somebody'll drop somethin' overboard from one o' these here flyin' machines some dark night an' kill him. I'm thinkin' I told him the gospel truth!"

A QUIET LIFE OR LIFE ON THE QUIET

The Story as a Whole

1. A story notable for having an event-group of romantic or melodramatic nature, with adventure intensifying accompaniment, subordinated to a situation of commonplace, with everyday environment and atmosphere to match. The action that carries the story to the outcome required by the motif and theme, is merely the conversational incident at the supper table, and the ensuing incidents, nearly all occurring in the same pathetic environment,—affording an opportunity for the conversations of Mr. Opt. The framework is the commonplace action necessary to give Mr. Opt's dialogue a chance to trickle forth until at last enough of it collects to reveal his romantic or exciting past. This is a form of indirect narration. Here it serves to emphasize the contrast (first pointed out by the title) between the lives of Opt the man and Opt the burglar. For the sake of comparison, it might be worth the trouble to write out the story of Opt's past in direct form—that is, as two crook-adventure-sentiment stories, recounting merely the adventures of Opt, and merely for their own interest. See next note.

2. See S. S. M., 104: 24-25. It is possible to call this a story within a sketch—the story of Opt's past hung on the sketch of Mrs. Roddy's boarding-house and boarders. Aside from the contrast between Opt, the man who knows what real excitement is, and his life, and Doc Spears, who only thinks he knows—the most notable fiction element is

characterization and social atmosphere. In fact, the story of Opt's past includes two complete dramatic movements, and some supplementary facts. The two movements, though sketchily outlined in the dialogue, can be developed into two complete dramatic stories, with climax, outcome, and the other essentials of a short-story plot. The first is the episode in which Opt takes the blame for the second maid's theft (their subsequent marriage, as presented here, is in the nature of a separate distinct ending, but might appear otherwise in the movement if rewritten). The other is the somewhat more melodramatic and less plausible, though equally "human," episode of the burglar-and-sick-child (both incidents turn upon situations that are old in burglar fiction). The main supplementary matter is the family history of the Opts, the education of their son, the marriage of their daughter, and characterizing facts such as their habit of helping young folks. But as explained in note 1, the incident through which these two plot-schemes or situations are sketched is carried by the boarding-house action and dialogue.

3. The entire management, by which so much plot and action are successfully got before the reader without interfering with his sense of and interest in the boarding-house action, is highly skillful. Part of the author's success in handling it is owed to the naturalness with which the boarding-house situation is gradually developed. Observe how gradually we are led, by means of much-retarded narration dealing largely with commonplaces of setting, conversation, and personal characteristic, to the disclosure that Opt is a burglar; and then with more rapid movement, through the episodes of his past.

4. The establishment of the theme comes through an

unusual method—by a form of contrast wherein the anti-theme (the contrary of the real thought) is repeatedly asserted, and the true theme not positively asserted at all. The anti-theme is disproved and the theme established solely by the incidents of Opt's experience, emphasized obviously only by the comment of the auditor thereon in par. 179. This puts into words for us the realization of Opt's guileless and generously human criminality and his complete unawaredness of anything either romantic or adventurous in his life. Well-managed contrast is common, but such thoroughgoing emphasis of the anti-theme is not. As here used, the method is manifestly successful.

5. Like "The Defective," this story, though setting itself a theme, employs much ancillary and illustrative matter that supplements (rather than establishes the theme). As a consequence, like "The Defective," it may be regarded as developing a *motif* (S. S. M., 96:10), not merely establishing a theme.

6. This story offers numerous instances of skillful technique in making details contribute to immediate or ultimate motivation, characterization, emphasis, perspective, proportion, atmosphere creation, and the like. Often these skillful turns are so subtle or inobvious that they reveal themselves as employments of technique only on close analysis. Examples are noted in several places in the running comment.

7. The fact that this story is managed with much mastership in technique, especially in the handling of details to definite purposes, does not make it a "story with a big punch." It "gets across," it provokes curiosity, it contains two passages with a thrill of suspense, it characterizes, and it presents a theme. But it does not produce a

strong, centered dramatic effect. Because of its unusual angle of narration it must outline rather than amplify, and sketch rather than intensify. It develops its *motif* and establishes its theme, but the theme does not come to us with stirring emotional appeal. The narrative has no intense central or climactic situation, for the simple reason that its structural plot (introd. note 1) does not permit one. Its impression-elements have to be dissipated rather than condensed and cumulated. Measured for the moment, therefore, by this standard only, it ranks below "The Cat and the Fiddle," "The Love of Men," "A Rag-Time Lady," "The Great God," "In the Matter of Distance," "The Last Rose," "Tropics," and others in our collection. This is not a reflection on it, however, for the story accomplishes what it was planned to accomplish, which in this case requires greater skill than the usual form of organization might demand. To attain the purpose of strong emotional effect, a different conception and therefore a different method of approach and presentation would have been necessary; but this is not what the author aimed at.

A QUIET LIFE, OR LIFE ON THE QUIET

By Herbert C. Test

Reprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Author, from "Collier's Weekly" for July 19, 1913.
(Copyrighted 1913)

1. "Good evening, Mr. Opt."

2. Mrs. Roddy extended greeting to the boarder whose delayed arrival completed our roster of regular diners. She nodded toward the one empty chair.

3. "We were just talking about burglars," she stated.

4. Mr. Opt glanced at her with scrutinizing interest.

---

1. Attention is immediately directed to the main person. The next three paragraphs confirm our interest in Opt as created by par. 1. Pars. 3-4 put the subject of the theme and narrative before us, and connect Mr. Opt with it at once.

1-20. This section accomplishes the motivation desired for Opt's seeking out the narrator and—presently—making a confidant of him. The motivation is this: Miss Truax' defense of burglars arouses Mr. Opt's kindness, and the discussion as a whole stirs his personal-professional feeling on the subject. He goes to the narrator to make him agent in the gift of the ring, and so yields to his desire to explain his philosophy of burgling and burglars. It is all most natural (cf. introductory note 3). The excellence of this motivating is mainly responsible for the plausibility of the situation that is developed out of it. S. S. M., 90-92; on motivation, S. S. M., 15, 96:11. Refer, however, to note below (5-20) and observe how much more than a mere framework of motivating action the movement is made by the employment of vivifying material and contributory narrational processes, such as characterization and presentation of environment. This power to realize persons and actions in a complete set of manifestations

5. "I was just saying," she continued, "that I never felt the least bit afraid of 'em when my husband was alive. I think every one of 'em ought to go to the chair," she continued with conviction. "Every one! There is too much stealing entirely!"

6. Mrs. Roddy appeared to be working herself up to a proper condemnatory attitude to do the subject justice. She glared at "Doc" Spears and another boarder, who were indulging in a low-toned discussion of coming baseball prospects. Doc Spears halted with a word half finished.

7. "Once a thief, always a thief," she quoted. "A young man who doesn't pay his honest debts when they are due is no better."

8. Doc Spears, who had been publicly dunned in the

---

and relationships produces a fullness of conception and presentation that constitutes the difference between stories that are merely crudely detailed plot-abstracts or scenarios and stories that are masterly made.

5-20. These paragraphs present piecemeal the two common views the unthinking are likely to express about thieves and their like. Opt's is a third view—that burglary is an unromantic, requiring, sort of business pursuit. Very skillfully the story weaves different possible views of the "profession" into a presentation that distinctly unifies if it does not deepen them. This is one way in which basic facts of life can be presented and life itself interpreted. Read S. S. M., 1:1-11. Also see S. S. M., 64:15-16; 194:10-12; 256, last par.; 257, pars. 1 and 3; 46:8-13; 214:1-2. —Mingled with this are excellent character and setting hints. Several boarding-house types are briefly, but sufficiently, indicated. Make a list of these, and catalogue the type-characteristics of each. Then opposite each characteristic, set down the speeches and acts that indicate it.—Pars. 13-16 represent two general traits frequently met with in women, the one in women of middle age or beyond, the other in younger women engaged to be married. What traits are they?

front hall for overdue board, appeared to grasp an inner meaning in the rather enigmatic conclusion.

9. "I guess they'd have to work the electrocuters on shifts if they did," he replied, equally cryptic.

10. Mrs. Roddy shifted her gaze back to Mr. Opt.

11. "I'm not speaking for myself—that is, not about the burglars," she declared. "Goodness knows, I've nothing to steal now. It's mighty different from when Mr. Roddy was alive," she finished plaintively.

12. Miss Bessie Truax, who had finished her dinner, sat back and played with a cluster ring on the third finger of her left hand. "Don't you think, Mrs. Roddy, that some poor persons are driven to steal by misfortune?" she queried with deep concern.

13. "That is no excuse—to my mind," Mrs. Roddy returned acidly. "No excuse whatever! You're soon going to have a house of your own"—Miss Truax blushed—"or a flat," she added pointedly. "You wait until you get away from a homelike place, where you're taken care of like a mother would; and wait until you have to tend to locking up and hear noises when your husband is out at some beer saloon with you alone at home. You just wait!"

14. Miss Bessie Truax seemed crushed for a moment over this picture of domestic woe; then she rallied.

15. "My husband"—she faltered and blushed more deeply—"or, at least, my *intended* husband, doesn't drink," she stated positively. "And, anyhow, I know he wouldn't leave me alone——"

16. "Oho!" Mrs. Roddy interrupted. "You'll find out!" She appealed to her entire boarding clientele. "She'll find out, won't she?" she demanded.

17. Miss Bessie Truax refused to retreat.

18. "Well, anyhow, I believe there is some good even in burglars," she insisted.

19. Mrs. Roddy appeared about to explode as the result of the defiant stand taken by Miss Truax, who had already placed herself outside the pale of consideration by serving notice of intention to vacate her room to enter matrimony. She appealed directly to Mr. Opt.

20. "Some good in burglars?" she demanded of him. "Mr. Opt, do you believe that there can be *any* good in burglars?"

21. Mr. Opt rose, and his motions, although deferential, were quick. He bobbed a timid bow and started for the door.

22. "Yes, ma'am," he murmured.

23. Mrs. Roddy glowered down an incipient titter started among her charges. She ignored the complete failure of Mr. Opt to rally to her support.

24. "There's what I call a little gentleman," she told us. "Comes and goes as quiet as a mouse; always speaks most respectful, and never complains about his meals." She paused to gather together more virtues of Mr. Opt to be vocally catalogued.

---

21. Opt's outward timidity is repeatedly brought before us. On incongruity (i.e., contrast) as a means of producing effect, see S. S. M., 223:10, 11. On the principal means of character indication employed in this story, see S. S. M., 227:14.

24. Attention is again more singly centered on the main person by this speech. It also serves as a device for emphasizing further the contrast between Opt as he appears and Opt in his professional character. S. S. M., 232:6; 214, lines 10-12.

25. "What does old Pussyfoot do for a living?" Doc Spears inquired.

26. "That is a matter that is less the business of any boarder in my house than it is mine," Mrs. Roddy returned. "And *I* never inquire into anybody's affairs—especially when they pay two dollars extra a week for a third-floor back—*and* pay it," she finished pointedly.

27. Doc Spears was unabashed. "Maybe he's superintendent of an all-night Sunday school," he suggested impudently. "I usually meet him going out at night when I come in—and I don't often blow off the avenue until the bartenders start for the hay." The final statement was made boastfully.

28. Mrs. Roddy rose to assist in serving dessert.

29. "Whatever he does, *he* don't spend his board money for booze," she retorted.

30. Doc Spears gulped his pudding and started toward the hall before he replied.

31. "Booze!" he jeered. "I'd like to see Opt with a little jag. I can't see how such rabbits as him get along without some excitement in life. Me for a little adventure once in a while," he declared as he departed.

32. Mr. Opt's light, double tap at my door barely drew my attention from my evening studies. He opened the

25-31. Doc Spears is the principal foil to Opt in this story; hence the bringing of him forward from time to time. See S. S. M., 69. In one sense, all the boarding-house group are a foil to Opt. These paragraphs are concentrative in function (S. S. M., 107-109). Par. 27, hinting at something doubtful in Opt's behavior, is an interest-tickler—one of the devices for stimulating suspense.

32. Second movement begins. (Note that the first movement consists of two episodes. How is it with the other movements?)—

door less than a third of its swing and sidled into the room. I noticed that he closed the door without causing the usual click of the latch. His progress across the floor to the chair to which I invited him with a nod was absolutely noiseless. He avoided, as though by instinct, a loose floor board which usually squeaked loudly when stepped on. He flashed a comprehensive glance around the room[1] as he seated himself on the extreme edge of the chair. "I hope, sir, that I am not intruding, sir?" he questioned.

33. I informed him that I was glad to welcome him to my humble quarters. He refused my tender of my own comfortable rocker and waited patiently until I had completed the usual inane sarcasms concerning boarding-house comforts. "Many a young gentleman has been forced by circumstances to accept worse, sir," he said respectfully. He passed a tiny leather box from one hand to the other.[1]

34. "I hope, sir, that I am not presuming in coming to you for a favor, sir," he continued without waiting for a reply. He seemed pleased at my nod of encouragement. "You see, sir, it is a rather delicate matter, sir; one that

---

[1] From sentence 2 to this point, the details are selected to emphasize Opt's burglarious character, and to make us visualize him in it.

33. [1] Observe the naturalness with which a characteristic movement of nervousness is made to bring forward the next phase of the action.

34. Beginning here, study Opt's conversation, and the mental traits that it represents. Make a list of his mannerisms of (1) speech and (2) thinking.—Does he talk like a person unused to much converse? Is this a personal or a class trait? (S. S. M., 48-51, 208-212). If a class trait, is it consistent and well-chosen by the author? How are his deferential manner, his frequent introduction of "sir," and his mention of "a gentleman" (par. 34) to be accounted for? Cf. par. 119.

I could hardly ask anyone but a gentleman to undertake, sir——"

35. He stopped and held out the little box. As he extended it toward me he snapped the lid open. Inside lay a ring set with a small but perfect diamond. He laid the box and the trinket it held on my trunk, which was doing duty as an improvised desk.

36. "You see, sir, she's a very nice young lady, sir—very kindly; and very sympathetic, I imagine, sir. I thought I might be permitted, sir——"

37. He paused again. I am sure that my face revealed my mental perplexity. The faint shadow of a smile flickered across his face.

38. "I beg pardon, sir," he apologized. "You could hardly know, sir, just what I am asking, sir." The faint smile appeared again.

39. "You see, sir," he continued rapidly, "I wish to leave this little remembrance to Miss Truax—Miss Bessie Truax, you know, sir; the young lady who is about to be married, sir; and I thought maybe, sir, that you——"

40. "Why don't you give it to her, then?" I was getting impatient.

41. "Oh, I couldn't, sir!" His tone expressed a mild horror. "I couldn't do it at all, sir." He became propitiatory. "You see, sir, I—I—" He seemed to have

---

37-38. Is Opt's wit as erratic as his speech? Is quick, keen observation one of his attributes, and if so, what other passages indicate it? Is it a personal trait? Cf. par. 126.

40. Is the intrusion of the narrator's mood disturbing? Do we get too much of it? Is this sentence necessary?

evolved an idea and appeared pleased. "You see, sir, I am going away, sir, and——"

42. This time I did not have to express my thought. "I'll explain, sir," he said hurriedly, as though in answer to my unspoken query. "I'll explain, sir, why I can't give it to her before I go away, sir. You see, sir, that the young lady has been very, *very* good to me, sir, and I wish to show my appreciation of her kindness."

43. He paused as though to correlate his ideas. Again he showed uncanny grasp of my mental processes. I had no recollection of Miss Truax even noticing the retiring Mr. Opt during the two months since his arrival at Mrs. Roddy's and had intended to satisfy my curiosity by asking for information regarding the form of kindness displayed by the young lady.

44. "Oh, no, sir; not the ordinary sort of kindness at all, sir," he interjected hastily. "Not at all, sir! You see, sir, that Miss Truax has only been kindly and considerate of everybody in the house, sir; not at all of me, alone, sir. Not at all, sir."

45. My impression of Miss Truax during our acquaintance at Mrs. Roddy's had hardly led me to believe in any transcendent goodness or kindliness in that young lady. At times I had thought her a bit snippy. I said so. Mr. Opt appeared pained.

---

43. Cf. note on 34. Also on 37-38.

44 ff. Opt's overestimate (cf. par. 206) of Miss T's kindliness includes both a human and an individual suggestion of character. He is naturally a kindly man; but also it is human nature to entertain an excessive gratitude toward those who have seemed considerate when everyone else is hostile.

46. "Oh, sir; I'm so sorry, sir," he complained. "I hoped that everyone admired her as I do. She always seemed to me to be so ready to take up for the poor and lowly, sir. Now at dinner tonight, sir. When she took up for the bur——"

47. His sudden silence made me glance at him quickly. He had covered his lips with a half-closed hand and appeared frightened.

48. "Are you interested in the welfare of burglars?" I asked sharply.

49. "Well, in a way, sir," he answered quickly. He seemed distressed. "Just in a way sir. You see, sir," he hurried on as though to cover a conversational slip, "I just used that as an illustration of her desire to shield the weak and erring. You see, sir, it made me think of my wife——"

50. "Your wife?" I broke in. "Are *you*[1] married?" I'm afraid my smile was sardonic. Mr. Opt's quick gray eyes took flashing notice.[2]

---

47. The act is thoroughly consistent with the person and situation. See S. S. M., 208 G. Pars. 46 and 47 are interest-ticklers. With 48-49, they are preparing the way for the full disclosure of the fact that Opt is a burglar. It is time for some hint that we are getting ahead, for the conversation is almost ready to drag. On the naturalness ultimately resulting from this slow approach to the revelation of Opt's career, see introd. note 3. See also S. S. M., 229: 2, 230; 4, 232: 6, 7, 8 (first two sentences).

50. Introduction of the main person (next to Opt) in the ancillary, or story-within-story, plot.—Observe how new impulse is given to the narrative, just when it threatened to lag, by mention of the wife.—The device occurs elsewhere.—[1] Cf. par. 24 and S. S. M., 223: 10-224: 12. Opt's physique is as incongruous (superficially) with his profession and career, as are his boarding-house existence and his timidity. The story draws much of its thematic effectiveness from contrast.—[2] Cf. 37-38, note.

51. "Oh, yes, sir," he answered. "Yes, sir. Didn't I mention her before? In Chicago, sir. The dearest and sweetest woman in the world, sir. I have her picture here, sir."

52. He fumbled in his pocket, but I waved aside his proffer of the picture. I was becoming puzzled. "Go on, please," I requested. "Tell me what you wish." He seemed relieved.

53. "You see, it's like this, sir," he said. "Miss Truax is about to be married, sir. The young man, I take it, sir, is worthy but poor, sir. Wait just a moment, please," he pleaded to halt my intended comment. "You see, sir, that the ring—that is, her engagement ring—is plated, sir"—he seemed horrified—"merely plated, sir. I've seen it often. And the stones, sir"—he twitched his hands as though in pain—"the stones, sir, are merest imitation, sir. I thought, sir," he went on, "that perhaps you might—oh, dear sir! I'm so sorry that you don't like her, sir—that you might give her this little ring in place——"

54. "Are you sure your wife——" I started the witless prod and stopped—ashamed.

55. "Oh, my wife would approve—entirely, sir. I have written to her, sir. She is greatly pleased. I thought

---

51. A characterizing speech. Observe here as elsewhere the contrast element. If Opt were the conventional burglar of fiction, such a speech would be out of keeping; but he is neither a Bill Sykes nor a Raffles. And how human that impulse to show her picture! (Watch for other passages effective in winning our liking for the little man).

53. We are skirting the edge of improbability here. Observe how the next four paragraphs make the idea plausible. S. S. M, 90: 9-10.

I told you that, sir." The man's misery was apparent. "I hoped, sir, that you could suggest some way, sir——"

56. I was glad to rush to cover. I felt a sudden fear that he might break into tears. I spoke heartily.

57. "Why, Opt, old scout, it's the easiest thing in the world," I said. "I know the young buck she's about to marry. He's a clerk in a store downtown. Very decent chap. Suppose I just slip him the ring and let him make the change? I'll say it's from the boarders here if you don't want the credit. He'll be tickled to death. He's scraping every cent for furniture. Do you suppose you can trust me with it?"

58. Mr. Opt went into extremely subdued paroxysms of joy. He grabbed the little case, snapped the lid shut, and pressed it into my hands, holding it there with both of his, as though fearful that I might withdraw my offer of service. "Thank you, sir! Thank you a thousand times, sir!" he exulted. "A wonderful plan, sir—wonderful. Let me thank you again, sir."

59. Mr. Opt started toward the door, still in that gliding, noiseless fashion. He stopped with his hand on the

---

58. Another manifestation of the real Mr. Opt, who is quite unlike the Mr. Opt that Mrs. Roddy and Doc Spears thought him. A well-conceived character for such a situation (S. S. M., 217:4) could not plausibly lack positive qualities. Opt is temperamentally impulsive (the notion of the ring, the sacrifice of himself in place of the maid, his helping with the sick baby), and he has nerve and resource and force.

59. Third movement begins. We now approach that part of the narrative in which the episodes of Opt's past appear—the story within the sketch. But even yet we are not ready for it. The consummation of the motivation for Opt's disclosures has to be brought on, in the evening-study by the narrator of his cor-

knob and looked back at me wistfully. I decided that the man was lonely and felt a twinge of sympathy.

60. "Don't hurry, Opt," I said. "Come back and sit down until I finish a little work here and we'll drift down to the corner for a glass of beer."

61. He came back and again seated himself on the forward edge of the chair. "Thank you very kindly, sir," he murmured, "I will be very glad to accept, sir. I suppose you don't mind, sir, if I take ginger ale?"

62. The man's abject humility of words and manner was too ludicrous for adequate description. Despite my sense of the demands of hospitality, I was forced to laugh. "Opt, you're a funny card," I chuckled shamelessly between guffaws.

63. Mr. Opt did not seem to mind. He even smiled as his eyes met mine. "It's the ginger ale amuses you, I suppose, sir," he said. "I have to be very careful of my nerves, sir—not that a drink now and then isn't all right for a healthy young man, sir," he finished with the old note of apology in his voice.

64. I fell to work with a great rustling of papers, but seemed unable to accomplish anything. I felt impelled to glance at my guest every few minutes, and found each time that he was watching me with his keen eyes. Then I caught a yearning look, as though he repressed a ques-

---

respondence-school bookkeeping.—In the course of this preparation (par. 65) occurs a subtle touch of class characterization. To persons unaccustomed to literary employments or studious effort, any form of study is mysterious, and vaguely associates itself with literature—"he writes, or something." Opt's question is the outcome of just such a vague notion of study. It appears again in par. 72.

tion or request with difficulty, and stopped. I leaned back and lighted a cigarette. "I guess that will hold me for tonight," I remarked.

65. Mr. Opt brightened. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said timidly, "but you write, do you not, sir?" The question surprised me and I suppose I showed it. "I mean you write for the newspapers, or books, or something," he explained.

66. I grinned as I denied the impeachment, and informed him that I had no literary aspirations. "I'm a shipping clerk, and this toil with pen and paper, which may resemble the outward and visible effort of budding creative genius, is, instead, the mark of labor devoted to acquisition of knowledge and practice of bookkeeping, under the tutelage of a correspondence school," I told him half jocularly.

67. I was a bit proud of my rhetorical flight. Mr. Opt, however, seemed chagrined. "I'm sorry for my mistake, sir," he said humbly. "Very sorry, indeed, sir. I rather hoped——"

68. "Perhaps I can help you," I interrupted. "If you wish some ground and lofty writing performed maybe I can do it for you."

69. Mr. Opt again smiled his tiny smile.

70. "Oh, no, sir!" he declared. "It's nothing at all, sir."

---

66. An example of the shade too much of the narrator that appears elsewhere also in the story. It is good enough, but not essential. The narrator is useful in this story for but one thing—to tell us about Opt. Therefore, the less he intrudes in person, the better. S. S. M., 191:5; 107:30; 232:6; 80:3, and Genung, Practical Els. of Rhetoric, "Economy." Cf. par. 40.

71. We watched each other closely for a moment, without speaking. Then Mr. Opt leaned forward. His air was most confidential.

72. "It's how, sir," he began oddly. "It's how, sir, somehow I got the idea that you was a writer—a paper writer, or a book writer, sir."

73. He pulled his chair a few inches closer and lowered his voice.

74. "You see, sir," he continued, "if you *were* a writer, sir, I thought maybe I could tell you something that you could write, sir; something that would be interesting, sir, and at the same time correct some great mistakes, sir."

75. He "hunched" his chair forward another few inches. He scanned my face eagerly, as though seeking some ray of hope for a cherished project. My curiosity overcame any scruples I might have possessed.

76. "I have a number of friends in the writing business," I lied glibly. "Tell me your tale and I'll pass it on."

77. "Would you, sir?" he begged. "It would be a great favor, sir."

78. "It's about burglars, sir," he rushed on. I started.

79. "Oh, nothing wrong, I assure you, sir!" he exclaimed. "Nothing that would harm your friends' papers, sir.

80. "You see, it's like this, sir. I read a great deal, sir—on the trains and the like, sir. And I've been read-

---

73, 75, 78, 80, 82, 85. Cf. first three sentences of note on 1-20.—Note the steady climax in Opt's excitement, and its value as an interest intensifier and suspense producer. S. S. M., 108:32-33; 112:39; 249, bottom.

ing a lot lately, sir, about burglars, sir." He showed signs of suppressed excitement. "And they are all so very wrong, sir—so *very* wrong!"

81. "*How* wrong?" I demanded, careless of form in my desire to keep Mr. Opt on the leading thread of his story.

82. "That's exactly what I am about to explain, sir," he went on. "Exactly, sir." He gestured with his hands, which were slim and showed delicate blue veins. "It's about the stories of burglars, sir."

83. I decided to cease my interruptions, which seemed only to muddle my guest. "Go on," I instructed as I leaned back in my chair.

84. "You see, sir," he said, "the young gentlemen—*and* young ladies—who write about burglars, don't seem, sir, to know anything about burglars, sir—nothing whatever, sir. I can tell it from their writings, sir."

85. His earnestness increased. "In the stories I read, sir, it seems, sir, that burglars were either the lowest sort of rascals—murderers, sir—or else they were heroes, sir—willing to be arrested, sir; or shot, sir, to save the ladies, sir. You may know what I mean, sir?" he questioned, glancing over his shoulder as though fearing eavesdropping. "I read a story, sir, where a burglar allowed

---

85. Fourth movement begins, taking up at last the broken tale of Opt's past. Observe that we have a thorough preparation now to understand this history; the preceding three movements have gradually created a background and perspective for it by providing us with a setting for Opt with effective characterization of him (but incomplete; S. S. M., 163:18), and with a basic exposition of the theme which is now to be developed through Opt's narrative. Here cf. introd. note 4.

himself to be shot just to give the lady's lover a chance to get away, sir. He was shot by the master, sir."

86. "Did the old man tumble?" I burst in, unable to control my curiosity over the outcome of the fictional drama of high life.

87. "Oh, no, sir! I suppose you mean was the lady's indiscretion discovered, sir? Not at all, sir—at least not in the story, sir," he qualified.

88. "But that isn't it, sir," he continued. "That isn't it. What I object to, sir, is writing about things that never *could* occur to a burglar, sir. It gives people like Mrs. Roddy an entirely wrong estimate of burglars, sir."

89. His last sentence had the solemnity of an indictment. I decided on an attempt to worm out a definite expression of the views of my odd guest.

90. "Look here, Mr. Opt," I demanded. "What are you getting at? That there is no romance in a burglar's life? Is that what you mean?"

---

87. S. S. M., 182:6 (sents. 1-2). The author's conception of the character and personality of Opt is complete, consistent, and detailed. Note Opt's language here—a delightfully unconscious parroting of one type of those crook-hero stories he confesses to having read freely, and condemns as false to fact. The consistency goes further; Opt not only talks like a conventional hero-thief because he has read crook romances, but also he talks unlike conventional crooks because he uses none of the crook cant, found in the other class of crook stories. It is the rank outsider, the shipping-clerk, who shows that tendency. In brief, the author has conceived his central person with extreme clearness, and made him consistent to the last detail—a thoroughly individualized person. See S. S. M., 208-212; 90:9-14; and index (Character, Characterization) *passim*.

89. Human nature; an able man in any calling is jealous of its reputation. Incidentally, the paragraph may cause us to reflect on the ease with which environment affects our ethical standards. Cf. par. 94.

91. The man's face was transfigured as though with inner joy. "That's the word, sir—romance, sir," he said happily. "That's exactly what I was trying to say, sir. I wish to make it plain that there is—*positively*—no romance in the life of a burglar, sir; simply hard work, sir; hard work and great nervous strain, sir."

92. I will admit a certain feeling of apprehension that was rather increased than allayed by Mr. Opt's little smile. Possibility that the man might be a little insane flashed through my mind. I recollected his promised acceptance of my earlier invitation and ventured to renew it.

93. "How about that little drink, Opt?" I interrupted.

94. "Oh, please, sir!" he begged. "Just a few moments. Just while I explain—explain so that you can make it plain to your writer friends that burglars as a class have been greatly maligned—maligned is the word, I believe? That they are hard-working men with no romance in their lives, sir. None at all, sir."

95. I could not resist his plea, but decided to end our little confab as soon as possible. "All right, Mr. Opt," I said rather briskly. "I can't see where your theory of hard work and lack of romance in a burglar's life is of great interest to a busy world, but I have no objection to hearing you out." I was struck with a new idea. "By the way, Opt," I queried, "how do you come to know so much about burglars?"

96. Mr. Opt looked at me solemnly. "Why shouldn't I know all about burglars, sir?" he questioned simply.

---

91. Opt's view is at last worded definitely. Cf. note 5-20.

96. Motivated skillfully. Doubt seems to be thrown on Opt's qualification to speak with authority on the matter that evidently

"Why shouldn't a man know about his own business, sir?"

97. I was too startled to speak, but my involuntary jump seemed to enlighten my guest.

98. "Excuse me, sir," he apologized. "Please excuse me. I believed I had told you that I was a burglar, sir. It must be my failing memory, sir. Yes, sir; I've followed the profession for twenty years, sir. Nearly half my life, sir. And I never had what you might call an adventure in my life, sir."

99. I made no attempt to disguise my stare at the self-confessed criminal who was my guest. I took time to examine his slight frame; the delicate hands, hardly larger than a girl's, the thinning hair and stooped shoulders that gave him the appearance of a superannuated clerk or bookkeeper. I compared him mentally with the generally accepted idea of the low-browed, thuggish, murderous invader of homes. I felt inclined to laugh.

100. "Don't you think you're taking a long chance in giving yourself away to me?" I asked him.

101. Mr. Opt showed no sign of disquietude. "Oh, no, sir," he returned calmly. "You're a gentleman, sir. I could see you were a gentleman right away, sir. I knew

---

has given him long concern. Human nature, class feeling, and the judgment of men that he has developed (pars. 100-101), unite to produce the disclosure that proves he knows what he is talking about. This story presents several instances of such keen, shrewd, natural motivation (see S. S. M., 90: 9-92). Hence its increased plausibility upon study.

99. A paragraph of concentrative description, serving to emphasize Opt's disclosure (retarded movement) and to renew our sense of the contrast between him and his occupation, or at least, between him and the conventional burglar "types."

you would treat anything I told you as strictly confidential, sir. I have been very close to gentlemen in my life, sir. I never make a mistake in picking a gentleman," he finished with no apparent attempt at flattery.

102. He dismissed the point with a wave of his hand. "Now about burglars, sir," he resumed.

103. "How did you come to take up burgling for a living?" I broke in.

104. Mr. Opt evidently resented the interruption but was unable to combat his desire to please.

105. "It was the prison, sir. That's it, sir. After the prison it seemed that there was nothing else I could do, sir."

106. "*You!* In prison?" I demanded.

107. "Oh, yes, sir. I was in prison, sir. Two years, sir. I suppose I should have told you right away, sir." He bowed his head.

108. "Did they catch you burgling?" I queried.

109. "Oh, sir, no!" he insisted. "Not at all, sir."

---

104. A detail fundamentally true to the conception of Opt's character. On impulse Opt is resolute and nervy; likewise, any conduct he has become accustomed to he continues from habit, with no sense of its true quality—for example, robbing. But there is also a strain of weakness in him, that prevents him from resisting pressure except on impulse or through the momentum of habit. Accordingly, he yields to all these confusing interruptions; in the same way, he yielded under the pressure of circumstances when he became a burglar. The criminal character always has a defect like this, sufficient to offset the qualities of positive strength. Opt, therefore, is an individual burglar true nevertheless to the class character.

109. Find other instances of a suppressed sense of humor in Opt.—The detail is true to the general conception. As there is "no romance" in burglary, there can be no tragedy in it; life merely played something of a joke on him by making him a burglar.

He smiled quizzically. "I really hadn't done anything, sir."

110. "Well in the name of Peter Cook!" I exclaimed. I felt a deep desire to grab Mr. Opt's story by its metaphorical tail and drag it from the hole of his past. I got no further.

111. "It was nothing, sir," Mr. Opt broke in. "I don't blame the master, sir. Not at all, sir. He could hardly do anything else, sir. It was either I or Florette, sir. Either she or I, sir."

112. "Florette!" I grabbed at the new point. "Who the blazes is Florette?"

113. "Florette?" he repeated after me. "Oh, of course you could not have known, sir, that Florette was the second maid, sir."

114. My patience was waning. I stood up, then paced across the room and back. Mr. Opt did not raise his eyes.

115. "Now look here, Opt," I insisted when I was seated again. "Let's get this thing straightened out be-

---

In this, the weak side of his character appears, as well as that quality of his disposition which has led him to accept things as they come, without enough struggle against them to embitter life. (Observe too that this is a quality quite likely to exist in many members of the serving class; Opt was a "gentleman's man.")

111. The author turns to account Opt's way of plumping out unexpected facts by making it give prominence to Florette (note the romantic name!). It is necessary for us to have the feeling of Florette's part in the Opt drama, yet she can be scarcely more than mentioned. To introduce her thus emphatically arouses our curiosity about her and increases our sense of her importance in the history.—The conventional crook story of love and sentiment are present in Opt's narrative—the gentleman's man, in love with

fore I begin to see pink things with green wings. If I understand this, you are trying to convince me that the ordinary burglar is just a common run of man with a trade that has neither romance nor adventure. He is neither a Raffles nor a yegg. And you are trying to prove it with your own story! Am I right?"

116. "Yes, sir," Mr. Opt answered. "I think I follow you. You see, sir——"

117. "Now go to it!" I ordered. "Tell the history of your life. Begin with Florette and the master and anything else concerned in your trip to the jug."

118. Mr. Opt nodded his acquiescence. "I will, sir," he said.

119. "You see, sir, Florette was the second maid, as I told you. I was a gentleman's man, sir; attended the master, sir, when the brooch was taken——"

120. "What brooch?" I interrupted.

121. "Oh, the mistress's brooch, sir," he explained. "You see, sir, Florette was tempted beyond endurance, sir. It was too much for her.

122. "She might have returned it, sir," he insisted hurriedly. "I am sure she would have returned it. But you see the mistress discovered that it was gone and there was an awful go, sir—an awful go. When we were all put in the dining room to be searched by the police there was no chance, sir. She had it in her apron pocket, sir."

---

the second maid; she yields to temptation, and to save her the gentleman's man assumes guilt. Later there appears the hounded-by-police *motif*, to account for criminal career, with the burglar-saving-sick-child situation. The difference between this story and the conventional one is the extremely skillful use made of these materials by the author and the originality he shows in organizing them for presentation.

123. "Who had it in whose apron pocket?" I asked the clumsy question with a sarcasm that was lost on Mr. Opt.

124. "Florette, sir. I thought I told you, sir. They would have found it in a moment, sir. As it was, I had trouble convincing them, sir."

125. "Convincing them of what?" I asked.

126. "Convincing them that *I* took it, sir," he replied with apparent surprise. "You see, I had to tell them that I dropped it in her pocket, and they seemed to doubt me, sir. You see, I had seen her grab the pocket in her fright, sir."

127. "Do you mean to tell me, Opt, that you confessed to stealing and went to prison to save a thieving maid?" I demanded. I guess there was contempt in my voice. Mr. Opt became earnest.

128. "Oh, she wasn't exactly a thieving maid, sir—not at all, sir. Just a girl, sir; a mere child, sir; tempted for a moment, as we might say, sir. It would have been terrible for her—the prison, I mean, sir. Since we were married, sir——"

129. "Wait, Opt!" I was in a maze. "Is Florette your wife?"

130. "Yes, sir," he returned. "Yes, sir. I loved her.

---

126. "With apparent surprise" because Opt's is a one-rut mind; he sees only one of the several possibilities in any situation, and that thing therefore appears to him perfectly obvious. His impulses being generous, he thinks that there is nothing remarkable about taking the guilt; it was the only thing that could be done. He does not realize that he was a "hero."

130. Yet Opt thinks there is no romance in his career! In par. 131, the author emphasizes this impression of the reader's by putting it into words.

You see, she waited for me. We were married the day I came out of prison, sir. I didn't tell you that my wife was Florette, did I, sir?" he said, as though apologizing for an omission.

131. I felt a sudden admiration for the little man who told me his story of heroism so simply. "Well, for a man who is using his life story to prove that romance is dead you are making a good start," I ventured. "What happened when you came out?"

132. "Well, you see, sir, I had no character and it was impossible to get a place, sir. Really impossible, sir. I tried everything, sir. Worked with a pick in the street, sir; and on the railroad, sir. We might have made out but for the baby, sir."

133. "The baby?" I decided to miss no details.

134. "Yes, sir; our boy, sir. He's in college now, sir," he said proudly. "The mother was very sick, sir. A long time, sir. It took all our little savings, sir—the illness did, sir—that and the car fare, sir."

135. "Car fare?" I asked. I had discovered that I could sidetrack the little man with the most laconic query.

---

131 ff. Observe that, were all Opt's career put into a narrative by itself, we should have a tale, not a conte (S. S. M., 8-23). Its two leading divisions would provide, separately, situations for two contes.

133 ff. The domestic side of Opt's life affords further contrast with its romance of crookery. The generous and "human" qualities of him and his wife are doubly useful in the story: they preserve the conventions of the interesting crook hero and heroine types and win our kindly favor for Opt and Florette, thus contributing to emotional appeal (S. S. M., 57:6, 63:14). There is a climax of this sort of appeal extending to par. 148, and it appears in other paragraphs further on. (Pick them out.)

136. "Yes, sir. He was but a lad, sir. It was a boy I met in prison, sir. A splendid lad, sir. You see, he was sick, sir—sick and broken-hearted, sir. He was a victim of the police, sir. They would soon have made a bad man of him, sir. He could not escape from them. You see, he struck the son of a big politician for insulting a girl, sir. He was the son of a widow and had no friends, sir. He was sentenced to a year and placed with the worst criminals in the prison, sir. When he got out the police had orders to hound him on every occasion. We felt sorry for him, sir."

137. "What did you do?" I inquired.

138. "We gave him enough money to go West, sir. Only a few dollars, but it was all we had, sir."

139. "That left you broke?" I ventured.

140. "Yes, sir; without a cent, sir. But if it hadn't been for the police, sir——" He shivered slightly as though at recollections of some deep fear.

141. "You see, sir," he explained, "the police found out about our helping the boy out of the city and beyond their reach. They punished me, sir."

142. He seemed content to drop the subject of the police. I wished to hear more. "What did they do?" I asked.

143. "Oh, everything, sir!" He lowered his voice until it was almost a whisper. I thought I saw tears in his eyes.

144. "You see, sir, the police knew that I had been in prison. They used that against me, sir. They told my employers—every one, sir. I could get no work, sir. Then when I couldn't go out——"

145. "What kept you from going out?" I demanded.

146. "The police, sir," he answered, as though surprised at my ignorance. "The police. They arrested me every time I went out on the street, sir. They said I was an habitual criminal—a dangerous man, sir. Once I was clubbed, sir."

147. "What for?" I insisted.

148. "I was trying to get some bread, sir. I bought it—a stale loaf for three cents, sir. I was taking it to our room, sir, when a policeman arrested me. Said I stole it, sir. When I proved I bought it, sir, they clubbed me, sir."

149. "How did it end?" I queried.

150. "I was coming to that, sir. You see when they stopped the charitable ladies——"

151. "What's that?" I feared to miss a detail.

152. "Oh, you see, the ladies had been helping my wife; bringing her coal and food, sir. Then they were told that I was a loafer, sir; a mere loafer and jailbird, sir. I offered to go without food myself if they would allow my wife to have it, sir. I told the ladies so, sir. God bless them, sir."

153. "What did the ladies do?" I asked as he paused.

154. "They were very kind, sir; and very angry at the police, sir. They made the deuce of a row, sir. But it was no use, sir. They told me it was no use, sir. They advised me to leave, sir.

155. "Then I left, sir. Slipped out at night, sir. I went to Chicago, sir."

156. "And your wife?" I suggested.

157. "The charitable ladies took care of her until I

sent for her, sir; for a year, sir. They were very good, sir."

158. He seemed to have completed his domestic story. "How did you come to take up burglary as a regular job?" I asked.

159. "I hardly know how to tell you, sir," he said. "You see I had to have money to send my wife and the baby, sir. I was afraid to ask for work—afraid of the police, sir. So I stole, sir."

160. "How often have you been pinched since?" I queried.

161. "Oh, never, sir!" There was pride in his voice. "I suppose you mean arrested, sir? The police are really most stupid—most stupid when matched against men with brains. You see I planned carefully—very carefully. I told you of the mental strain, sir. You see, sir, that I never took anything but money, sir—nothing but money. And always from the rich—always from those who could afford it, sir. You see, sir, I had been a gentleman's man as I said, sir, and I could always make my plans with the knowledge gained while I was employed in big houses, sir."

162. "Have you made a living?" I asked.

163. "Oh, yes, sir," he answered. "A very good liv-

---

163. Another element of contrast—the burglar retiring to a life of domestic peace in his later years. Observe how a judicious perspective is maintained in this story, by offsetting the highly romantic, adventurous, and sentimental with the domestic, business-like, and matter of fact—e.g., Opt's accumulation of a bank account; his providing a college education for his son. This further reveals the author's intention to sketch forth a burglarious career that is not all crime, nor all romance, as the crook stories and plays may show it, nor yet all a hard matter-of-fact pursuit of business, as Opt thinks it.

ing, sir. In fact I have enough to live on, sir. I am about to retire, sir. I leave for home tomorrow, sir. That's why I asked you about the ring, sir. I——"

164. I felt a twinge of suspicion. He stopped and watched me as I pulled the ring from my pocket. "Opt, did you steal——"

165. He gestured protest. "Oh, no, sir!" He seemed pained. "Please don't think that of me, sir." He rose abruptly. "Good night, sir," he said as he sidled through the door.

166. I dreamed of Mr. Opt that night. At breakfast my preoccupation attracted the attention of Rebecca our maid and waitress. "Law, mister, you can't eat soft-b'iled eggs with a fork," she observed. "You look like you been seein' a ha'nt." When I went out I found Mr. Opt waiting in the hall. We left the house together. He walked by my side for a block before he spoke.

167. "I wish to apologize, sir," he began.

168. I could think of nothing requiring apology and said so. He seemed surprised.

169. "I am so glad, sir," he said. "I was afraid that I was discourteous in leaving you so abruptly last night. And I wished to bid you good-by, sir," he continued.

---

165. Opt is a man of sensibilities, with a regard for certain proprieties quite as much as any other citizen.

166. Here begins what may be regarded as the falling action of the boarding-house plot. In this falling action is included the final incident to Opt's narrative, providing a final "punch" (intensifying incident). With some stretching of terms, we can regard pars. 196-197 in this stage as containing the moment of final suspense. The height of our interest in Opt's adventure comes at this point.

170. "You're really going then?" I asked. "Where's your baggage?"

171. "Oh, yes, sir," he replied. "Going on the next train, sir. I thought you might walk to the station with me," he said wistfully. "I have something to explain, sir. About my baggage, sir," he went on. "I always leave it, sir. That's one of my precautions, sir. Never have baggage to be traced, sir." I looked at him sharply. He must have read my thought. "Oh, it's all right, sir. I have paid board three weeks in advance, sir. The good Mrs. Roddy will lose nothing, sir."

172. We walked on in silence for a time; then I felt him tug at my sleeve.

173. "About the ring, sir," he said timidly. "I hope you impugn no wrong motive, sir. You see, sir, we consider it a point of honor to help the young, sir. Especially the young ladies, sir. Miss Truax might have discovered that her ring was plated—that it was bogus, sir. It might have made her very unhappy, sir. And we try to help young ladies, sir; as we would wish our own daughter——"

174. "You have a daughter?" I inquired.

175. "Oh, yes, sir. A beautiful girl, sir. She is about to be married, sir. That's one of the reasons why I am quitting——"

176. He stopped without naming his unlawful vocation. He paused for a moment before he spoke again.

177. "You see, sir," he resumed, "I was afraid you might think that I was using the ring to enlist your sympathy—to get you to take up for burglars in your writings—or in your friends' writings, sir. I really had no such intention, I assure you, sir. I meant only to appeal

to your sense of justice, sir. That was all, sir. To have you believe that burglars may be human—just like other men, sir."

178. We were approaching the station and had slowed our pace. I turned to look at the patient little figure at my side—and could not repress a grin. I slapped Mr. Opt on the back.

179. "Oh, you concentrated essence of crime," I chuckled. "You thief without guile. You adventurer without adventures. Jugged for a good deed; then criminal for twenty years—and never caught red——"

180. "Beg pardon, sir," Mr. Opt broke in. "I hope I did not give you the impression that I was never caught, sir. I meant that I was never arrested, sir. Simply that, sir. You see, the lady was so good, sir."

181. I grabbed his arm. "Tell me about the lady, Opt," I demanded. We had entered the station. Mr. Opt looked at the clock nervously and compared his watch. "If you'll walk out to the train, sir," he agreed.

182. "There is really nothing to tell, sir. Nothing but the kindness of the lady, sir. Somebody would surely have reached her in time to save the baby, sir."

183. "Another baby?" I gasped.

184. "Oh, the lady's baby, sir. You see, I never should have entered the house; but I needed the money very badly, sir. It was while our girl was little, sir—about two years old, sir. We were very poor yet, sir.

185. "You see, sir, I was desperate—really desperate. I entered the house through the basement. Careless servants left the window open. It tempted me, sir. I saw

the light in the nursery, sir; but it was far out in the wing, and I thought I was safe. I went to the second floor, sir. I had just found the money in the master's room, sir—over a hundred dollars, sir. I hid behind the curtains when I heard the lady come from the nursery.

186. "She was crying—crying pitifully, sir. And begging over the telephone, sir. It was a lonely house out in the suburbs, sir. 'Won't you please send the doctor!' she kept saying. 'I tell you he's dying—my baby!'

187. "I could hear the baby, sir. That awful choking of croup, sir. What else could I do, sir?"

188. "What *did* you do?" I demanded.

189. "I put the money back, sir. And went to her, sir. She was all alone in the house with the baby, sir. Her husband was away and the servants had deserted her to go to a party while she was holding the sick child, sir. They didn't know it was serious, sir—not at all, sir," he apologized for them.

190. "Did the lady scream?" I asked.

191. "Oh, no, sir. She only wanted help, sir. I believe the doctor was on his way, sir. There were no motor cars in those days, you know," he explained.

192. "Did you save the baby?" I inquired.

193. "Oh, yes, sir. You see I knew something of the disease, sir. Our boy had it, sir. So I went to the stable and got some lime. Slacked it in a bucket, sir. And we held the baby's face in the vapor, sir. He was quite easy when the doctor came, sir."

194. We reached the train and Mr. Opt stepped up on the platform of the last car. "Did she tell the doctor you was a burglar?" I hurried my question.

195. "Oh, no, sir. He never asked, sir. We were very busy until the servants returned, sir. Then he left the house while I was locked up, sir, and——"

196. "Locked up?" I snapped, in an effort to get the story before the train started.

197. "Yes, sir," Mr. Opt stated placidly. "You see, the servants took me for a burglar, sir, and locked me in the coal bin. But she released me as soon as she heard of it, sir. She asked me about myself, sir. I told her about my little girl. She seemed much interested, sir. When I left her she thanked me very much. And then she gave me some money, sir. She was very good, sir. I hurried back home, one hand holding the money and the other the shoes, sir."

198. The train moved. I ran alongside.

199. "What shoes?" I yelled.

200. Mr. Opt leaned far out to make his apology.

201. "I thought I told you, sir. The pair of shoes she gave me for my baby, sir."

202. The absence of Mr. Opt was a subject for comment at dinner that night.

203. Miss Bessie Truax kept her left hand above the table throughout the meal. She flashed the diamond in

---

201. A skillful employment of a "sure-fire" human-sympathy touch as the final effect-producer.

202. The separate close. See S. S. M., 169-175, especially par. 6. Note the touch of irony in Miss T's estimate of Opt while she is flaunting the ring that his mistaken gratitude led him to provide her. This and Doc Spears' comment afford the philosophical commentary on the theme, and give the final emphasis to the contradictions on which the conception of Opt and the structure of the story are based.

her new engagement ring as she emphasized her remarks with gestures.

204. "Nice, quiet little man," she commented. "Looks kinda close-fisted and not likely to allow any nickels to roll past him to anybody else, though."

205. "Don't know how such scary little skates get along in New York," Doc Spears offered in judgment. "He ought to beat it out to some little burg before he gets stepped on. I'd die if I had to lead a quiet life like such guys. I need excitement, I do!"

LITTLE SUNBEAM

The Story as a Whole

1. "Little Sunbeam" may not be, in the strict sense, a conte. The editor recommends that the student have the question stated for debate by his debating society, and agrees to accept the conclusion—if any—so reached. He himself prefers to consider this particular story mainly with reference to other matters. But he will go so far as to say that the use made by the author of his plot-incidents is non-dramatic; he is not aiming primarily at a stage-crisis, but at certain effects quite different from those produced by a stage-crisis. See S. S. M., 24: 1-5. He has elected to make his plot merely the supporting framework for character and atmosphere materials (see notes 3-4). Consequently, he lays no emphasis on the plot as such. If, however, the series of incidents going to make up the plot were presented directly, it might be so managed as to become a sketch or tale or a conte; for there is complication, conflict, and outcome in it.

2. But here the series is not told directly. Therein lies much of the sprightliness and novelty of the story. The idea of making the letters of a cross-roads correspondent reveal her own love story is refreshingly unusual.

3. The resourcefulness and skill of the author are further manifested in the success he achieves in making Little Sunbeam's letters characterize her own and several other familiar types of small-town people. See next note. (Other stories containing social characterization of like

classes are "The Last Rose," "A Rag-Time Lady," and "The Defective.")

4. As a result of the class-characterization mentioned, we have amusingly good-natured satire effectively characterizing aspects of small-town life (social characterization; S. S. M., 257). The author aimed largely at achieving this characterization of types and society, a fact that explains the non-dramatic attitude he has chosen to take toward his plot.

5. Ingeniously woven into the letters, contributing to the fabric and especially to the satirical tone of the narrative, is material from the stock of conventional anecdotes of newspaper offices; e.g., the wedding report without the name of the bridegroom, and the report of a feud-fight and the long list of victims with the casual remark that "an unfortunate occurrence marred the serene calm of our Sabbath afternoon" and no further explanation of the cause of the violence than the careless sentence "it is rumored there was ill feeling between the men." (These illustrate how very ordinary material may prove usable.) Skillful integration (S. S. M.,166: 23) is likewise accomplished by making the narrator a newspaper man and having him maintain toward the persons and incidents the cynically satirical attitude that newspaper experience so often develops. Fortunately a laughing disposition goes with this newspaper man's cynicism and his satire is tolerant and good-natured. On the "angle of narration," as here excellently illustrated, see S. S. M., 138: 3-4.

LITTLE SUNBEAM

By George Pattullo

Reprinted by Permission from "Every Week" for June 18, 1917.
(Copyrighted, 1917; all rights reserved)

1. Little Sunbeam first came into our lives with a fat letter from Ivanhoe, containing a faithful account of the doings at a social on the spacious grounds of the parsonage, in aid of destitute Belgians. It appeared from her write-up that the feature of the program was a recitation by Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, who rendered "Her Sister's Beau" very acceptably, and responded with a vocal solo as an encore.

2. Now, Ivanhoe was nineteen miles from anywhere and little more than a wide place in the road, so we managed to keep our temperature somewhat below fever heat over the event and published half a stick of her contribution. And we didn't pay her for that, because Little Sunbeam had neglected to inclose her name, giving the explanation that she preferred employment of a nom de plume, and that any items of interest she could find for the *Booster* would be a labor of love, inasmuch as she read the paper religiously, and hoped some day to realize her dream of becoming an author; and did we think this sort of work good training, or would we recommend taking a correspondence course in the art of the short story?

3. Next week she gave us some more. Her budget was labeled "Ivanhoe Gleanings," and read like this:

4. "Miss Bertine Biggerstaff gave an exhibition of china-painting at Don Blackburn's picture store on Friday last. Many exquisite designs were shown, consisting of plates, cups, and saucers, and three vases. Miss Biggerstaff studied for two months under Mrs. Gus Le Strange of St. Jo, Missouri, and connoisseurs predict a brilliant future for this talented young lady in whatever field she may elect to conquer.

5. "An unfortunate occurrence marred the serene calm of our Sabbath afternoon. Buck Ballew, aged twenty-six, was shot through the neck. Andy Ballew, a brother, was shot through the right leg, and the bone shattered just above the knee, the bullet ranging upward. Chester Ballew, another brother, was beaten over the head with a hard substance and severely hurt. Bodie Ballew, a cousin, was cut with a knife. James Ballew, known as the Gray Wolf of Red Bottom, had three ribs fractured and his scalp cut. Ike Ballew——"

6. But it would take half a day to call the tally of the injured furnished by Little Sunbeam, for we haven't even touched on the Cunninghams yet. Here goes:

7. "Bert Cunningham lost two teeth and the lobe of his left ear. Archie Cunningham had his neck and shoulder slashed, requiring seven stitches. Uncle Davy Cunningham was rendered unconscious by a blow from some hard substance as he was in the act of striking one of the Ballews with a breast-yoke. Young Lee Cunningham was wounded in the shoulder by a charge of buckshot. Grandpa Cunningham was rendered senseless by a missile thrown with great force by somebody whose identity has not yet been established, but who is thought to have been a Ballew.

8. "It is rumored there was ill feeling between the men."

9. That was all—every word of her despatch.

10. "That's what I call good work. It's accurate," declared Sam Bastedo, our printer, who was always a stickler for chronological order. "It behooves us to hire that lady, Cap."

11. Little Sunbeam's next offering in the "Gleanings" was:

12. "Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon, has returned from college and is the guest of his parents at their handsome brick home on Toney Avenue. He expects to be in Ivanhoe only a short time, and will then go out into the world to engage in his life-work. Mr. Witherspoon states that he has not yet decided what career he will embrace, but announces that he prefers life in the larger cities, and will probably make his home in one of the great metropolises.

13. "At the morning service in the church last Sunday, Miss Bertine Biggerstaff rendered a vocal solo very acceptably. This gifted young lady was in pleasing voice, and her rendering of 'The Palms' was enjoyed by a fair-sized congregation that would have been larger, only it rained and the roads were bad."

14. About a fortnight later she broke out again:

15. "It is reported that Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, contemplates removal to Washington to accept a position in the Department of Agriculture. Just what his duties will be is not yet known definitely, but that he will be a pronounced acquisition to the government of the United

States goes without saying. His hosts of friends in Ivanhoe, and indeed wherever this brilliant young man has been, wish him unbounded success in his chosen career. Some recognition of the prominent part Dr. Witherspoon has always taken in Democratic politics has long been felt to be his due, and therefore it caused no surprise when the report leaked out that his only son had been offered an honorable and lucrative situation at the Nation's capital."

16. But a hitch must have occurred, for Little Sunbeam did not send any follow-up on this item. She forwarded a few lines about a meeting of the Chaminade Club at the mansion of Mrs. Dink Sparger on Toney Avenue, at which Miss Bertine Biggerstaff rendered a violin solo very acceptably, her chosen piece being Handel's Largo; but of Mr. Dupree Witherspoon not a syllable for an entire month. Then one day the tension was broken:

17. "Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, has accepted a position with the Red Front Drug Store, and will enter on his new duties immediately. After a careful survey of various fields, this popular young man has decided to settle down in Ivanhoe, and declares that the old town is good enough for him or anybody. Is it a coincidence, or something deeper, that the gentlemanly proprietor of the Red Front is about to install a marble soda-fountain in his place of business?

18. "However that may be, the Red Front Drug Store and its proprietor may well be congratulated on securing the services of Mr. Witherspoon. He is bound to bespeak for his employer a large trade."

19. We did some editing on this announcement, for we were rapidly becoming fed up on Dupree; but it did not discourage Little Sunbeam. She came back with:

20. "The annual ball of the Volunteer Fire Brigade will be held in the hall above the Red Front Drug Store on Friday night, the twenty-fourth of November. Invitations have been sent broadcast throughout the county and the State, which will be well represented by its chivalry and fair daughters.

21. "The grand march will be led by Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, and there is much speculation going the rounds as to the partner he will honor. A little bird whispers that a certain young lady of musical and literary talents will be the lucky one, but who knows? A woman chooses, but man disposes. However——!"

22. On the twentieth of the month Little Sunbeam forwarded to the *Booster* a considerable list of personal items in "Ivanhoe Gleanings."

23. The leader was:

24. "Miss Bertine Biggerstaff has returned from the co. seat, where she went to do some shopping. Can it be that the annual ball of the Volunteer Fire Brigade on the night of November twenty-fourth had anything to do with the trip? A little bird has been whispering that some delightful surprises will be revealed that night in the way of modistes' creations. Time alone will tell. More later."

25. Another personal read:

26. "Miss Lola Sparger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dink Sparger, returned home yesterday evening on the Limited from the North. She has been attending a ladies'

seminary for the past three years, with visits to the home of her parents twice annually; but owing to the health of her mother, who has been poorly, she left before the close of the term and will not return until after the Christmas vacation. Her many friends are rejoiced to see her back and looking so well."

27. We were only mildly interested at the moment in Miss Lola Sparger; what we yearned to know was whom Mr. Dupree Witherspoon honored for the grand march. The suspense was terrible; Sam Bastedo broke under it and got drunk.

28. In her subsequent account of this social function, however, Little Sunbeam betrayed a noticeable lack of enthusiasm, not to say lukewarmness. It was plain that, so far as she was concerned, the Firemen's Ball had been a dismal frost. She dismissed it with a few terse words; there was no glow to the write-up at all. She simply mentioned the fact of its having been held, with an unusually large crowd of guests present, and the merriment had been kept up until the wee sma' hours, and Miss Bertine Biggerstaff had looked softly lovely in a dress of blue china silk, trimmed with passementerie, and blue satin slippers to match.

29. That was practically all Little Sunbeam contributed on the Firemen's Ball at Ivanhoe, except that, away down in the tail end of "Gleanings," she did mention Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, as having led the grand march with Miss Lola Sparger.

30. The advent of cold weather—or was it the Firemen's Ball?—seemed to cast a shadow over Little Sunbeam, for we did not hear from her until long after New

Year's, and then it was in an acrimonious vein, betraying overwrought nerves and rebellion against Fate. Indeed, had we permitted publication of her budget, it would have laid us open to three counts of libel.

31. "It behooves us," remarked Sam Bastedo sagely, as he thumbed the copy—"it behooves us to keep our eye peeled on what this gal sends in, Cap. She's gettin' mean. She ain't herself."

32. That was the way it struck me, too. One paragraph in her "Ivanhoe Gleanings" ran about like this:

33. "It has been rumored of late that a certain handsome and debonair dispenser of hot drinks at a drug store not a thousand miles from the town square is engaged to be married to a young person now visiting her parents' home from school. A great many people have repeated this rumor, which may do much harm to innocent people. We are in a position to state positively that it is not true, and the report was started by the young lady (?) in the case, who would doubtless give her eye-teeth to have it true. But we are in a position to state positively that it is wholly without foundation, and on no less authority than the *young man himself,* who has *vigorously* denied it. He is at a loss to account for the gossip, unless it be that some *casual* attentions he has considered it polite to show this young person have been misunderstood. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—honesty is the best policy."

34. This was too hot for the *Booster.* We absolutely declined to get mixed up with the love affairs of the handsome and debonair dispenser of hot drinks, and junked the item. But next week we took heart. There came an announcement that cheered us amazingly:

35. "Miss Lola Sparger, who has been visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dink Sparger, has returned to school in the North after an extended stay in our midst."

36. After that, Little Sunbeam appeared to gain a new lease of life. She mingled with her kind again; her "Gleanings" were full of meat. We received such revivifying news as the following:

37. "Ivanhoe is keeping pace with the march of progress! A dancing class has been organized in our midst among some of the young people, the object being to meet every Friday night in the hall above the Red Front Drug Store to trip the light fantastic and revel in the mazes of the newest and most refined steps. Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, who has been taking a correspondence course in the art that is the rage of New York and other metropolises, has volunteered to instruct the members of the club, which is to be known as the Sunbeam Circle. A little bird whispers that several pleasing romances will be culminated at these gatherings of the élite and bonton of fair Ivanhoe."

38. Great undertakings very seldom run smoothly, however, and the S. C. was no exception. It died a premature death within a fortnight. Grim religion put the ban on its joyous activities—the parson lit on the Sunbeam Circle like a thousand of brick. Here is the whole sad tale:

39. "Reverend White preached last Sunday morning on 'The Vices of Modern Society; or, Is Ivanhoe a Whit Better than Ancient Babylon?' It was a powerful and forceful appeal, and was listened to raptly by a large and thoughtful congregation. Reverend White pointed out

many parallels in the social life of Ivanhoe to that of the wicked city of old, and warned the younger generation to beware the pitfalls and snares that lie in wait for venturesome feet.

40. "Of all the evils most to be dreaded, he said, that of dancing was foremost. Often its insidious influence leads to hideous and soul-revolting sin, said Reverend White, and he cited many instances that had come under his personal notice of young men and women who had gone astray. And the one-step had been the first step downward. It can truthfully be said, declared Reverend White, that he who Hesitates is lost—doomed forevermore."

41. And in the very next letter our Ivanhoe correspondent wrote:

42. "The dancing class recently inaugurated by the Sunbeam Circle, composed of the most prominent young people of Ivanhoe, has been discontinued. It has been thought best not to hold any more dances, for a variety of reasons. But the Circle is not dissolved. On suggestion of our pastor, it retains its name and membership, but the purpose of the organization will be altered. Henceforth it will aid the pastor in the work of the church and Sabbath school, and as a first step has planned to hold an old-fashioned social in the basement of the church on Friday evening next, for the benefit of the Foreign Missionary Society. Miss Bertine Biggerstaff has the program in charge, and some rare treats are promised all those who attend."

43. "It behooves us," said Sam Bastedo sagaciously—"it behooves us to write to this here Miss Biggerstaff, Cap. Why don't you? It seems to me like she'd make a fine correspondent herself. She's in everything."

44. Shortly after the social, at which Miss Bertine Biggerstaff recited "Her Sister's Beau," to the unbounded delight of the hosts of children there assembled, and which was presided over by Dr. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, who had a few well chosen words to introduce each number on the program—shortly after this event, which left the Missionary Society with a deficit of only nine dollars and thirty cents—almost immediately afterward came a startling business announcement. It was no less than extensive alterations to the Red Front Drug Store:

45. "Owing to an immense increase in the volume of soft-drink business he anticipates during the coming season, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Red Front Drug Store will tear out one window of his store and make it wide open to the street. He will also install an extra fountain of the most modern and lavish description, and will enlist the services of a helper to Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, who has been practically managing this end of the business for some months. His numerous friends will rejoice to learn that Mr. Witherspoon will not sever his connection with the Red Front, as rumored about town last week, but is to remain in charge and at a nice raise in salary."

46. Not a scrap of Ivanhoe gossip ever got past Little Sunbeam!

47. "Wedding bells are soon to ring in our midst. The blissful contracting parties will be Miss Annielee Bassett, daughter of Clint Bassett of the Gents' Furnishings Palace, and Jefferson Brim Hardin, the scholarly teacher of grade four in the Crockett High School. Mr. Hardin has long been known as one of the Beau Brummells of Ivanhoe, of whom there are two. The other—however!

48. "A little bird whispers that another romance is on the tapis, as the French say. At any rate, it is rumored that the attentions of a certain well known young man of the community to one of the most talented of Ivanhoe's daughters have been marked of late and are growing serious. The wise ones mention their names knowingly. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, as the Bard says."

49. Nothing more was heard from her for a month. Then she put the town on the map again with the following:

50. "At five o'clock on the afternoon of March 31st, fire broke out in the barn of Deacon Hoover, corner of Main and Fannin streets. An alarm was immediately telephoned in to Central by the colored help, but, owing to a broken connection, she was unable to communicate with the Fire Hall. A member of the Volunteer Fire Brigade, however, happened to be in the vicinity, and responded without hesitation, all alone. He was Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue.

51. "Rushing from his place of business, the Red Front Drug Store, he reached the residence of Deacon Hoover long before anyone else got there, only to find the barn in flames. He reports it was a terrible and majestic sight. Hissing tongues of fire licked upward to a height of thirty feet, sending sparks in all directions, and smoke billowed in clouds.

52. "People gathered from blocks round, and an effort was made by Mr. Witherspoon to attach the garden hose to the hydrant in order to play the resultant stream upon

the conflagration—but all to no avail! The hose leaked and the water would not quite reach the blaze.

53. "Nothing daunted by a circumstance that might well daunt the bravest heart, Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, instantly secured some gunny-sacks from the back porch, where they were kept for use as a door-mat, and soaked them thoroughly. Then, armed with these, the intrepid young man drew a deep breath and dashed straight into the fiery furnace—or so it seemed to the anxious spectators—and endeavored to beat out the fire. Even that was fruitless. He was driven back by the flames and smoke, and rendered half unconscious by the deadly fumes.

54. "And then the cry went up that Mrs. Hoover was in the barn. The colored help was first to discover the plight of her mistress, who had been thought, up to that moment, to be down at the post-office.

55. "Just then we all heard distinctly the voice of Mrs. Hoover crying pitifully from the hay-mow, whither she had gone to pitch down some feed for the cow.

56. "'Help!' was what she said. 'Help! I can't get out. I'm locked in. Come to me, somebody!'

57. "A scene of indescribable confusion mingled with horror unspeakable, ensued. A noble woman was about to burn to death before their very eyes, and they were powerless to succor her. A few of the ladies began to cry; others wrung their hands; all shrieked for somebody to do something.

58. "But there was one who kept his head amid all the turmoil. There was one whose courage and presence of mind never faltered or deserted him. Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney

Avenue, responded instantly to the summons. Oh, to be a man, and fearless and strong!

59. "'Follow me, men!' he shouted, speeding to the lane back of the barn.

60. "But, alas, there were no men to follow him. Scores were coming—were even running with swift feet down Fannin and Main at that very moment—but they had not yet arrived. Only ladies and boys were present, and they were powerless to aid.

61. "All, that is, except Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, who happened to be passing and stopped to ascertain what assistance she could render, if any. She it was who helped Mr. Witherspoon lift the heavy ladder he found by unerring instinct in the lane and carry it to the front of the barn. There the well matched pair, working in perfect harmony and understanding, although not a word passed between them, raised the ladder to the door of the loft, and the courageous young man ascended. The flames leaped and snapped in every direction, and smoke enveloped him so that he was soon lost to sight; but he did not hesitate. With Miss Biggerstaff holding the ladder firmly, proud of being able to assist in the achievement, he rapidly climbed to the loft and sprang into the inferno. How they cheered! But the more thoughtful were dumb with fright, for the danger was very great.

62. "In a moment, however, out came the hero, supporting the fainting form of Mrs. Hoover. He seemed to be struggling with her. She was, in fact, protesting against being rescued until the cow was also saved. It was not until he assured her that the bovine was already safe in the street and unharmed that she consented to

descend. Both made the journey without mishap, and strong and willing arms were outstretched to receive them.

63. "By that time the Fire Brigade arrived with the engine, but it was too late to do anything. The barn was completely destroyed, together with contents. Deacon Hoover made the statement to your correspondent in an exclusive interview that the loss would be five hundred dollars and no insurance.

64. "On all sides is heard praise of Mr. Witherspoon's pluck and daring and reckless risk of life for another. There is talk of recommending him for a Carnegie Hero Medal, and a movement towards this end has already been launched. A meeting will be held for the purpose tomorrow night in the Fire Hall, at which Reverend White will preside."

65. There must, however, have been some mean little souls in Ivanhoe—there always are in every community. Witness this item from the next batch of "Gleanings":

66. "Truly the Bard said, 'Ingratitude stingeth like a serpent's tooth.' There was an instance of it right in our midst only yesterday that would not be believable if it had not happened.

67. "At the meeting in the Fire Hall, called to discuss ways and means of recommending Mr. Dupree Witherspoon for a Carnegie Medal and the financial emoluments that go with it, which was presided over by Reverend White, Deacon Hoover spoke. It was generally anticipated that he would take the lead in this praiseworthy movement to fitly recognize the heroism of one of Ivanhoe's most popular young men.

68. "Imagine then the consternation aroused when he

got up and opposed the suggestion. The very man who owed the safety of his precious wife—and what greater blessing can be bestowed on any man than a faithful and loving wife? He actually *opposed* giving a medal to the young *hero* who, alone and almost unaided, had saved Mrs. Hoover's life.

69. "He pretended like he appreciated fully the efforts Mr. Witherspoon had made, but begged to point out that if Mr. Witherspoon had simply lifted the bar off the back door, his wife could have walked out without any trouble and the ladder would not have been practically ruined."

70. Evidently the Deacon's objection carried weight. It remained for the young hero to receive his reward in another fashion:

71. "An announcement that caused a profound stir in Ivanhoe was made today by the gentlemanly proprietor of the Red Front Drug Store. It was to the effect that Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, would be taken into partnership with him on May 1st next under the firm name of Semple & Witherspoon, Pharmaceutists. As everybody knows, Mr. Witherspoon has been the capable and obliging dispenser of soft drinks at the Red Front for more than six months. The *Booster* prophesies for the new firm all the success possible."

72. Right on top of this bulletin came a personal item that filled us with foreboding:

73. "Contrary to her usual custom, Miss Lola Sparger has returned to Ivanhoe for the Easter vacation, and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dink Sparger."

74. And in the very next budget of "Gleanings" this:

75. "Mr. D. Witherspoon entertained with a dance at the pavilion in the ball park last night in honor of Miss Lola Sparger, who is the guest of her parents for the Easter vacation. Your correspondent has no news of the event beyond hearsay, but it is rumored that the ice-cream did not arrive in time to be eaten and the band never showed up until eleven o'clock. Furthermore, a car broke down on the way home and certain young people were obliged to walk miles through the dust in their best clothes. A little bird whispers that a certain young lady (?) did not show the best of tempers in these trying circumstances. All is not gold that glitters!"

76. Sam Bastedo, our printer, was sorely puzzled by this item. He always insisted on accuracy and a definite statement of the identity of persons mentioned in our columns.

77. "Now, I wonder," he said irritably, scratching his head—"I wonder if this Mr. D. Witherspoon is any kin to Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue?"

78. "I shouldn't be surprised," I replied.

79. "Then why the Sam Hill don't she say so in the first place? Little Sunbeam ain't been on her job right lately, Cap. She don't seem to have her mind on her business."

80. But a note of renewed hope was sounded in a letter from Ivanhoe received about five days later:

81. "A flutter has been caused in Ivanhoe's most exclusive social circles by the arrival of a young and handsome visitor from the North. Though he came without warning, he has taken all hearts by storm and is a welcome guest in our best homes. He is Mr. R. Thornton

Terry, of Racine, Wis., and he is stopping at the Alexander. Besides being blessed with good looks and a fund of wit, Mr. Terry is said to be the possessor of much worldly goods—to wit, a fortune, inherited from his grandfather, who was a large land-owner in Virginia before the war. Report has it that he and Miss Lola Sparger met at several fashionable dances while the latter was visiting in the North last year, and that the young lady was a house guest of Mr. Terry's family at their summer home on the Lake. Welcome to our fair city, Mr. Terry. The whole world loves a lover."

82. Little Sunbeam was less buoyant in a later communication:

83. "Fearful and wonderful are the ways of men. That which is close at hand seldom holds any value in their eyes. Also, it is written that a man seldom wants a thing badly which he can obtain at his will, but that in proportion as other men desire the object too, so will he, and strive accordingly."

84. The last paragraph was rather involved, and we were at a loss to determine its application until the arrival of her next budget:

85. "Friends of a certain well known young man of the community feel like cautioning him discreetly against the course he is pursuing in regard to a certain young lady (?) now in our midst. She does not care for him really, or she would not treat him the way she does, and carry on *another* affair with another young man at the same time. Not content with capturing the affections of a dashing youth versed in the ways of the great cities, she must also seek to ensnare an innocent and unsuspecting young man of excellent heart but poor judgment—and

perhaps ruin his happiness and that of others! Who knows?"

86. "What does she mean by that?" demanded Sam Bastedo. "That ain't news."

87. "Oh, Lola Sparger is having some fun, that's all," I told him.

88. Warm weather arrived, and Little Sunbeam reported from her territory:

89. "The Ivanhoe team has been organized, and games with Windy City have already been arranged. Mr. Doc Kinsella will manage the team the same as last year, and, in an exclusive interview with your correspondent, stated that they would dish up an article of ball to which the town could point with pride.

90. "Mr. Doc Kinsella, the capable manager of the baseball team, has unanimously awarded the prize of two dollars for the best name for his nine to Miss Bertine Biggerstaff. The name she submitted is the Ivanhoe Demons."

91. Miss Biggerstaff had named them better than she knew. Their first game with Windy City was pulled off the following Saturday, and this is what we found in our mail on Monday morning.

92. "A disgraceful occurrence occurred here on Saturday afternoon that will leave a stain on the fair name of Ivanhoe as long as Time endures.

93. "It was at the baseball game between the Demons —demons indeed, and fiends too—and the Windy City Tigers. All Ivanhoe was there.

94. "The weather was warm and pleasant, and the boys seemed to be on their mettle as they romped about in

the preliminary practice. In an exclusive interview, just before the game started, Mr. Doc Kinsella told your correspondent that he did not see how the Demons could lose.

95. "Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, was agreed on as umpire, and Deacon Hoover, our mayor, threw the first ball. The game began at three o'clock, after the band had rendered very acceptably 'Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay.'

96. "Mr. Witherspoon made the best umpire it has ever been the privilege of impartial observers to see at the local park, rendering his decisions in a clear, musical voice. The Ivanhoe Demons scored runs as follows: One in the first inning, three in the second, one in the third, none in the fourth, four in the fifth, and three in the sixth —total 12.

97. "The Windy City Tigers did not do so well at the commencement, and failed to obtain any runs until the sixth; but during that inning the Demon pitcher grew slightly nervous, and the visitors piled up thirteen runs before Mr. Doc Kinsella decided that he was weakening and took him out and put another one in.

98. "And now it was the fatal seventh. An electric tension filled the air. At times you could hear a pin drop. Anon they broke into tumultuous applause.

99. "At this juncture Mr. Hi Miller went to bat for the Demons, with two men on bases. The vast throng yelled to him to project it into space. Mr. Miller moistened the palms of his hands, grasped the bat firmly, and gave a tremendous blow to the first ball pitched at him. It went whizzing like a bullet down the third-base line, and Mr. Miller ran like a streak of lightning to first base,

to second, to third, and then home, while the Windy Tigers were furiously hunting the ball in the long grass.

100. "The thoughtless hundreds leaped to their feet and cheered until the welkin rang; but Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue, raised his right arm and stilled the tumult.

101. "'Foul!' he cried.

102. "And then pantomime broke loose. Despite the universal esteem in which he has always been held, and the respect which, one would think, his family's position in the community ought to command, they turned against Mr. Witherspoon. They hooted and jeered. Some roughnecks from the Corners did not hesitate to cry, 'Kill him! Kill him!' and they started to descend from the bleachers.

103. "Yet in this crisis the dauntless young umpire's presence of mind did not forsake him. He ran rapidly to the third-base line, glanced along it, and then announced in clarion tones: 'Fair ball!'

104. "In this he was but showing his broad-mindedness and following the dictates of his conscience; but the Windy City Tigers failed to take that into consideration. They instantly gathered around him, running in from all sides. Their captain and outfielders addressed him in the most disgraceful terms. Finally, to appease them, he consented to be led to the spot on which they claimed the ball had landed. And there, sure enough, was the mark of the spheroid, plainly discernible on a clump of new dirt outside the foul line.

105. "What was there for him to do after that? He did what any honorable man would have done. He did his *duty*. Stepping to the front of the grand-stand, he

raised his arm majestically and said in a firm, ringing voice: 'Foul ball.'

106. "Reliable citizens who were present have informed your correspondent that the first bottle came from the bleachers, where certain roughnecks from the Corners, *who are known to the officers,* were congregated. However that may be, sundry missiles were hurled, and a perfect babel of sounds broke loose. Cushions, bottles, and even vegetables, filled the air, and there was a rush towards Mr. Witherspoon.

107. "In this crisis, what did he do? Mr. Witherspoon folded his arms and, with a cold smile, waited for the worst. Next moment they were all around him, shouting and gesticulating.

108. "And now comes the most shameful feature of the whole shameful business. In the front row of the grand-stand sat a certain young lady (?) who has been for some weeks his almost constant companion and concerning whom and Mr. Witherspoon there have been many exaggerated rumors. She had taken him to the game in her father's automobile, but was sitting with his rival in her affections, a certain young capitalist from the North.

109. "And guess what this young lady (?) did! Instead of going boldly to his relief and taking her post by his side, she covered her face with her hands and gave way to unwomanly fears.

110. "Only for the prompt intervention of Miss Bertine Biggerstaff, aided by Reverend White, who was also present, it is probable that Mr. Witherspoon would have been seriously injured. She sprang up and advanced from her seat without fear, and stood in front of him, confronting the rabble who menaced his person.

111. "'You cowards!' she cried. 'To strike an unarmed man thus!'

112. "Some of the men began to cheer, but the more heedless laughed, and another strong rush was made that separated her from him.

113. "'Get him away somehow,' Reverend White advised. 'We must get Dupree home or they will do him an injury.'

114. "Seeing that resistance would be futile and all expostulation vain in their excited state, Mr. Witherspoon wisely abandoned his efforts to appease the mob, and turned about. Ever swift of foot, he reached the gate a safe distance in the lead; then, turning there, he defied them, one and all.

115. "'I call the game,' he shouted with the full power of his lungs. 'I call the game and award it to Windy City.'

116. "Again they surged forward with a roar, and he disappeared along the road leading to town, the frenzied hoodlums in close pursuit.

117. "It was at this critical moment that Miss Bertine Biggerstaff had another inspiration. The automobile belonging to Mr. Dink Sparger, and which had been used by Miss Lola Sparger to come to the game, was standing outside the gate in charge of their colored yard-man.

118. "Leaping lightly into same, she imperiously commanded the negro to drive with all speed to the rescue. At first he demurred, but she was not to be denied. By promises of rich reward she succeeded in persuading him to start the car.

119. "The magnificent machine leaped forward like a thing alive,—there is no denying that automobiles are

very useful and have probably come to stay,—and they overtook the mob at the corner of Main and Fannin streets, where they had halted, at a loss. Their prey had disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up, and they were hunting in every direction.

120. "An intuition for which she is unable to account prompted Miss Biggerstaff to walk quietly down the lane in rear of Deacon Hoover's abode. And there on the porch, behind the ice-box, was the well known form of Mr. Witherspoon. Nobody was near to observe. She signaled to him, and he joyfully permitted her to approach.

121. "It was decided that they should appeal to Mrs. Hoover for sanctuary, inasmuch as he had once been instrumental in saving her life, and this was done. She readily agreed to hide him until the crowd dispersed.

122. "The leaders of the perpetrators of this outrage are known to many, and condign punishment will be meted out to them."

123. This was hot stuff, but her next letter was equally startling:

124. "Our peaceful community has been profoundly agitated by discovery of a romance which came to light accidentally.

125. "Miss Lola Sparger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dink Sparger, left town early Monday morning in the family automobile and drove to Windy City. And there she met—by previous arrangement, it is said—a certain young man who had been visiting in our midst of late, Mr. R. Thornton Terry. The couple repaired immediately to the residence of Reverend J. Schoonover, and at the hour of twelve noon were united in the holy bonds of

matrimony. And so endeth an affair that has given rise to more conjecture and talk than most anything previously occurring in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

126. "Mr. and Mrs. Terry left on the Limited later for Denison, from where the bride telegraphed her father what she had done, asking forgiveness and his blessing. Mr. Sparger left at once in a hired automobile to be at her side, and it is rumored that the young couple will return shortly to Ivanhoe and take up their residence with the bride's parents.

127. "But that is not all—far from it! Mr. Terry is *not* a capitalist. His grandfather *never* owned tracts of land in Virginia before the war, and never even lived in Virginia. In fact, nobody knows whether he ever had a grandfather. He is really a book agent, and the reports that he met Miss Sparger at fashionable dances in the North are without foundation. Equally untrue are the stories that she visited at his mother's summer home on the Lake. She met him *on the train* during her last trip home, and she had never even seen him before.

128. "But all's well that ends well. The *Booster* extends to Mr. and Mrs. Terry congratulations and best wishes for a happy married life."

129. If we were flabbergasted by this news, judge of our amazement and delight on receiving, a month later, the following:

130. "For more than an hour the mighty multitude sat in pensive silence, as if entranced by the rare and redolent perfume of flowers, waiting for the hand of Time to point his index finger to the appointed hour. Just at 8:30 every soul seemed to tingle with exquisite elation at the first mesmeric tinkle of marriage bells and the rolling

of the wedding march in full diapason. Then the stillness that ached was suddenly broken by the appearance of the attendants.

131. "Following at intervals, as the tick of the clock, the entire bridal party strolled in, seventeen in number, and took their places at the matrimonial altar to witness the climacteric consummation of the divine compact. The bride, Miss Bertine Lee Biggerstaff, daughter of the late Boyce Biggerstaff and Mrs. Biggerstaff of Cedar Street, entered on the arm of her uncle, Mr. W. J. Stier of Windy City. She wore an exquisite white satin dress trimmed with seed pearls, a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a handsome bouquet of lily-of-the-valley.

132. "Immediately after the solemn ceremony, the bridal party, together with relatives and friends, accompanied the bride and groom to the home of the bride's mother, where they were doubly delighted by debonair delicacies and gladsome congratulations. It seemed to the guests that they were partaking of ambrosia and nectar. Indeed, each participant might have exclaimed with Milton, the Blind Bard:

> I scent the air
> Of blessings when I come but near the house.
> What delicious breath marriage sends forth!
> The violet beds no sweeter.

133. "The happy couple left on the midnight train for Galveston and other Southern points, and after the honeymoon will take up their residence in Ivanhoe."

134. Now, that was what Little Sunbeam sent—a full and pleasing account of the wedding of Miss Bertine Big-

gerstaff, but not so much as mention of the bridegroom's name! It cost us twenty-six cents for a telegram to ascertain this information. Back came the answer:

135. "Mr. Dupree Witherspoon, son of Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon of Toney Avenue."

136. And I heaved a sigh of relief. Doubts of the happiness of that couple were idle and foolish; she would not spoil Dupree; already she had him tagged exactly where he belonged.

137. But in came Sam Bastedo, trembling with the triumph of a discovery.

138. "Cap," he said, holding Little Sunbeam's copy in his hand, "I been thinking. And I sort of got the idea that Little Sunbeam might be this here Miss Bertine Biggerstaff. Do you reckon she is?"

139. "It wouldn't surprise me."

140. "Then," declared Sam, "it behooves us to do something for her. It behooves us to buy her a li'l' present or something. What do you say? I'll go in on it for four bits."

141. "It sure do behoove," I replied.

142. And that was why we went out and bought a cut-glass bonbon dish for Little Sunbeam and sent her three years' subscription to the *Booster* gratis.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

The Story as a Whole

1. "The Last Rose of Summer" is another of the stories in which plot-impression is not the governing aim. Hence the plot retires from prominence, constituting itself the supporting framework only on which other impression-elements are carried, and not attracting attention to itself. Theme is the basis of the story, with character (largely types) and atmosphere as its attendant elements. Consequently, concentrative material forms a considerable part of the narrative (S. S. M., 107: 30-34). The plot itself comprises merely the quiet, unsensational incidents involved in Debby's delayed blossoming forth; the conflict is merely that between the influence of her past and the fate of dull spinsterhood to which it seemingly condemns her, opposed to the instincts, buoyancy, and strength of her true nature as these develop and thrive under favoring conditions; and the outcome is her transformation into an attractive and desirable woman. The essential incidents of this plot are her finding, under the pressure of necessity, an employment that gives her opportunity to develop, and those of her responding to the stimulus of her new circumstances; and even these few we are made to realize almost entirely through intensifying details introduced to exemplify and emphasize them. Concentrative material is therefore distinctly the dominant impression-means throughout—a fact that accounts largely for the atmosphere quality in the story.

2. As the theme is one that asserts a contrast, the emphasis throughout the story is laid on contrast. Symbolically the anti-theme (S. S. M., 69 footnote) is presented in the song (par. 18); and the theme is definitely though figuratively stated by Debby's heterodox comment in par. 23. There is strong contrast between the women, represented by Josie and Birdaline, who are midsummer roses, and Debby's less frequent type, "blooming alone" in splendor after the others are "faded and gone." There is a minor but effective contrast between the girl Pamela, just opening from the bud for her own midsummer flourishing, and Debby's matured perfection. There is contrast of Asaph and "Old Crawford" with Newt Meldrum, who is of their age but not of their agedness. There is contrast between Debby as she was and Debby as she became. And there can be felt even a contrast between the small-town standards and life that, like a premature and hurrying summer, bring human plants too early to an ephemeral maturity, followed by too early a decline, and those other standards which sanction and produce a less unnatural and wasteful life-cycle. It will be noted that intensifying material in considerable amounts is indispensable in thus emphasizing contrasts. (Other examples of the employment of contrast will be found in "The Defective," "The Great God," "The Opal Morning," "In the Matter of Distance," "A Rag-Time Lady," "A Quiet Life.")

3. The narrative is one of leisurely opening and of leisurely progress. The theme is not presented until the twenty-third paragraph, and even then is not at once recognized as the theme. The exciting moment and generating circumstances are not introduced until par. 74. This

isurely movement is in agreement with the theme itself, hich is reflective and philosophical, and with the deands of the impression-materials employed, which call ır calm, unimpassioned presentation and a mood of quiet ɔpreciation. Comparison of this story with "Tropics" ıd "That Hahnheimer Story" with reference to moveent will increase one's appreciation of the importance of ovement in creating the proper response to the narrative; Tropics," for instance, could not possibly benefit from more leisurely presentation; nor could "The Last Rose" ɔnefit from being told with a nervous, high-speed moveent.

4. "The Last Rose of Summer" is also a story in which ɔcial characterization (S. S. M., 257) can be profitably udied; cf. "The Opal Morning," "The Defective," In the Matter of Distance," "An Epilogue," "Little unbeam," "A Rag-Time Lady," "The Great God," for ɔher instances. "Little Sunbeam" affords the most ɔvious parallel, as both stories characterize or interpret nall-town life and viewpoints. Both accomplish the charcterization by presenting types; but "The Last Rose" oes somewhat further in accompanying the type-presentaon with individualized characterization. See S. S. M., 08:2-3; 217:4-5.

5. The organization of the plot is one of particular inɔrest, about which one can hold either of two theories—hat the actional rise of the story (once it is reached) folɔws in a general way the usual course of development rom exciting moment to conclusive outcome, or that this ctional part begins with the decisive moment and conists of the falling action only. For more detailed conideration, see the running notes, especially on pars. 77-97.

6. The principle of distributed detail is followed; integration of brief items of exposition and other illuminative or motivating detail with the running narrative is exceedingly skillful. See the notes on the text.

7. Aside from its admirable simplicity, precision, sincerity, and straightforwardness, the style also deserves notice for the apt and vivid words used on occasion, and for the propriety and descriptive force of some of its comparisons, drawn from the life and environment with which the story itself deals.

8. The story may be taken as a good and spontaneous example of "realism." There are plenty of definitions of this term, all alike in one respect: none of them satisfactorily covers all instances, agrees with the others, or is quite clear in itself. As here employed, the term is meant to indicate *method* rather than *resultant quality*—merely the choice of representative details that belong to the characteristically prevailing aspects of the particular phase of life dealt with. (Sir Thomas Malory's *method* in the Morte Darthur was realistic in this sense: he chose the details that belonged to the usual, or everyday, aspects of chivalry as he conceived chivalry to be.) It happens, however, that the phase of life dealt with by Captain Hughes belongs to an ordinary level of very ordinary social states, thus being "realistic" in that sense also.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

By Rupert Hughes

Reprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Author from "The Metropolitan" for March, 1914 (Copyrighted 1914), and of Harper Brothers (Copyrighted 1914).

1. As Mrs. Shillaber often said, the one good thing about her old house was the fact that "you could throw the dining-room into the poller" when you wanted to give parties or funerals or weddings or such things. You had only to fold up the accordion-pleated doors, push the sofa back against the wall and lay a rug over the register.

2. Tonight she had "thrown the dining-room into the poller" and filled both rooms with guests. There were so many guests that they occupied every seat in the house, including the upstairs chairs and a large batch of camp-stools from Mr. Crankshaw's—the undertaker's.

1-8. Concentrative material. It strikes the keynote of mood and narrative tone (S. S. M., 124: 4-6; 127: 9-11) and of characterization (type and social). (A review of S. S. M., 122-151, on openings, will not be amiss.) Consider the names chosen for different persons with reference to their local-color and their character-hinting effect; appreciation of their truthfulness in local-color will result from studying a representative list of names in almost any American community (tax-roll, town directory, church roll, etc.). The amusing, sometimes grotesque, results of romantic sentiment exercising itself in a matter-of-fact society is seen in such combinations as Birdaline Duddy; such combinations turn up frequently enough everywhere to be typical of a well-known sentimentality among commonplace though worthy women of all classes, though it is found most among those of the

3. In Carthage it was never a real party or an important funeral unless those perilous old mantraps of Mr. Crankshaw's appeared. They always added a dash of excitement to the dullest evening, for at a critical moment one of them could be depended upon to collapse beneath some guest, depositing him or her in a small but complicated wood-pile on the floor.

4. Less dramatic, but even droller, was the unfailing spectacle of the solemn man who entered a room carrying one of these stools, neatly folded, proceeded to a chosen spot and there attempted vainly to open the thing. This was sure to happen at least once and it gave an irresistibly light touch even to the funerals.

5. Tonight at Mrs. Shillaber's the evening might be said to be well under way; fat Mr. Geggat had already splashed through his camp-stool and Deacon Peavey was now at work on his; a snicker had just sneezed out of the minister's wife (of all people!) and the deacon himself had breathed an expletive dangerously close to profanity.

6. The party was held in honor of Mrs. Shillaber's girlhood friend, Birdaline Nickerson (now Mrs. Phineas Duddy). Birdaline and Mrs. Shillaber (then Josie Barlow) had been fierce rivals for the love of Asaph Shillaber.

"lower middle" class—the class with which "The Last Rose" has to do. (Some of Mr. Hughes's best work has been done in characterizing persons and society of this class in the Western small town.)—Note that the details employed to procure the desired effects are not unusual and unfamiliar matters, but on the contrary, such things as everybody is familiar with. Their characterizing and interpreting effect comes from the fact that the author has vitalized them by making them the prominent details in a portrayal that we immediately recognize as accurate. All successful realistic presentation employs this method.

Josie had got him away from Birdaline and Birdaline had married Phin Duddy for spite.

7. Luck had smiled on Birdaline, and Phin had moved away—to Peoria, no less! And now they were back on a visit to his folks.

8. Peoria had done wonders for Phin. Everybody said that; and Birdaline also brought along a grown-up daughter, Pamela, who was evidently beautiful and, according to her mother, a highly accomplished vocalist.

9. It seemed strange to Birdaline and Josie to meet after all these years and be jealous not of each other, but of daughters as big as they themselves had been the last time they had seen each other. Each woman told the other that she looked younger than ever, and each saw the pillage of time in the opposite mien, the accretion of time in the once so gracile figure. It was melancholy satisfaction at best, for each knew all too well how her own mirror slapped her in the face with her own image.

10. Of course Josie had to ask Birdaline's daughter to

9-27. In the first eight paragraphs, the setting has been prepared for the immediate activity (S. S. M., 37: 4) and the atmosphere quality for the entire narrative conveyed. Pars. 9-27 now leisurely increase our acquaintance with persons and episodes that contribute local color or are involved in the unfolding of the theme; works in the anti-theme through the episode of Pamela's singing; and definitely introduces the central person, Debby—incidentally and artfully putting into her mouth the figurative statement of the theme itself which her coming experience is to establish. Finally, it opens the way for the exposition (28-36) of her past life and the indication of her present status—with herself and in her home existence, and with the people of Carthage (that is, the women, since it is largely the women who legislate upon the status to be permitted other women in such communities).

sing. And the girl, being of the new and rather startling school of manners which accedes without undue urging, blushingly consented, provided there was any music there that she could sing and someone would play her accompa'ment.

11. A tattered copy of "The Last Rose of Summer" was unearthed, and Mr. Norman Maugans, who played the melodeon at the Presbyterian prayer meetings, was mobbed into essaying the accompa'ment. He was no great shucks at sight-reading, he said, but he would do his durnedest.

12. The news that the pretty and novel Miss Duddy would sing brought all the guests forward in a huddle like cattle at home-coming time. Even Deacon Peavey gave up his vow to open that camp-stool or die and sat down in a draught to listen. The perspiration cooled on him and he caught a terrible cold—but that was Mrs. Peavey's business, not ours.

13. Miss Pamela Duddy sidled into the elbow of the piano with a most attractive kittenishness and waited for the prelude to be done. This required some time, since the ancient sheet music had a distressing habit of folding over and, as it were, swooning from the rack into the pianist's arms. Besides, Mr. Maugans was so used to playing the melodeon that instead of tapping the keys he was continually squeezing them, and nothing came. And when he wished to increase his volume of tone he would hold his hands still and slowly open his knees against swell-levers that were not there. This earnest futility gave so much amusement to Josie's youngest daughter that she had to be eyed out of the room by her mother.

14. Miss Pamela bent her pretty head and took from

her juvenile breast one big red rose and held it in her hands while she sang. During the final stanza she plucked away its petals one by one and at the end let the shredded core fall upon the highly improbable roses woven in Josie's American Wilton carpet.

15. The girl's features and her attitudes were sheer Grecian; her accent was the purest Peoria. Now and then she remembered to insert an Italian "a," but she forgot to suppress the Italian "r," which is exactly the same as that of Illinois, but lacks its context or prestige. Her fresh, uncultivated voice was less faithful to the key than to her exquisite throat. To that same exquisite throat clung one fascinated eye of Mr. Maugans, whose other orb angrily glowered at the music as if to overawe it. Had he possessed a third eye it might have guided his hands along the keyboard with more accuracy; but this detail could have affected the result but little, since his hands were incessantly compelled to clutch the incessantly deciduous music and slap it back on the rack.

16. Two stanzas had thus been punctuated before a shy old maid named Deborah Larrabee ventured to rise and stand at the piano, supporting the music. This compelled her to a closer proximity to a nice young man than she had known for so many years that she almost outblushed the young girl.

17. Deborah was afraid to look at anybody, yet when she cast her eyes downward she had to watch those emotional knees of Mr. Maugans slowly parting in the crescendo that never came.

18. But the audience was friendly, and the composer and the poet were too dead to gyrate in their distant graves. The song therefore had unmitigated success and

the words were so familiar that everybody knew pretty well what Pamela was driving at when she sang:

'Tis thuh lah-ha-ha strow zof sum-mah
Le-ef' bloo-oo-hoo-minning uh-lone;
Aw lur lu-uh-uh vlee come-pan-yun
Zah-har fay-ay-yay dud ahnd gawn-n-n-n.
No-woe flow-wurrr rof her kinnn-drud,.
No-woe ro-hose buh dis ni-eye-eye-eye-eye-eye,
To re-fle-eh-ec' bah-curblu-shuzz
Aw-hor gi-yi-hiv su-high for su-high!

There was hardly a dry eye or a protesting ear in the throng as she reached the climax.

19. The girl's mother was not hard to find among the applauding auditors. She looked like the wrecked last September's rose of which her daughter was the next June's bud. The softened mood of Birdaline and the tears that bedewed her cheeks gave her back just enough of the beauty she had had to emphasize how much she had lost.

20. And Josie, her quondam rival in the garden, was sweetened by melancholy, too. It was not hospitality alone, nor mere generosity, but a passing sympathy that warmed her tone as she squeezed Birdaline's arm and told her how well her daughter had sung.

21. A number of matrons felt the same attar of regret in the air. They had been beautiful in their days and in their ways, and now they felt like the dismantled rose on the floor. The common tragedy of beauty belated and foredone saddened everybody in the room; the old women had experienced it; the young women foresaw it; the men

knew it as the destruction of the beauties they loved or had loved. Everybody was sad but Deborah Larrabee.

22. That homely little spinster slipped impudently into the elbow of the piano, into the place still warm from the presence of Pamela, and she railed at the sorrow of her schoolmates, Josie and Birdaline. Her voice was as sharp as the old piano strings.

23. "That song's all wrong, seems to me, girls. Pretty toon and nice words, but I can't make out why everybody feels sorry for the last rose of summer. It's the luckiest rose in the world. The rest of 'em have bloomed too soon or just when all the other roses are blooming, or when people are sort of tired of roses. But this one is saved up till the last. And then when the garden is all dying out and the bushes are just dead stalks and the other roses are wilted and brown, and folks say 'I'd give anything for the sight of a rose,' along comes this rose and—blooms alone! Seems to me it has the laugh on all the rest."

24. This heresy had the usual success of attacks on sacred texts; the orthodox paid no heed to the value of the argument; they simply resented its impudence. But all they said to Deborah was an indulgent, "That's so, Debby," and a polite, "I never thought of that."

25. As Deborah turned away triumphant to repeat what she had just said to Mrs. Maugans, she overheard Birdaline murmur to Josie in a kinship of contempt, "Poor old Debby!"

26. And Josie consented, "She can't understand! She never was a rose."

27. It was as if Birdaline and Josie had slipped a knife under Deborah's left shoulder blade and pushed it into her heart. She felt a mortal wound. She clung to

the piano and remembered something she had overheard Josie say in exactly that tone far back in that primeval epoch when Debby had been sixteen—as sweetless a sixteen as a girl ever endured.

28. On that memorable night Birdaline had given a party and Deborah had gone. No fellows had taken her; but then Birdaline lived just across the street from Deborah, and Debby could run right over unnoticed and run home alone safely afterward. Debby was safe anywhere where it was not too dark to see her. Her face was her chaperon.

29. Asaph Shillaber took Josie to Birdaline's party that night, and he danced three times with Debby. Each time—as she knew and pretended not to know—he had come to her because of a mix-up in his program, or because she was the only girl left without a partner. But a dance was a dance, and Asaph was awful light on his feet, for all he was so big.

30. After she had danced the third time with him he led her hastily to a chair against the stairway—deposited her like an umbrella and left her. She did not mind his desertion, but sat panting with the breathlessness of the dance and with the joy of having been in Asaph's arms. Then she heard low voices on the stairway, voices back of her, just above her head. She knew them perfectly. Josie was attacking Asaph because he had danced three times with Birdaline.

31. "But she's the hostess!" Asaph had retorted. "Besides, I danced with Deb Larrabee three times, too. Why don't you fuss about that?"

32. Deborah perked an anxious ear to hear how Josie

would accept this rivalry, and Josie's answer fell into her ear like poison.

33. "Deb Larrabee! Humph. You can dance with that old thing till the cows come home and I won't mind. But you can't take me to a party and dance three times with Birdaline Nickerson. You can't, and that's all. So there!"

34. Deborah did not linger to hear the result of the war that was sure to be waged. There was no strength for curiosity in her soul. She wanted to crawl off into a cellar and cower in the rubbish like a sick cat. Josie's opinion of her was a ferocious condemnation for any woman-thing to hear. It was her epitaph. It damned her, past, present, and future. She sneaked home without telling anybody good-by.

35. That was long ago, and now after all these years —years that had proved the truth of Josie's estimate of her—even now Deborah must hear again the same relentless verdict as before. Time had not improved her, nor brought her luck or lover, husband or child.

36. She had thought that she had grown used to herself and her charmless lot, but the wound began to bleed afresh. She had the same impulse to take flight. But her escape was checked by a little excitement.

37. There were evidences that refreshments were about to be served. Chicken salad and ice-cream were not frequent enough in Deborah's life to be overlooked. Disparagement and derision were her everyday porridge. Ice-cream was a party. So she lingered.

38. The Shillabers' hired girl in a clean apron and a

38. Attention is called to this paragraph merely because it represents a fragment of the details of characterizing, portraying,

complete armor of blushes appeared at the dining-room door and beckoned. Josie summoned her more than willing children to pass the plates. She nodded to Asaph to come and roll the ice-cream freezer into place and scrape off the salty ice. Then she waylaid him in the kitchen and assailed him for paying too much attention to Birdaline. He did not realize what a luxurious return to youth it was for his wife to resume a girlhood quarrel. It made him mad and he fought back. Their wrangle reached the speedily overcrowded dining-room in little tantalizing slices as the swinging door opened to admit or emit one of the children. But it swung shut at once. It was like an exciting serial with most of the installments omitted.

39. In the cheerful stampede for the dining-room Debby had crowded into a sofa alongside another re-visitor to the town, Newton Meldrum, whom she had known but slightly. He had gone with the older girls and had already left Carthage when Debby came out—as far as she had ever come out before she went back.

40. Newt Meldrum had prospered, according to Carthage standards. He was now the "credit man" for a New York wholesale house. Debby had not the faintest idea what a credit man was. But Asaph knew all too

---

and tone-giving effect; see S. S. M., 80: 4-8; 165: 22-23. It will be observed that the detail through which the various contributory impressions made by this story are created, is integrated into one unified whole largely by the method of distribution (S. S. M., 80: 4-7). In the earlier stages of the narrative especially is this true. The student should pick out all the important instances to be found in the story.

39-40. Introduces the person of second importance, and incidentally affords further exemplification of the uses of distributed exposition and detail. See also S. S. M., 165: 21.

well. As the owner of the largest department store in Carthage, Asaph owed the New York house more money than he could pay. He gave that as a reason for owing it still more. The New York house sent Meldrum out to Carthage to see whether it would be more profitable to close Asaph up or to tide him over another season.

41. Josie had chosen this anxious moment to give a party to Birdaline!

42. Asaph had to invite Meldrum. Josie had promised that she would show how much a wife can help her husband; she promised to lavish on Meldrum especial consideration and to introduce him to some pretty girls—he was a notorious bachelor.

43. Then she forgot him at once for her ancient rivalry with Birdaline. And Asaph also forgot him in the excitement of quarrel.

44. Indeed, host and hostess ignored their fatal guest so completely that they left him to eat his supper alongside the least considered woman in town—poor old "Dubby Debby." Debby had long ago fallen out of the practise of expecting attention from anybody. Tonight she sat pondering her own shame and trying to extract some ice-cream from between the spots of salt. A few

---

41. Character hint (S. S. M., 257); see also characterizing facts told in 42-43.

44. Establishes the connection between the present situation and the situation ended by the introduction of the passages of distributed detail in pars. 38-40. The connection is made as complete as if there had been no break. Other instances of skillfully maintained coherence and resumption of the main narrative thread will be found in the story. Find and study them; the method is useful and sound.

big tears had welled to her eyelids and dropped into her dish. She blamed herself for the salt. Then she heard her neighbor grumble:

45. "Say, Debby, is your ice-cream all salty?"

46. "Ye-es, it is," she murmured, fluttering.

47. "So's mine. Funny thing, there's always salt in the ice-cream. Ever notice it?"

48. "Tha—that's so, there usually is—a little."

49. "A lot! That's life, I guess. Poor old Asaph! Plenty of salt in his ice-cream, eh? What's the matter with that wife of his, anyway? Aren't they happy together?"

50. "Oh, I guess they're as happy as married folks ever are," Debby answered absently, and then gasped at the horrible philosophy she had uttered.

51. Meldrum threw her a glance and laughed.

52. Debby winced. He probably was saying to himself, "Sour grapes!" At least she thought he would

---

45-55. Note the ease, naturalness, and fitness of the dialogue. Mr. Hughes is skillful in this introduction of passages of dialogue into his narratives; almost any of his stories and novels will afford examples (on the functions and management of dialogue, see S. S. M., 229-249). The dialogue he writes is well adapted to the persons and situation, too, and can be studied for hints as to management of speech in these respects.

49. See Newt's preparatory remark in 47. Then find other details indicating that he is of a philosophical turn of mind. Has his occupation, requiring study and judgment of men and motives, had anything to do with developing this attitude of mind in him? Is the speech therefore fitted to the person (S. S. M., 235: 11-12)? Is it also fitted to the present situation—Newt back among the acquaintances of his youth, and naturally making comparisons and thinking over the facts his observations disclose?

52. A reminder of Debby's self-accepted status and her state of mind (exposition in pars. 28-36).

ıink that. But he proved his innocence by his next 'ords:

53. "You married, Debby?"

54. "N-no," she faltered, without daring even to ven- ıre a "not yet." He surprised her shame with a laugh- ıg compliment:

55. "Wise lady! Neither am I. Shake!"

56. Then she turned on the sofa so that she could see ım better. His eyes were twinkling. He was handsome, .tified, sleek, comfortable. Yet he had never married!

57. He was holding out his hand. And because it ɔmmanded hers, she put hers in it, and he squeezed her ıg, fishy fin in a big, warm, comfortable palm. And ıe gave her timid, smiling eyes into his big, smiling stare ıd wondered why she smiled. But she liked it so much at fresh tears rushed to her eyelids, little eager, happy ars that could not have had much salt in them, for one two of them bounced into her ice-cream. Yet it did ıt taste bitter now.

58. Asaph came in then and looked around the room .th defiant eyes that dared anybody to be uncomfortable. e recognized Meldrum with a start and realized that the ɔst important guest had been left to Deb Larrabee of all ople. This misstep might mean ruin to him. He made ste to carry Meldrum away, and present him to Pamela.

59. Deborah, abandoned on the sofa, studied Pamela th wonder. How beautiful the child was! How she

57. Character and mood hints.

58-61. Psychological detail (direct statement), emphasizing rt of the basic contrast involved by the theme (introd. n. 2). serve again the skill with which the narrative drops and re- nes its account of the things done, thus managing the inter- lation and integration of concentrative detail; see par. 44, n.

drew the men! How their eyes fed upon her! How she queened it in her little court. Everywhere she went it must be so. In Peoria they must have gathered about her just as here. They must be missing her in Peoria now. When she went back they would be glad.

60. The contrast between Pamela and herself was so cruel that Deborah's heart revolted. She demanded of heaven: "Why so much to her and none to me? My mother was as good as her mother, and better looking in her day; and my father was a handsome man. Why was I made at all, if not well made? Why allowed to live if not fit for life? My elder sister that died was more beautiful than Pamela, but she died. Why couldn't I have died in her place, or taken the beauty she laid aside as I wore her cast-off clothes? Yet I live and I shall never be married, shall never be a mother, shall never be of any use or any beauty. Why? Why?"

61. Bitter, bitter, were her thoughts as she sat with her plate in her lap. She hardly noticed when Josie took the plate away. She could not bear to remain. She tiptoed from the dining-room unheeded and went out at the side door, drawing her shawl over her head. She must sneak home alone as usual. Thank heaven it was only a block and the streets were black.

62. As she reached the front gate she met a man who had just come down the walk. It was Meldrum. He peered at her in the dim light of the street lamp and called out:

63. "That you, Debby? Couldn't you stand it any longer? Neither could I. That girl is a peach to look at, but she can't sing for sour apples; and as for brains—she's a nut, a pure pecan! I guess I'm too old or not old

enough to be satisfied with staring at a pretty hide on a pretty frame. Which way you going? I'll walk along with you, if you don't mind."

64. If she didn't mind! Would Lazarus object if Dives sat on the floor beside him and brought along his trencher?

65. Debby was so bewildered that the sidewalk reeled beneath her intoxicated feet. She stumbled till Meldrum took her hand into his arm; then she trotted alongside, as meek as Tobias with the angel.

66. All, all too soon they reached her house. But he paused at the gate. She dared not invite him even to the porch. If her mother heard a man's voice there she would probably open the window upstairs and shriek "Murder! Thieves! Help!" So Debby waited at the gate while the almost invisible Meldrum chattered on. He was in a mood for talk. The paralyzed Debby was a perfect listener, and in that intense dark she was as beautiful as Cleopatra would have been.

67. To her he was solely a voice, a voice of strange cynicisms, yet of strange comfort to her. He was laughing at the people she held in awe. "This town's a joke to me," he said. "It's a side-show full of freaks." And he mocked the great folk of the village as if they were yokels. He laughed at their customs. He ridiculed many, many things that Debby had believed and suffered from believing. He ridiculed married people and marriage from the superior heights of one who could have married

---

67-71. Note the way in which psychological detail (state of mind) is presented. When direct psychological analysis is necessary, it can be employed without hesitation if introduced in brief and distributed passages. See S. S. M., 50:15; 228:15.

many and had rejected all. It was strangely pleasant hearing to her who had observed marriage from the humble depths of one whom all had rejected.

68. He talked till he heard the town clock whine eleven times, then he said: "Good Lord! I didn't know it was so late. I don't get these moods often. It takes a mighty good listener to loosen me up. Good-night! Don't let any of these fellows bunco you into marrying 'em. There's nothing in it, Debby. Take it from me. Good-night!"

69. She felt rather than saw that he lifted his hat. She felt again his big hand enveloping hers and she answered its squeeze with a desperate little clench of her own.

70. He left her wonderfully uplifted. Now she felt less an exile from marriage than a rebel. She almost convinced herself that she had kept out of matrimony because she was too good for it. The solitary cell of her bed was a queenly dais when she crept into it, and she dreamed that General Kitchener asked for her hand and she refused it.

71. Meldrum's cynicisms had been strangely opportune to the despondent old maid. He unwittingly helped her over a deep ditch and got her past a bad night.

72. But when she woke, the next morning was but the resumption of the same old day. Poverty, loneliness and the inanity of a manless household were again her portion. The face she washed explained to her why she was not sought after by the men.

73. She found her mother filled with rheumatism and bad news. A letter had come the day before and she had concealed it from Deborah so that the child might have a

nice time at the party, and did she have a nice time and who was there? But that could wait, for never was there such news as she had now, and there was never any let-up in bad luck, and them with no man to lean on or turn to.

74. When Deborah finally pried the letter from the poor old talons she learned that the A. G. and St. P. Ry. would pass its dividend this year.

75. Deborah's father had said that his deathbed was cheered by the fact that he had left his widow and his child several shares of that soulful corporation's stock. He called it the "Angel Gabriel and St. Peter Railway." But the few hundred dollars that had come to them like semi-annual manna and quails would not drop down this year; perhaps not next year, or ever again.

76. In her dismay Debby had an impulse to consult Newt Meldrum. She hurried to Shillaber's Bazaar, hoping he might be there. Asaph met her himself and told her that Newt had gone back to New York an hour before. Debby broke down and told Asaph of her plight. She supposed that she would have to go to work at once somewhere. But what could she do?

77. Asaph was feeling amiable; he had won a reprieve from Meldrum and had made it up with his wife in pri-

---

74. By this time we know a good deal about Debby, the friends she has (or hasn't), the kind of people they are and the manner of existence they lead. But not a thing has happened up to this point to produce or even hint at a change in the *status quo* (S. S. M., 85:1-4; 5-9 may also be included; 92:1-7). The inciting impulse comes in this long-postponed paragraph.

77-97. In these paragraphs are found the descriptive passages that are, in effect, important developing incidents of the plot (S. S. M., 108:32-36); the action is not narrated so much as it is

vate for the public quarrel. His heart melted at the thought of helping poor old Dubby Debby, whom everybody was fond of in a hatefully unflattering way. He had helped other gentlewomen in distress, and now he dumfounded Debby by saying:

78. "Why don't you clerk here, Debby?"

79. "Why, I couldn't clerk in a store!" she gasped, terrified. "I don't know the least thing about it."

80. "You'd soon learn the stock, and the prices are all marked in plain letters that you can memorize easy. You've got a lot of friends and we give a commission on all the sales over a certain amount. Better try it."

81. Debby felt now, for the first time, all the sweet panic that most women undergo with their first proposal. This offer of the job of saleswoman was as near as Debby

---

made clear to us by recounting its effects ("cause indicated by effect"). Note that in our plot we have a "conflict" that we can describe (adopting a slang analogy) as "reverse conflict"; i.e., the inhibiting opposition of circumstances is removed and Debby develops under favoring conditions. The part of her struggle that had tragic elements is in her past, and the only uncertainty is that doubt which naturally suggests itself, whether such a transformaton against the nullifying influence of a lifetime of repression and disappointment, is possible. This development could be treated in a way to make the conflict that actually exists, the opposition of these contrary influences, seem highly doubtful of outcome. But although Debby undoubtedly still had times of trial and failure, this particular story does not call for, nor would it benefit from, the detailed and dramatic development of these incidents of *struggle,* or effort-against-opposition; hence emphasis is not put on the struggle, but on *the consequences following the struggle* (akin to consequential exposition; S. S. M., 171:4). For the simple reason that unhampered progress of events continuously in the same direction, consequent upon the removal of all inhibitions, is lacking in suspense, we seldom find a plot so organized as to involve this. Yet (as this story proves)

had come to being offered the job of helpmeet. She even murmured, "This is so sudden," and "I'll have to ask mamma." When Mrs. Larrabee heard the news she apologized to heaven for doubting its watchfulness, commended Asaph Shillaber to its attention, and bespoke for him a special invoice of blessings.

82. And now the long drought in Debby's good luck seemed to be ending. The skies over her grew dark with the abundance of merciful rain. A gentle drizzle seemed to her parched soul to be a cloudburst, a deluge after a drought.

83. A few days later found Debby installed in the

---

such organization is legitimate and, under proper conditions, effective.

We should point out, however, that quite a different theory may apply to the present plot—that the period of *struggle* in Debby's career is already past, and needs to be shown to us only in *motivating exposition* (see especially pars. 28-36); that par. 74 introduces, not the inciting moment, but the decisive moment; and that what we have described above as development (rising action) is in truth an unusually long and significant falling action, through which the outcome is gradually revealed in full, and at the end of which comes a final incident of the outcome, Debby's engagement (from this point of view) not constituting the conclusive outcome, but merely its concluding episode. Such an organization of the plot would be even more rare than the alternative form previously commented on; but it is quite as legitimate, too, since the conte exists to create a certain unified impression and any management of materials that accomplishes this justifies itself (S. S. M., 19:1-3; 158: 11-12). The present editor almost inclines to the view that Mr. Hughes has in fact taken up Debby's history at its decisive moment, and built his story, with its unified impression, around the events of what would be (in a conventionally organized story) the falling action and outcome. If he has not done this, he has at least revealed the possibility of such an adaptation of the technique of plot organization.

washable silks. The change in her environment was complete. Instead of dozing through a nightmare of ineptitude in the doleful society of her old mother in a dismal home where almost nobody ever called, and never a man; now she stood all day on the edge of a stream of people; she gossiped breezily all day with women in search of beautiful fabrics. She handled beautiful fabrics. Her conversation was a procession of adjectives of praise.

84. Trying to live up to her surroundings, she took thought of her appearance. Dealing in fashions, with fashion plates as her scriptures, she tried to get in touch with the contemporary styles. She bounded across eight or ten periods at one leap. First, she found that she could at least put up her hair as other women did. The revolution in her appearance was amazing. Next she retrimmed her old hat, and reshaped her old skirt, drew it so tightly about her ankles that she was forced to the tremendous deed of slitting it up a few inches so that she could at least walk slowly. The first time her mother noticed it she said:

85. "Why, Debby, what on earth!—that skirt of yours is all tore up the side."

86. Debby explained it to her with the delicious confusion of a Magdalen confessing her entry upon a career of profligacy. Her mother almost fainted. Debby had gone wrong at this late day! Mrs. Larrabee had heard that department stores were awful places for a girl. The papers had been full of minimum wages and things.

87. Stranger yet—Debby began to attitudinize, to learn the comfort of poses. She must be forever holding pretty things forward. She took care of her hands, polished her nails. Now and then she must drape a piece

of silk across her shoulder and dispose her rigid frame into curves. She began to talk of "lines"—to cold cream her complexion.

88. The mental change in her was no less thorough. Activity was a tonic. Her patience was compelled to school itself. Prosperity lay in unfaltering courtesy, untarnished cheer. Cynicism did not sell goods. All day long she was praising things. Enthusiasm became her instinct.

89. Few men swam into her ken, but in learning to satisfy the exactions of women, she attained the more difficult tact. She had long since omitted malekind from her life and her plan of life. She was content. Women liked her, women lingered to talk with her; they asked her help in their vital struggle for beauty. It was enough.

90. One morning as she was making ready to go to the store, and taking much time at the process, she observed at her forehead a white hair. It startled her; frightened her for a moment; then she laughed.

91. "Why, I'm growing old!"

92. What use had she for youth? It had never been kind to her. All the loss of it meant was that it might harm her a little at the store. She plucked out the white thread and forgot about it—nearly.

93. Another day there was another white hair. She removed that, too. Then came another, and others, swiftly, till she was afraid to take any more away.

94. At last there was a whole gray lock. She tucked

90-98. Retarded movement. The time chosen marks the end of a significant period in her development, and the retardation thus emphasizes the passage of time.—Note another instance of contrast in the portrayal of Debby as she now is, opposed to what she once was (pars. 28-36).

it in and pinned it beneath the nondescript mass of her coiffure. It would have terrified her more if she had not been so busy. Fatigue was her one distress now, but it strengthened her, sweetened her sleep, kept dreams away. The old stupidity of her life had given way to an eternal hurry.

95. And now the white hairs were hurrying, too, like the snowflakes that suddenly fill the air. But with this snow came the quickening of pulse and glistening of eyes, the reddening of cheeks that the snow brings.

96. The white fell about her hair as if she stood bareheaded in a snowstorm. There was a kind of benediction in it. It softened something about her face, as the snow softens old rubbish heaps and dreary yards and bleak patches.

97. People began to say, "How well you look, Debby!" They began to dignify her as "Deborah" or "Miss Larrabee." Her old contemners came to her counter with a new meekness. Age was making it harder and harder for them to keep to the pace. Bright colors did not become them any longer. Their petals were falling from them; the velvet was losing its nap, rustling, sagging, wearing through. The years, like moths, were gnawing, gnawing.

98. One day a sad, heavy figure dragged along Deborah's aisle and sank upon the mushroom stool in front of her. Deborah could hardly believe that it was Josie Shillaber. She could hardly force back the shock that leaped to her expression. From the thin white lips, crumpled with pain, came a voice like a rustling of dead leaves in a

98-109. Concentrative material—incident, mood, character. Note the character hints (Debby) in pars. 100, 104, and 105.

November gust. And the voice said with a kind of envy in it:

99. "Why, Deborah, how well you look!"

100. "Oh, I am well!" Deborah chanted, then repressed her cheer unconsciously. It was not tactful to be too well. "That is, I'm tol'able. And how are you this awful weather?"

101. "Not well, Debby. I'm not a bit well; no, I'm never well any more. Why, your hair is getting quite white, isn't it, dear? But it's real becoming to you. Mine is all gray, too, you see, but it's awful!"

102. "Indeed it's not. It's fine! Your children must love it, don't they?"

103. "Oh, the children!" Josie wailed. "What do they think of me? It's awful, getting old, isn't it, Debby? It don't seem to worry you, though. I suppose it's because you haven't had sorrow in your life as I have. I'm looking for something to wear, Debby. The styles aren't what they used to be. What are people coming to? I can't find a thing to wear. What would you suggest? Do help me!"

104. Deborah emptied the shelves upon the counter, sent to the stock-room for new shipments that had not been listed yet, ransacked the place; but there was nothing there for the woman whose husband owned it all.

105. Deborah's hand went to her heart, where there was an ache of pity for one who had never pitied her. It was Deborah now that was almost girlish in form; she was only now filling out, taking flesh upon her bones and grace into her members.

106. A few weeks later Deborah went again to the Shillaber home, sat again on the sofa in the dining-room. The

children had all come home. Josie was in the parlor, almost hidden in flowers. She did not rise to receive her guests. They all filed by and looked at her and shook their heads. She did not answer, even with a nod.

107. Birdaline wept over her, looking older and terrified, but pretty.

108. Mr. Crankshaw, the undertaker, was there officially, and so were his camp-stools. One of them had collapsed, and the bass of the choir had been unable to open his. Some of the young people giggled as always at a funeral. But even for them the laughter was but the automatic whir of a released spring, and there was no mirth in the air.

109. Time had sung away the rose that had been Josie. Deborah had heard the rose cry out in its agony of dissolution, and now it was fallen from the bush, scentless and dead.

110. The store was closed for the day and Deborah went home, thanking God that He had not put upon her body the mortgage of beauty, whose foreclosure was such ruin.

111. The next morning the Bazaar was open at the regular hour. Shoppers came as numerously as before. People were as eager as ever to enhance their charms or disguise their flaws. In a few days Asaph Shillaber was back in his office, with mourning in his manner and his garb. A month later his cravat was no longer black.

111-112. Concentrative and character-hinting matter—the midsummer rose Josie forgotten and her life as if it had not been and Asaph, left free, "perking up" and gathering more youthful blossoms about him. All this of course motivates itself directly upon human nature.

112. In a few months younger girls were behind many of the counters. Deborah felt that youth was invading and replacing. She wondered how soon her turn would come. It would be a sad day, for she loved the work.

113. But she took some reassurance from the praises of Asaph. He paused now and then to compliment her on a sale or her progress. He led up to her some of his most particular customers and introduced her with a flourish. Sometimes he paused as he went down the aisle and turned back to stare at her. She knew that she had blushed because her face was hot, and once a woman who was trying to match a sample whispered to her:

114. "Say, Deborah, what kind of rouge do you use? It gives you the nicest color—and it looks like real!"

115. When Deborah denied that she painted the woman was angry. She thought Deborah was trying to copyright her complexion.

116. When the shopper had moved off Asaph hung about awkwardly. Finally he put the backs of his knuckles on the counter and leaned across to murmur:

117. "Say, Debby, I was telling Jim Crawford yesterday that you made more sales than any clerk in the shop this last month."

118. "Oh, really, did I?" Deborah gasped, her eyes snapping like electric sparks. They seeemd to jolt Asaph; he fell back a little and walked away staring over his shoulder.

113-118. These paragraphs are similar to those mentioned at the first of the note on 77-97, reminding us with further emphasis of the transformation in Debby; another instance of effective distribution of detail.

119. That night as Deborah was washing the dishes after supper the doorbell burred.

120. "You go, mother, will you? My hands are all suds."

121. Mrs. Larrabee hobbled slowly into the hall, but came back with a burst of unsuspected speed. She was pale with fright.

122. "It's a man!" she whispered.

123. "A man! Who could it be?" Debby gasped.

124. "One of those daylight burglars, prob'ly. What'll we do?"

125. But Debby, in the new executive habit of her mind, grew bold enough to take at least a peek at the stranger. She tiptoed into the parlor and lifted the shade slightly aside. She speedily recognized a familiar suit.

119-131. Narration of dramatic, or direct actional incident, is now taking to some extent the place of the looser, less dramaticised narration which has been employed in presenting the preliminary facts, though even yet the running-narrative form still dominates. Introduction of action-developing incident here can be explained thus: Debby's period of blossoming is approaching its climactic height; the gradual change in her and in her relations to existence has made her the central person in a group of actors, whose acts and activities are at last positively and primarily directed toward her and take form in definite, individual incidents of dramatic type. Assuming that the story is built on the rising-action and not on the falling-action stage of the plot (see note on pars. 77-97), these incidents are developing-incidents of the regulation sort; that is, organized groups of acts and happenings made to carry the action forward toward the decisive moment and climacteric height. Nevertheless, the fact that the prevailing narrative method in the present story tends toward that of the running chronicle with occasional employment of the dramatic incident as a means of concentrating and emphasizing the action, directs attention to the utility of this method in dealing with certain kinds of short-story material. A study of S. S. M.,

126. "It's old Jim Crawford," she said.

127. There was a panic of another sort now, getting Debby's hands dry, her sleeves down, her apron off, her hair puffed, the lamp in the parlor lighted. Old Jim Crawford was some minutes older before he was admitted.

128. It was the first male caller Deborah had had since her mother could remember. The old lady received him with a flourish that would have befitted a king. That he was a widower and, for Carthage, wealthy, may have had something to do with it. A fantastic hope that at last somebody had come to propose to Deborah excited her mother so that she took herself out of the way as soon as the weather had been decently discussed.

129. Mr. Crawford made a long and ponderous effort at small talk and came round to his errand with the subtlety of an ocean liner warping into its slip. At length he mumbled that if Miss Debby ever got tired of Shilaber's there was a chance he might make a place for her in his own store.

130. It was such a luxury to Deborah to be sought after even with this hippopotamine stealth that she rather pro-

---

95:9 (-14); 98:15-22, in which the management of the individual incident as a means to bringing on the plot-outcome is discussed, will show two things: First, that the organization of the materials into distinct individual yet interlocking incidents must be the usual dependence of the writer of narrative-drama (contes), but second, that this method is subject to whatever degree of modification that the author's conception of his story, his materials, the effect he aims to produce, and his ability, may combine to bring about. Mr. Hughes's story therefore affords an opportunity for studying not only the essential nature of self-inclusive plot-developing incident, but also the skillful modification and adaptation of general narrative method according to the requirements of the story and its intended impression.

longed the suspense and teased Crawford to an offer, and to an increase in that, before she told him that she would have to "think it over."

131. He lingered on the porch steps to offer Deborah "anything within reason," but she still told him she would think it over. When she thought it over she felt it would be base ingratitude to desert Asaph Shillaber, who had saved her from starvation by taking her into his beautiful shop. No bribe should decoy her thence so long as he wanted her.

132. A few evenings later there was another ring at the Larrabee bell. This time Mrs. Larrabee showed no alarm except that she might be late to the door. It was Asaph! He was as sheepish as a boy. He said that it was kind of lonesome over at his house and seeing their light he kind of thought he'd drop round and be a little neighborly. Everybody was growing neighborly nowadays.

133. Once more Mrs. Larrabee vanished. As she sat in the dining-room pretending to knit she thought how good it was to have a man in the house. The rumble of a deep voice was so comfortable that she fell asleep long before Asaph could bring himself to go home.

134. He had previously sought diversion in the society of some of the very young and very pretty salesgirls in his store, but he found that, for all their graces, their prattle bored him. They talked all about themselves or their friends. But Debby talked to Asaph about Asaph.

135. That long-silent door-bell became a thing to listen for of evenings. Jim Crawford dropped round now and

---

135-136. Illustrates the employment of hastened (as contrasted with retarded) movement as a means of conveying the lapse of time (cf. n. 90-98). The effect is created by the enumeration of

then. Three times that year Newt Meldrum was in town and called on Deborah. She asked him to supper once and he simply raved over the salt-rising biscuits and the peach pusserves. After supper he asked if he might smoke. That was the last word in masculine possession. If frankincense and myrrh had been shaken about the room, Debby and Mrs. Larrabee could not have cherished them as they did the odor of tobacco in the curtains next day. Mrs. Larrabee cried a little. Her husband had smoked.

136. Deborah was only now passing through the stages the average woman travels in her teens and early twenties. Deborah was having callers. Sometimes Asaph and Jim Crawford came the same night and tried to freeze each other out. Deborah knew the superlative female rapture of being quarreled over by two males. And finally she had a proposal—from Asaph; from Josie's and Birdaline's Asaph! They had left him alone with Debby once too often.

137. It was not a romantic wooing, and Asaph was not offering the first love of a bachelor heart. He was a trade-broken widower with a series of assorted orphans on his hands. And his declaration was dragged out of him by jealousy and fear.

---

leading facts or customary happenings only, in any way that indicates the consuming of time.

136-148. According to which theory of the plot-management (n. 77-97) we prefer, this passage represents the second main stage of the rising action or the second item of the outcome as included in the falling action (the first item being her development into desirability). We may regard this stage as continuing through pars. 149-154.

138. Jim Crawford, after numerous failures to decoy Deborah, had at last offered her the position of head saleswoman; this included not only authority and increase of pay, but two trips a year to New York as buyer!

139. Deborah's soul hungered for that journey to Carcassonne before she died, but she put the temptation from her as an ingratitude to Asaph. Still, when Asaph called the next evening, it amused her to tell him that she was going to transfer herself to Crawford's—just to see what he would say and to amuse him. Her trifling joke brought a drama down on her head. Asaph turned pale, gulped:

140. "You're going to leave me, Deborah! Why, I—I couldn't get along without you. Jim Crawford's in love with you, the old scoundrel. But I got a nicer house than what he has for you to live in, too. There's the childern, of course; but you like childern. They'd love you. They need mothering something awful. I been meaning to ask you to marry me, but I thought I ought to wait about thirty days more. But I couldn't let you go. You won't, will you? I want you should marry me. You will, won't you?"

141. Deborah stared at him agape. She had often wondered what she would say if the impossible should happen and a man should ask for her hand. And now it had come in the unlikeliest way, and what she said was:

142. "Sakes alive, Ase, one of us must be crazy!"

143. But he was in a panic, and he besieged and besought till she told him she would "think it over." The sensation was too delicious to be finished with an immediate monosyllable. He went away blustering. Her mother had slept through the cataclysm. Deborah postponed telling her and went to her room in a state of ecstatic distress.

144. Deborah was experiencing the rapturous terror that assails young brides, the dread of the profoundest revolution in a woman's life. Only in her case the terror was the greater from the double duration of her maidenhood. She was still a girl and yet gray was in her hair.

145. The thought of marriage was almost intolerably fearful, and yet it was almost intolerably beautiful.

146. How wonderful that she should be asked to marry the ideal of her youth. She could have a husband, a home, and children of various ages, from the little tot to the grown-ups. She had given up hope of having babies of her own, but she could acquire these ready-made. All her stifled domestic instincts flamed at the new empire offered her.

147. And then she remembered Josie and Josie's sneer: "Poor old Debby. She never was a rose."

148. And now Josie was dead a year and more, and Josie's children and Josie's lover were submitted to her to take or to leave. What a revenge it would be; what a squaring of old accounts! How she would turn the laugh back on them! How well she could laugh who waited to the last!

149. Then she shook her head. What had she to do with revenge? We can all deal sharply with our friends, but we must be magnanimous with our foes.

150. Deborah waited to announce her decision till Asaph should call again. Then she told him what she had decided, but not why. He suspected every other reason except the truth. He was always a quick, hard fighter, and now Deborah had to endure what Josie had endured all her life. He denounced her, threatened her, cajoled

her, pleaded with her; but Josie's ghost chaperoned two, forbade the banns.

151. The next day in the store Asaph looked wret Deborah grew the more desirable for her denial. He thought that he had but to ask her; and now she ha fused his beseeching. He paused before her counter begged her to reconsider.

152. He called at her home every evening. He to her mother and implored her aid. The poor old could hardly believe her ears when she heard that Deb was not only desired, but difficult. She promised A that Deborah should yield, and he went away happy.

153. There was a weird conflict in the forsaken h that night. The old pictures nearly fell off the wal the sight of the stupefied mother trying to compel lifelong virgin to the altar. Mrs. Larrabee pointed that there would never be another chance. The A. G. St. P. Ry. was in the receiver's hands. They would s if Deborah lost her job.

154. Deborah's only answer was that she would g Crawford's. Her mother could not shake her decision hobbled off to bed in senile dismay. She had always asking what the world was coming to, and now it there.

155. Deborah's heart was a whirlpool of indeci

---

155. The second stage (see preceding note) has now deve until it creates a spiritual crisis for Debby. The various char hints concerning her self-obliterating and sympathetic n such as we have already noted (n. 98-109) now disclose additional function as plot-motivators; for we are at the ci height of Debby's history, in the period of resistant (or prefer, of anticipatory) delay; see S. S. M., 154:7 (with n 74, footnote. Her crisis is created by her character.

Asaph's gloom appalled her; his evident need of her was his one unanswerable argument. He had given her her start in life; how could she desert his store; how could she refuse him his prayer? But how could she take Josie's place, kidnap Josie's children? Why was such a puzzle forced upon her, where every decision was cruel to some one, treacherous to something?

156. The turmoil made such a din in her soul that she could hardly transact the business at her counter. As she stood one morning asking a startled shopper if a bolt of maroon taffeta matched a clipping of magenta satin, she saw Newton Meldrum enter the store. As he went by to the office he saw her, lifted his hat, held it in air while he gazed, then went on.

157. It occurred to Deborah that he could help her. She could lay the case before him and he would give her an impartial decision. She waited for him and when he left the office she beckoned to him and asked him shyly if he would take supper with her and her mother.

158. "You bet I will," he said, and stared at her so curiously that she flashed red.

---

157. See notes 136-148, 77-97. We now have either the decisive moment in Debby's history, or the preparation for the third and concluding episode of the outcome. If we regard it as the decisive moment, the incident that it precipitates may be called the conclusive outcome: Debby achieves the ultimate of her dreams. (Without abandoning this theory of the present plot, we can also say that Debby's engagement is the climactic episode of the plot-outcome, the latter being regarded, as under the other theory, as her blossoming-forth taken in its entirety, i.e., all the story forward from par. 75 or 82). (The student must not be deceived by the placid manner of the narrative into thinking there is no intensity of experience, emotion, or passion in its events and situations: "Still waters run deep." Looking back,

159. Through the supper, too, he stared at her so hard that she buttered her thumb instead of her salt-rising biscuit. Afterward she led him to the parlor and closed the door on her mother. This was in itself an epoch-making deed. Then she said to Newt:

160. "Better light the longest cigar you have, for I have a long story to tell you. Got a match?"

161. He had, but he said he hadn't. She fetched one and was so confused that she lighted it for him. Her hand trembled so that he had to steady it with his own big fingers, and he stared at her instead of at the match, whose flickering rays lighted her face eerily.

162. When she had him settled in a chair—the best patent-rocker—she told him her story. There is no surer test of character than the problem a soul extracts from a difficulty. As Meldrum watched this simple starved soul stating its bewilderment, he saw that her one concern was what she should do to be truest to other souls. There was no question of her own advantage.

163. He studied her earnestly, and his eyes were veiled with a kind of smoke of their own behind the scarf of tobacco fumes. When she had finished she raised her eyes to his in meek appeal and murmured:

---

we can see that the love between Meldrum and Debby, breaking out with apparent suddenness here, has in truth been thoroughly motivated. Therefore Debby's decision to consult Newt about her duty to Asaph, besides being in itself an indication of her unconscious regard for and dependence on him, clearly constitutes a decisive moment; what follows is practically inevitable, according to prevailing human experience. The student will notice too the effectiveness of the sudden emotional outburst in this incident—another instance of the contrast, both explicit and implicit, which contributes so much to the ultimate effectiveness of the story.)

164. "And now what ought I to do?"

165. He gazed at her for a long while before he answered:

166. "Do you want to go to Crawford's?"

167. "Well, I'd get more money and I'd get to see New York, but I don't like to leave Asaph. He says he needs me."

168. "Do you—do you want to marry Asaph?"

169. "Oh, no; I—I like him awfully much, but—I—I'm kind of afraid of him, too. But he says he needs me."

170. "But do you—love Asaph?"

171. "Oh, no! Not the kind of love, that is, that you read about. No, I'm kind of afraid of him. But I'm not expecting the kind of love you read about. I'm wondering what I ought to do?"

172. "And you want me to decide?"

173. "If you only would."

174. "Why do you leave it to me of all people?"

175. "Because you're such a fine man; you know so much. I have more—more respect for you than for anybody else I know."

176. "You have!"

177. "Oh, yes! Oh, yes, indeed."

178. "And you'll do what I tell you to?"

179. "Yes—yes, I will."

180. "Promise?"

181. "I promise."

182. "Give me your hand on it."

183. He rose and stood before her and put forth that great palm of his and she set her slim white fingers in it. And then there must have been an earthquake or something, for suddenly she was swept to her feet and she was

enveloped in his big arms and crushed against him, and his big mouth was pressed so fiercely to hers that she could not breathe.

184. She was so frightened that her heart seemed to break. She knew nothing more till she found herself in the patent-rocker, with him kneeling at her side, pleading with her to forgive him for the brute he was.

185. She was very weak and very much afraid of him, and entirely bewildered. She wanted to run away, but he would not even let her rise. The only thing that reassured her was his saying over and over again:

186. "You are the most beautiful thing in this world."

187. She had to laugh at that; and she heard herself saying:

188. "Why, Newt Meldrum, one of us must be crazy."

189. "I am—crazy with love of you."

190. "But to call me beautiful—poor old Debby!"

191. "You are beautiful; you're the handsomest woman I know."

192. "Me—with my white hair!"

193. "White roses. I don't know what's happened to you, Debby. You're not the woman I talked to at Asaph's at all. You're like a girl—with silver hair. You've got a woman's big heart, and you haven't the selfishness of the young, but that kind of wonderful sadness that sweetens a soul more than anything else, and you're the darnedest prettiest thing I ever laid eyes on."

194. Meldrum was as much amazed as Deborah was at hearing such rhapsodies from his matter-of-fact soul.

195. Her comment was prosaic enough; she fell back and sighed:

196. "Well, I guess both of us must be crazy."

197. "I guess we are," he laughed boyishly. "We'd better get married and keep the insanity in one family."

198. "Get married!" she echoed, still befuddled. "And you telling me what you did?"

199. "Yes, but I didn't know the Lord was at work on a masterpiece like you, girl, woman, grandmother, child, beauty, brains—all in one."

200. Deborah was as exhausted by the shock as if she had been stunned by lightning. She was tired out with the first kiss an impassioned man had ever pressed upon her lips, the first bone-threatening hug an ursine lover had ever inflicted upon her inexperienced ribs.

201. She was more afraid of Newt Meldrum than she had been of Asaph. But when she told him she would think it over, he declined to go. He laughed at her pleas. She had promised to abide by his decision, and he had decided that she should go neither to Asaph nor to Crawford, but to New York—not as any old buyer, either, except of things for her own beautiful body, and some hats for that fleecy white hair of hers. And she should live in New York, take her mother there if she wanted, and close up this house after they had been married in it.

202. She had been shaking her head to all these things and dismissing them gently as the ravings of a delirious boy. But now she said:

203. "Oh, I could never be married in this town."

204. "And why not?"

205. "Oh, I don't know; I just couldn't."

206. She was still afraid that people would laugh at her, but more afraid that they would think she was trying to flaunt her triumph over them; the triumph of marrying the great Newton Meldrum. She could bear the

laughter; she was used to the town's ridicule. But she could not endure to be triumphing over anybody.

207. Meldrum did not fret over her motives; he simply nodded.

208. "All right, then we'll be married in New York. How soon can you start?"

209. She stared at him, this amazing man. "How soon? Why, I haven't said I'd marry you yet. I'll have to think it over."

210. He laughed and crushed her in his arms and would not let her breathe till she breathed "Yes."

211. He was the most amazing man. But the men were all so amazing when you got to know them. And it seemed to Deborah that they must have all gone crazy at once.

---

211. The student will derive profit from deciding for himself why this simple, abrupt, almost irrelevant ending is neither flat, insignificant, nor inartistic—why it is in keeping with the mood of the story, the tone of the narrative, and the character of the central person.

HIS BUBBLE REPUTATION

The Story as a Whole

1. A theme story, primarily emphasizing the *motif* of chance or even accident that enters into affairs, affecting the most careful plans. The author is an officer in our army, and has chosen military incident and fact as the material out of which to build up plot and action. Through this choice of materials the story is given its military atmosphere and tone, and limited to such a range of acts, persons, and descriptions as is consistent with military fact.

2. A story that, by its nature, is without a central actor, in the strict sense. The successive importance of the main persons is noted in the running notes. The persons, like the incidents, are subordinated to emphasis of the *motif*. The manner of accomplishing this, without sacrificing general unity, is worth study.

3. Very compact in presentation. Few details are employed that are not essentially involved in the plot. The elements of plot, situation, character, and the like—that is, the basic fiction-drama elements—are so managed as to contribute the necessary qualities of tone, atmosphere, and setting mainly without the aid of extraneous concentrative or intensifying matter. Cf. the running note concerning the battle incident. In style, compact, direct, and effective, with rugged descriptive and narrative force, and no waste effort.

4. An instance of that originality or "difference" in

viewpoint that editors say they are always seeking. There have been many tales of war and battle, but probably never one exactly like to this, in which—structurally—a battle that decides the destinies of nations is merely an incident of plot establishment to bring forward a theme. Most writers would think the battle the main thing.

5. Admirable also for refraining everywhere from a formal statement of the theme. The author evidently thinks that, if the action embodies the thought, thinking readers will be able to grasp it without having it put into words for them.

HIS BUBBLE REPUTATION

By Capt. George Brydges Rodney, U. S. A.

Reprinted from "Adventure" for December, 1913, by Permission of the Editors and the Author.
(Copyright, 1913, by the Ridgway Company)

1. It was almost a stage-setting—ranged tents in order along the edge of the clearing; the General's flag, square, blood-red in color, bearing the three white stars of an American lieutenant-general, waving at the right of the tent; the statuesque orderly; the hurrying aides and couriers; even to the gray-headed old negro cook bending over his camp-kettles under a great beech where the checkered light of the May sun dripped like molten gold on the heavy grass.

2. It looked like a stage-setting; but the resemblance ended there, for no stage presentment could possibly imitate the deep-throated throb of the International Army's gun-fire that came fitfully from the northwest, every shot jarring the little assemblage like an electric shock. The very atmosphere was surcharged. It was evident that the storm must soon burst.

3. Day after day, the sun rising over the long Spruce Ridge had overtaken long, brown columns hurrying westward, westward ever; laden trucks and wagons; long,

1. S. S. M., 124:4 (especially C), 5, 6. On pars. 1-2, and following, S. S. M., 127:9, 10, 11; 137:2; 139:4; 141:9; 149:19. Par. 1 is setting merely; par. 2 is this plus exposition and heightened atmosphere; par. 3 is these plus activity (S. S. M., 37:4).

venomous-looking guns tugging and straining along the rough mountain roads. Long columns of cavalry—horsemen whose very appearance spelled efficiency—went through the woodland, leaving the track free for the foot-troops and the guns and wagons—broad-hatted, brown-shirted cavalrymen, very different indeed from the scarlet, blue and gold of *l'Armée Internationale* whose thousands were massing to the northwest.

4. It was the gathering of the clans, for every man was straining muscle and sinew to reach the Army of the Center which, under Ware, the new Commander-in-Chief, was hurriedly preparing for Armageddon.

5. Three months before, the Army of the North, defending the line of the St. Lawrence, had been forced back by sheer weight of numbers, thus throwing open the frontier of the Great Lakes. This made necessary the withdrawal of the Army of the Center from its original position, so that ultimately the Army of the South, being unsupported in an isolated position, had to abandon New Orleans to the enemy, thus putting the entire line of the Mississippi in the hands of the enemy and compelling Ver Planck to withdraw from Texas.

6. When General Ware assumed command of the Army of the Center he found it about to fight for its very existence and the existence of its wings, with its back against the Spruce Ridge and its flanks flung wide along the slopes that were blue with the flowering buckwheat.

---

4. Interest having been aroused, exposition becomes more direct and matter-of-fact. Pars. 4-5 amount to consequential exposition—the last stand; failure means ruin (S. S. M., 171 ff.; 231). Pars. 6-7 present the immediate conditions affecting the situation and outcome (consequential exposition emphasized).

Before it lay a victorious army and between the hostile forces was spread a ravaged countryside that showed the depredations of the foe.

7. To make matters worse, Anarchy was raising its head cobra-like in Chicago and from the Pacific coast came mutterings of discontent, while dread for the Orient was beginning to yawn and stretch in its awakening. For the overturning of the Monroe Doctrine would mean the exploitation of a continent.

8. For years Ware had seen it coming and for years he had been preparing himself to meet the emergency when it should come. No nation can preach peace and practise war. Since 1820 the United States, clamoring loudly that no nation should exploit South America for purposes of colonization, had instituted a most relentless commercial war to force its own manufactures into the markets of the world.

9. "When a strong man armed keepeth his house, his goods are in peace;" but the American people had never heeded the biblical warning. The time had come when the opening of the Panama Canal had revolutionized the

---

8-9. Three objects accomplished here: (1) attention centered on the first leading person; (2) concentrative material introduced tending to increase plausibility of the situation assumed,—a state of war,—by presenting a reasonable cause therefor (concealed motivation); (3) expression of the author's personal convictions by representing them as the views of a central person and working them into the motivation—well managed. It is natural and consistent incorporation of viewpoint in such ways that enables the short story seriously to influence thought and, consequently, lays grave responsibility on the writer lest he preach a dangerous or false doctrine. Par. 8 scarcely commends itself on this score. —Inciting cause, par. 9 (S. S. M., 74; 85 ff).

ideas of the world. The nations of the Old World had decided overnight to test the Monroe Doctrine.

10. Any change, even the most minute, made suddenly in a complex organization is bound to cause confusion. A grain of sand dropped in precisely the right place in an engine can cut it to pieces. A change at the head of so delicate an organization as an army is even more demoralizing. General Ware realized at once that the changes which he deemed necessary could not be made at once. Later he would get rid of his ineffectives as rapidly as occasion permitted, but at present the men would fight best under their known leaders.

11. It is remarkable how custom can reconcile men to almost anything. An army in this is singularly like a squid that accepts everything, and later, by the slow process of turning itself inside out, ejects the useless matter from which it has sucked the vital juices.

12. Ware found weaknesses where he had not thought to find them; corrected them only to discover others; readjusted differences, and with the aid of Coulter, his gigantic Chief of Staff, correlated his information to accord with the existing facts. And all this was done, not in weeks nor days, but in hours and minutes. For in these days Ware lived "in heart-beats, not in figures on a dial," till on that never-to-be-forgotten evening General Coulter, sitting back on his stool, faced his superior squarely.

13. "Well, sir! The ax is ground."

11-ff. Much like 8-9, bringing on the first of the real action in par. 13-16. Note the quickening of movement and the "snappiness" that comes with the introduction of the dialogue.

14. Ware nodded. His gray eyes narrowed to pin-points.

15. "The reports should be in soon from the cavalry-screen——"

16. The tent-fly pulled apart and a gauntlet snapped up in salute.

17. "Sir, General Hughes has desired me to report that today I took a cavalry patrol out to the southwest as far as Tanville. I found that the enemy's right flank is in the air at that point. It rests upon an open buckwheat field that is fringed along the west with a thicket of black birch——"

18. "What troops have they in position there?"

---

17. Second movement begins. The opening movement reveals the general situation and makes us realize the immense issues about to be decided. The struggle required by the plot is a struggle between armies, and will be the decisive struggle between nations and consequently between national ideals. The action of the plot now actively enters the rising stage (S. S. M., 74: 92: 1-3), beginning with dialogue that expounds the necessary details about the armies, and especially gives the atmosphere of military planning. It thus realizes for us one fact that is vital to the establishment of the theme later on—that this struggle of nations by means of their armies is in truth an intellectual struggle between generals (note that complicating elements of such a struggle as this would be in actual warfare are omitted—differences in equipment, arms, ammunition supply, etc. Cf. S. S. M., 80: 3).

18-32. Includes intensifying detail (pars. 18-25), increasing the atmosphere of military situation.—May be regarded as an example of retarded movement (Genung, Practical Els. Rhet.). Now that interest has been caught, the story can take time to produce atmospheric effect, give character analysis (pars. 26-27), etc.—What hints of character can you discover in the dialogue? Is the section effective in producing verisimilitude (S. S. M., 92: 14; 241 ff.)? Point out the concrete means employed to accomplish

19. "The Third Division of the Twelfth Corps, sir. It is composed of Borchlanders and Friesland troops."

20. "H'm! Two nationalities. What guns have they there?"

21. "Twelve field-batteries, sir, entrenched. There is no cavalry on that flank. Their entire cavalry force is withdrawing by their own rear to the left."

22. "Austerlitz on a minor scale," growled Coulter. "They mean to pivot on their own right——"

23. The Commander-in-Chief bent over a map, sticking colored pins here and there along the mountain range.

24. "Very good, Captain," he said presently. "Is that all?"

25. "Yes, sir."

26. The officer saluted and departed. The Chief of Staff sat and watched his superior as a cat might watch a mouse. For a long half-hour Ware sat, his chin dropped forward upon his breast, studying, not the map, but apparently a pendant rope in the tent corner, intent, unseeing.

27. Long ago he had developed the self-effacement of an Indian *guru* and the introspective self-analysis of an old-time seer. Paper itself was not a better medium for the transmission of thought than was that wonderful brain that worked and worked behind the blue-gray eyes just as the twelve thousand horse-power engines of a destroyer

---

this.—Note the effect of concreteness from mentioning specific divisions and corps of the army, the two hostile generals, the foreign places.—Note the employment of action (or activity; S. S. M., 136:1; 140-141) at the beginning and end of the section, with the non-actional elements in the middle; the activity is thus made to carry the other elements of effect, as should always be the case in drama or narrative.

work behind her cruising lights. He shook himself into action, studying Coulter from under bent brows.

28. "Do you know General Printz, their Commander-in-Chief?" he asked.

29. "Yes, sir. I met him at——"

30. "Never mind that. What is he?"

31. "A modern von Moltke without his humanizing weaknesses. A true materialist type. Nothing that can not be proved by equations exists for him and what his calculations show to be impossible simply cannot be done."

32. "That is how I too have summarized him. I studied him at Spoten when I was supposed to be studying methods of mounting aeroplane guns. He is all that you say, and more. Here——"

33. He unrolled a great map upon the table and threw himself across it. Coulter pinned it down and placed four tall candles upon the rough table, where they guttered in the night wind. A sentry tramped softly along the woods trail outside the tent and a chatter came from a box in a distant corner, where Ware's pet monkey slept upon a folded saddle-blanket. As far as was indicated by outside noises one would never have guessed the presence of the sleeping thousands on the ground where the long bivouac spread along the sloping hills.

34. "We will fight at dawn, sir." The curt tones cut the silence like a whip-lash. The tent-wall behind them bellied in the wind unnoticed by either of the men.[1]

---

33. The description provides atmospheric setting for the immediate action.

34. [1] Apparently a mere detail of the setting; its significance becomes manifest in par. 56.

35. "I rarely talk of my plans, but I want you to understand clearly what I intend to do. I mean to take a big risk. I mean to do what Lee did at Chancellorsville."

36. Coulter uttered an exclamation and sat gazing at his chief.

37. "They think," Ware went on contemplatively, "that they have solved my personal equation and that their solution cannot be wrong. They believe that their solution of that equation is the key to this fight and to the campaign. They have themselves reduced war to a contest of draughtsmen and typewriters. They say that nothing is left to chance. As a matter of fact, Coulter, we trained soldiers know that the most successful leader has always been he who left the least to chance. What I am trying to say is——"

38. He rose and, rummaging in a field-desk, produced a small card-index, well thumbed, which he placed before him upon the table.

39. "This is a copy of my personal *dossier* that General Printz has spent two years in completing. It took two men a year to get it for me, but I have discovered their opinion of me. Listen." He read slowly:

"Brave, intelligent. No great audacity.
Trained after European models. See Milfelling and Pschorrleben."

---

37. The idea of the importance of the generals is again emphasized; cf. closing comment on par. 17. Pars. 37-41, and several others, contain interesting revelation of modern military methods. Besides intensifying the military atmosphere, these contribute strongly to the impression of verisimilitude.

40. "Now, Coulter, the man who wrote those notes is not only firmly wedded to his own ideals in waging war, but he cannot conceive that his own estimate of others can possibly be wrong. He cannot conceive of audacity in others unless it is authorized by his own text-books.

41. "For forty years the Continental schools have taught that Lee's famous movement at Chancellorsville would have been suicidal if made before a European army and that he would never have dared make it had he not known the personal equation of Hooker. They say they know mine now and their own *dossier* shows me to be like Hooker. By consequence, I dare not move. I have no audacity. Obviously the thing for me to do is to copy Lee. Give me the stamp-pad and I will place the troops."

42. The canvas wall of the tent bellied spasmodically

40. This and 41 really contain comment on the weakness in the military, intellectual, and spiritual character of the greatest military nation of the world, the self-worshiping Germans. They are therefore paragraphs of (hidden) social characterization. (Instances of this characteristically German attitude of mind have been so numerous since Germany began her attack on art and the humanitarian bases of civilization as to verify beyond dispute the interpretation given in this story.) Cf. par. 37, and watch for other instances.

41. The characterization of Ware that has been gradually building up from par. 17 forward culminates here. Note that Ware's conduct invalidates the assumption of the enemy strategists, as Ware himself explains in par. 40. Later we shall have reason to note that Ware's careful reasoning is itself futile, and that something like pure chance (yet chance motivated on recognized fact, not accidental chance) determines the outcome. All this is involved in the theme-concept.

42. [1] The four closing words begin to give us the sense of something significant but as yet unexplained in this bellying of the tent; cf. 34 and 44.—Observe in the following paragraphs the congruous realistic detail.

as if under pressure.[1] But it passed unnoticed as the two men flung themselves prone upon the table, General Ware with the little blue stamp-pad and the oblong rubber stamp that indicated a division, with which he meant to block out upon the map the location of his troops for the fight that was to take place upon the morrow.

43. "Here I will place Avery, Morton, and Bell." The stamp came down viciously. "Here are Gates, Atwood, and Holton with the artillery. Put Weston with his cavalry far out to the left by Turner's farm. If our plan succeeds at all we will have use for Weston there, for that is their strategical flank. And now, here on the Granville Road, I will block out the troops for the turning movement. Hopkins will command them and we will give him every rifle not absolutely needed elsewhere. If Hopkins can make this turning movement, the day is ours."

44. Again and again the stamp came down while Coulter feverishly jotted down in his note-book the details for his orders and the canvas wall pushed in and in. There was a vicious chuckle from the corner of the tent where the monkey coughed and chattered over the draught; for the night air was cold as it drew down from the higher peaks.

45. "Confound that beast Toto! I wish I had left him at home."

46. Ware threw a bit of paper at the animal and went

---

44. The monkey's behavior, like the bellying of the tent in 34, seems for the moment nothing more than a bit of realistic detail. In fact, however, we are being prepared for the determining element of the plot.

on with his work. Presently the two men sat back and stared at each other. The plan was complete.

47. General Ware rose, slowly changed his coat, drew on his gloves and stared hard at Coulter. His look went through him and through the tent-wall to the long lines of his sleeping infantry upon the hills outside.

48. "I am going to ride over to see McCann," he said. "I should be back in two or three hours. The news will be in from the cavalry by one o'clock at latest. As soon as it comes in, if there is no change, make out the orders to the Corps Commanders as I have directed. Be sure that they get them in plenty of time to get their men into position an hour before daylight. We will attack at dawn——"

49. "General, have you thought of what will happen if the enemy should discover this gap that you are leaving between Hopkins on the left and the center while Hopkins is getting into position?"

50. "Yes, sir! I have thought and thought till I think my brain was atrophied. Each move that I contemplate has its reverse side. I refuse any longer to consider it. 'To make an omelet it is necessary to break eggs.' I will take this risk exactly as Lee took it when he showed all the world how to fight. Send out the orders for a fight at daylight."

51. Coulter slowly left the tent and looked back once to see Ware scanning critically for the last time the map on which he had placed his troops. From his place in front of the tent he heard Ware pass behind him and then he heard the receding tramp of the iron-shod hoofs along

---

49. Reintroduction (therefore emphasis of) consequential exposition; cf. 4.

the soft woods road. He turned sighing, his face gray with care as he bade a courteous good-night to the orderly.

52. "He may be right," he muttered. "He may be right—— What was that?"

53. "The new sentry being posted on Number One, sir," said the corporal.

54. "Very good."

55. He tramped heavily over to his own tent; the canvas fly dropped into place behind him and Toto shivered and chattered in his cold loneliness in the big tent.

56. Presently a curious thing happened. Ware's coat, which lay upon a stool, began to move slowly toward the tent-wall and gradually disappeared under the edge. A moment later the bottom of the wall was raised and the head and shoulders of a man appeared. He hastily scanned the interior of the tent, drew himself inside, crouched for a moment in the shadow of the table till the receding steps of the sentry told that the guard had passed. Then he sprang to his feet and threw himself at the great map upon which the Commander-in-Chief had so carefully blocked out the position of his divisions. The next few moments set their seal upon him, for men age rapidly in war.

56-61. The generating circumstance (S. S. M., 74: 85 ff.). So far as narrational and dramatic machinery is concerned, the plot conflict involves merely the question, will Ware, by his careful planning, outgeneral the invading commanders; from this point of view, the fact that the existence of the nation depends on the battle is irrelevant, except that it intensifies interest in the dramatic struggle. If we keep this in mind, we perceive that the *status quo* (S. S. M., 85: 1) has been threatened with no change until the spy gets to the map; here then is the generating circumstance according to the purely technical definition.

57. "I wish I could have heard all they said," he muttered. "Given five minutes here and the work is done."

58. In the windy silence his whisper sounded in his own ears as loud as a shout. He pulled from his pocket a strip of tracing-cloth, spread it across the map, seized the rubber stamp and the felt pad that still lay where Ware had left them upon the table. In a short half-minute he had reproduced upon his narrow paper the work that had taken Ware days to plan—and years to learn.

59. "So! He means to hold us in front with these skeleton divisions and make a turning movement to take us by surprise and roll up our left flank with the rest! Yet Printz says the man has no daring! To make merely a show of resistance in our front—and this against the crack troops of Europe! Oh, the sheer luck of this trip of mine tonight! What's that?"

60. It was Coulter calling for an orderly. The spy glanced about him and again bent over the table, his back to the tent door as the newly posted sentry passed. He took his time over that tracing, for he knew that even if the sentry should see him the soldier would think it was the General at work.

61. A gust of wet wind drove through the tent. Toto shrieked and raved profanely in his cold blankets. The man started violently and threw the stamp at him, rolled up his tracing-cloth, removed the General's coat, dived

---

61. Five words in sentence 3 give us, although we do not suspect it, the decisive moment—so far as it can be actually located in this story. A surprise effect is given to the story by the realization of this when at last we do realize it.

under the tent wall and disappeared. The wet silence of the night was broken only by the stamp of the restive horses and the low-voiced talk of the headquarters guard.

62. Standing under his tent-fly, General Coulter received the reports from the advance cavalry, slowly noted them down and checked off time and distance upon his map. When the last officer had reported, he bade them good night and reëntered the headquarters tent. A long silence fell that was broken presently by the smashing blow of a heavy fist upon a table and a deep-voiced growl of approval that brought an aide from his tiny tent.

63. "Is there anything I can do, General Coulter?"

64. "Yes, sir!"

65. Coulter sprang to his feet, for his excitement was tremendous. "You can get down upon your knees and thank the God of Battles, if you believe in one in this degenerate age, for having given us a man at last."

66. The astonished aide, after a puzzled look at the excited Chief of Staff, withdrew, leaving Coulter seated at the table lost in contemplation as he pulled nervously at his mustache.

67. "By Heaven, and he talked to me as though I were a child! Was all that to blind me or to persuade himself? I never expected to see in this world such masterly use of terrain. What could be better than this! It will be like asking a man to a Barmecide feast and giving

---

62-64. Coulter's exclamation makes us wonder for a moment why he is so enthusiastic now, when (par. 49-52) he was previously so dubious. But it is not until the entire outcome has been explained (see preceding note) that we understand the reason for it.—Perhaps the lapse of time is not indicated with sufficient emphasis before Coulter's return to headquarters tent. Passage of time is not made as clear as, for instance, it is in par. 68.

a banquet fit for Lucullus. Orderly, call in the
ɛs."

3. For more than an hour he sat there dictating, test-
and retesting his own orders. A scant two hours be-
dawn he threw himself upon his cot, while the wires
ıe field telegraph and telephones clicked and whirred
the orders that were to move three hundred thousand
when the first rays of the morning sun should lighten
ıhadows of the Spruce Ridge.

). Dawn came at last; a perfect May day, ushered
being by a crash of artillery that woke every echo of

·91. The third movement. As far as par. 89, it presents the
ıme—shows (apparently) the triumph of Ware's plan of bat-
No mention of the spy or his work is made, and we are left to
that in some way he failed. Beginning with par. 90, intro-
on of the facts that contain the surprise and afford the true
.nation of the outcome is begun.—Note that now it is Coulter
appears as the leading person. At first thought, one would
hat the story suffers from a shifting of importance from one
ın to another—from Ware to Coulter (and possibly at one
to the spy; the personality of the invading generals also
ves attention). Consideration of the story as a whole, how-
shows that this shifting is an essential element of the effect.
hostile commanders laid their plans; Ware laid his plans;
ɜnemy countered them on the spy's information; Coulter
ted the battle like a great general—on the new plan that he
ved to be that of his chief; but in fact, when all the ablest
ɜrs had done their best, the outcome was the result of none
ese things immediately, but of an unforeseen bit of chance
hich the battle turned—a chance perfectly natural, yet so
te that human intellect could not have dreamed of it. The
of the story, therefore, does not depend upon unity of
ın, nor yet upon unity of time, motivation, action, setting,
mosphere (although these latter are all adequately present);
ıstaining unity is that of *motif* and theme—the thought that
nost careful purposes of men are subject for good or ill

the hills and hung in clamor along the pine-clad slopes. The first reverberating roar found Coulter, iron-visaged, standing before his tent, vast, imperturbable.

70. To him couriers came galloping intent and anxious. To him came 'gallopers' bearing requests for aid and to each he gave the same reply; the immortal reply of the Iron Duke in like case:

71. "General Penton requires support, sir——"

72. "Is he cut to pieces?"

73. "No, sir; but——"

74. "Tell him to stay where he is. He can have no assistance."

---

to happenings or influences beyond their control or foresight. Evidently, the shifting of attention from person to person is required by the central thought. See S. S. M., 178-189.—The monkey is the *deus ex machina,* and—in effect—almost the central person. Observe how, by realization of the scene at headquarters, the progress of the battle up to its decisive turn is effectively described; our interest of course is with our own army, and our suspense is greatest in sharing the crisis with our own commander. The change (par. 81) to Printz's viewpoint is instinctive; we like to see the other side when it is getting whipped. Further, the main dramatic activity is for the moment that of the crumpled and disintegrating ranks of the defeated army. Study the gradual swingback (pars. 82-83) to Coulter and the American side, and so through 84-85 to the progress of the plot again (the episode of the battle is largely an intensifying incident).—Cf. the rapid movement of pars. 90-97 with the retarded movement of 69-89. What reasons do you find for giving the latter three times as much space as the former? Is the battle episode of intrinsic interest (S. S. M., 100: 18-22, especially 22) as well as of plot interest? Is the result of the battle sufficiently important toward preserving the sense of importance in the plot to warrant the retarded, or amplified, treatment (cf. note on par. 17)? Is the retarded movement helpful toward creating an impression of lapse of time? On the other hand, is the return of the general of great atmospheric, suspense or interest value, or

75. And again the tense, whispering silence of the pines, accentuated by the swirling roar of the guns where they broke out into full-voiced chorus.

76. It was Coulter who, pale, stern, even-eyed, sat his horse among the Staff while three Corps-Commanders raged about him. It was he, too, who gave the famous answer that went ringing into history.

77. "The artillery is overmatched, General Coulter. The enemy means to break through our center by Weston Hill," an aide, reining in a foaming horse, had said.

78. "Then, sir, we will give them what we have today. There will be no tomorrow."

---

is it merely a detail necessary for the continuity of the narrative? —About plot management: Does the plot inescapably require the absence of Ware during the battle? Why was not a separate movement devoted to him and his disappearance before the account of the battle? Would the details of this incident have been relatively significant enough to the establishment of the *motif* and theme to justify their presentation at length (i.e., are *details* needed)? Would our understanding of the situation during the battle—his absence and Coulter's assumption of command —have been clearer if, following par. 55 or 68 (or somewhere between) a brief paragraph had been inserted, giving the facts that are put by the author in pars. 99-104?—For the moment, regard par. 89 as the last paragraph of the story. Evidently it would be an excellent telescoped ending (S. S. M., 115-119) for a story that centered in the battle interest. What would be necessary, however, by way of recast to turn this story into a battle story? It can readily be done by omitting the spy incident and closing with par. 89; practically no other reconstruction is needed, for the references to the monkey can stand as mere picturesque detail. This fact offers good opportunity for study of the function of plot incident (S. S. M., 107 ff.). The incident of the spy is plot incident for the story as it stands, but would be irrelevant in the mere battle story—this showing how introduction or omission of essential incidents changes outcome, purpose, and effect.

79. Long afterward, men looking back upon those next few moments told each his own tale, for no two men saw the same. It was a maze to Coulter, who was fighting two fights—his own and his General's—for Ware had not returned and Coulter realized well enough that should his absence become known twenty incompetent hands would be stretched out for the reins. The best that he could do was to remain silent; for after all, once the men were committed to the fight, it was a soldier's battle.

80. So he sat, grim-faced and silent, while his divisions pushed forward in long lines of cheering, brown-clad men. So he sat and watched that slow but never-ceasing advance of the enemy; the awful moment when two hundred guns opened upon him from Halidon Hill and the consequent lull when Printz found that gap in the American line and pushed into it with all the force that he could gather; and finally that short but heaven-rocking moment when the whole line of the enemy, blinded and bewildered, shrank back under the furious fervor of the newly awakened fight at center.

81. Printz saw the repulse from where he sat his horse among the batteries on Halidon Hill. He saw the long lines of his matchless infantry move slowly to the advance; saw the attack quicken; saw the American center burst into an unsuspected crater of fire and saw his long lines strain back. Then he heard the renewed roar of the guns and marked the rush of Weston's squadrons upon his right. It was the moment for the counter-stroke and he bent to the shock.

82. There was no withstanding that counter-stroke. It was delivered, not when the text-books say it should be

delivered, at the moment of recoil, but at the moment when success seemed assured to *l'Armée Internationale,* when all of its powers were keyed up to success. Printz felt rather than saw the two dangerous nippers, those far-reaching flanks of Coulter's, swing around upon his own flanks while the charge of the American center was pushed home squarely in his face.

83. If there is in this world anything that is really impossible it is to hold and reform broken and defeated troops in the face of a victorious foe who means to take toll of them. From his position in rear of his center, General Coulter issued the orders for a pursuit that should push Printz beyond the verge of exhaustion. Few orders were required, for every man realized that the moment was at last come when victory hung poised above the eagles of the Republic.

84. Coulter eyed his advancing columns, watched his reserve guns go past in all the maddening thunder of an advance by battalion and noted the quick swirl of red dust where Weston's cavalry was going in.

85. "If only Ware could have been here to see it!" he muttered. His regret was but half-spoken. There was no time to wait even for news of his missing chief, for he meant that those retreating blue columns should be pushed back to the very shores of the Great Lake that gleamed dully like a naked sword under the heavy skies to the northwest.

86. Where could Ware be? What could have delayed him? What could have happened to deprive the victorious army this day of the leadership of the wonderful brain that had planned this mighty conflict?

87. So all day long the enemy rolled along through the

knee-deep mud of the sodden roads—for the after-the-battle rains had set in—and from every height Coulter's shells searched out their retreating columns. Bridges were destroyed by Weston's indefatigable squadrons; wagons broke down and jammed the roads and through them all sifted the ruck of the disheartened infantry, a veritable babel of tongues, shrill-accented, self-seeking, flinging their arms aside in heading flight.

88. Coulter kept his place till late in the day, receiving the reports from the pursuing columns. It was nearly dusk when he shut up his glasses and turned to an aide.

89. "It is all over, sir. Wire General Acton to concentrate at Tioga for the pursuit——"

90. He stopped short in his surprise at the sight of a soiled and stained figure that was slowly and painfully stumbling up the rear slope of the hill. Coulter sprang from his horse, ran forward and passed his arm about the shoulders of General Ware.

91. "General—General!" he almost shouted. "This is the best news of the day. A little brandy, quickly, Major Fosdick—and a blanket. What is it, sir——?"

91-122. The fourth and last movement begins at 91 (or 98). Pars. 91-122 gradually lead toward and prepare us for the disclosure of the decisive act; cf. note on par. 61. The reader now senses fully that he is approaching the explanation, and feels the suspense of anticipatory delay (see S. S. M., 75, n. 2). Observe how, in this falling action, suspense is conserved, especially in the distributed detail concerning Ware's absence and mishap, mingled with passages of dialogue all pointing clearly to coming explanation of the events now past.—According to definition, the falling action (in the plot sense) began with the decisive moment (n. on par. 61); but with the surprise effect in mind, the author concealed the significance of this incident (S. S. M., 39-40; 117:5). On continuance of the struggle after the decisive moment, with

92. They hastily made room, spreading a saddle-blanket beneath a bush and watched the shaken Commander-in-Chief as he gulped greedily at the proffered cup. His eyes were deep-sunken and his face was badly bruised. About his head he wore a blood-stained bandage that had been improvised from several first-aid packets.

93. "What has happened, Coulter?"

94. Coulter's voice betrayed his triumph.

95. "It is most unfortunate, sir, that you could not have been here to see the fulfilment of your plans. We are driving them in headlong rout——"

96. "Then Hopkins succeeded in turning them as I had planned. Printz was in error then and I was right! I would have staked my reputation on it. I *did* stake my reputation on it, Coulter. It had to be——"

97. For answer Coulter motioned to the staff to withdraw and leaned forward across the blanket.

98. "No, General, Hopkins did not turn them. It

---

accompanying rise in interest, see S. S. M., 93: 4-5 and footnote 9; cf. S. S. M., 119 ff. A review of the sections on rising action and falling action is advisable. See also S. S. M., 154: 7 and n. 14.—The present story affords an excellent illustration of complexly related facts presented strictly in the chronological order (S. S. M., 151-157). Everything is placed in the strict order of its happening, with one exception: the accident to Ware is not told at the time of its happening, but is narrated episodically at the time of his return. But even this is scarcely a departure from the strict time order, for his absence is noted when it occurred, and the explanation of it is made at that point in the story where it would come in fact—on his return.

98-99. Observe the means employed to stimulate suspense. As any story approaches its close, the accumulated interest of plot and action should carry it forward; yet these may easily drop off,

was your change in the plans at the last moment that won the day. It was the rearrangement of troops that did it, sir. It was absolutely the most masterly thing I have ever seen."

99. "Change of plans? What change of plans? Redistribution of troops? I made none, sir. I left orders, strict orders, sir, for General Hopkins to make a turning movement and now you tell me that he did not do it! When I left you I rode to McCann's and—" his voice trailed off weakly—— "I—think—my—horse—must—have—fallen. What has—taken place?"

100. "Can you walk as far as the tent, sir?"

101. Ware nodded and, with his elbow in the grip of his Chief of Staff, stumbled heavily into the big tent, where he fairly fell into the chair that a clerk pulled forward for him. His brain was in a whirl. His voice was little more than a whisper that sounded in his own ears like the far-off rush of heavy seas.

102. "I—left—you—and went to—McCann's. I left him at four-thirty and—I remember riding through—a piece—of woods——"

103. His voice sank to an inarticulate murmur. The waiting orderly spoke.

104. "Sir, de Gin'ral done had a turrible fall. His hawse fell ober a root an' when I come along behin' him through de neck o' woods by Gin'ral McCann's place I done foun' him wid de hawse piled on him and de hawse

---

and a skillful introduction and management of the materials at this stage is therefore important. They must be kept down to the fewest possible, but so handled as to sustain fully the sense of dramatic situation.

had his back broke. De Gin'ral looked laik he was some shook up."

105. General Ware nodded acquiescence.

106. "He brought me here," he said slowly.

107. "The map, Coulter, the map!"

108. Coulter drew the table nearer and traced the line of the fight exactly as one traces the lines of a picture for a child.

109. "It was here that you placed Atwood, Gates, and Holton with the artillery to hold them in check on the right." His finger traced the blue squares of the divisions. "Here is Hopkins, you remember, sir, in column of route to the left. Here——" his finger hung poised for a moment—"was the gap that I mentioned; the gap in our line that I feared would prove the heel of Achilles if the enemy should find it——"

110. Ware nodded silently.

111. "—— And they *did* find it and they pushed into it with all their force. Then Hopkins swung to the right and Gates and Atwood to their left and in front——"

112. "Yes! Yes! In front we had nothing; nothing, sir. What could you do in their front?"

113. "In front, sir, we held them in the grip of fate with these four divisions."

109-112. Par. 109 carries us back to par. 49 and pars. 43-44. These gave us the necessary comprehension of the general position of our armies. But they did not give us so clear an outline that we could sketch the positions—they did not need to. But in the explanation now to come, we need this more definite outline. Note how adequately it is given in the brief dialogue of pars. 111-112.

113. Here probably begins the climactic height of the story; for by this time we realize that the big point in the whole impor-

114. He raised his hand from the map, disclosing, squarely in the gap, deftly hidden among the well-wooded slopes of the Spruce Ridge, four oblong blue stamps indicative of four full divisions—forty thousand men.

115. "These are exactly where you placed them last night, sir, after I left you and went to my tent——"

116. "I never placed those men there!"

117. General Ware sprang from his seat, reeled, and tottered against the flimsy table.

118. "I never placed them there, Coulter."

119. Politely incredulous, Coulter stared at him.

120. "Of course you did, sir. You forget. Your accident has doubtless confused you. Who else could have done it? I would never have done it without your approval. Who else could possibly have placed those divisions so accurately in the one place where they were so vitally important?"

121. "Count your troops," said Ware hoarsely. "Check over the number of your divisions that you have stamped on the map."

122. "I have done so, sir. The list is correct. You see, when I returned to this tent after your departure, I saw those stamp-marks on the map. Of course, I thought that you had done it at the last moment and that you were leaving the details for me to work out after you had left,

---

tant situation is, how was victory instead of defeat secured to the American armies?—In the pars. that follow, note how our interest (curiosity) is constantly pricked in the midst of retarded movement; see on accelerated and retarded movement, Genung, Prac. Els. of Rhetoric or Working Prins. of Rhet. Note that in dramatic forms of writing, the development of an incident by means of retarded movement involves also the building up of a climax.

so I took two divisions from Hopkins and two from the right flank and put them in as was indicated on the map, where I thought you wanted them—in the gap, hidden in the woods."

123. "Printz's *dossier* was all wrong," said Ware, still dwelling insistently on what seemed the important point. "He thought I dared not take a chance. I did not do this though, Coulter. I'd give my new-made reputation to know who did it. Why, man, it is genius. No less! I cannot imagine how those divisions came there. I never did it. Give me the stamp and the ink-pad."

124. Coulter opened the stamp-box and sought the oblong rubber stamp that General Ware had used. It was gone. He looked under the table, on the cot, on the grass, but found nothing. Toto, disturbed in his warm blankets by the raised voices, raved and chattered and sprang to Coulter's shoulder, grasping his neck with one little paw while he picked and pulled with the other at the collar of the coat.

124-127. Re-enter Toto, the *deus ex machina,* or more properly, the deciding actor in the plot. Consider the finely considered motivation represented by the monkey as an actor—the fondness of soldiers in the field or camp for animal pets, and the extremely imitative nature of monkeys—unobtrusively brought to our attention (if we are given to thinking) by the fact that Toto "stamped viciously with it upon the very spot from which Ware raised his hand" after making just such a movement himself. We now remember Toto's restlessness, the two instances on the preceding night when he saw his master and the spy going through this stamping motion (he had seen Ware do it often, no doubt), the spy's impatient flinging of the stamp at him before slipping out of the tent. All these things, in view of monkey nature, make his imitation of them the most natural of behavior. All this is

125. General Ware sat back.

126. "Throw that beast out, Coulter. This is serious. Throw it out, I say!"

127. He slammed his heavy fist down upon the table. As if at a signal, Toto sprang from Coulter's shoulder, leaped across the board, seized something from his mouth and stamped viciously with it upon the very spot from which Ware had raised his hand. Coulter grasped him, pried open the grinning jaws and pulled from him—the missing division stamp!

128. A long silence fell.

129. "It isn't humanly possible," said Ware hoarsely. Coulter, purple in the face, answered nothing.

130. "It isn't possible, Coulter! Say something, man! What do you think?"

131. "God knows, Who knows all things. We *do* know that Printz was wrong——"

132. "Printz was wrong. And so was I wrong."

133. There was a long pause. Ware broke it.

134. "It is true!" he shouted. "It is as true as Gospel, Coulter. That is how those divisions came to be placed in the gap! That—I came near saying that confounded monkey, Coulter! But he has saved the country

---

therefore rendered extremely plausible, for we know that monkeys thus imitate men continually. Mere accident, therefore, in this element of chance already noted (n. on par. 41), is confined to the fact that Toto happened to set his stamp just where he did on the map. Pars. 128-131 recognize the weakness of the plot in thus employing accident, but pars. 131-134 accept it and through the convincingness of thoroughly natural dialogue make it seem plausible to us. (On accident in motivation, S. S. M., 86 ff.).

this day! Doesn't that show that the age of miracles is not yet past?"

135. "Either that, sir, or——" Coulter paused and glanced quizzically at his Chief—"or else we have won as we have won before in times past; by the imitative of a monkey."

136. General Ware smiled wearily.

137. "It really doesn't matter how or why or by what means we won. We did win and it is that that counts. Wire Acton to keep them on the run as long as they keep three men together."

138. He laid his head wearily upon his arms as Coulter slowly dictated the message to a clerk, meanwhile absent-mindedly stroking Toto, who, undisturbed by the excitement, chewed away upon the rubber stamp.

---

135. Relaxes our tension by its introduction, along with the serious thought, of a touch of humor through the pun—such wabbly humor, by the way, as men just shaken by a terrific experience are likely to perpetrate on the rebound.—Observe the prompt closing when the explanation has been completed. Especially note that the closing words keep before us Toto, the deciding actor in the events of the story, and the representative—by both the author's choice and his own nature—of that element of chance which it is the story's purpose to impress upon us.

AN EPILOGUE

The Story as a Whole

1. "An Epilogue" is notable for (a) having as its central person one who has been dead ten years; (b) effectively characterizing this person through dialogue on the part of others, and that (moreover) with slight reference to actual deeds or behavior on the part of this central person; (c) effectively individualizing and characterizing an unusually large number of contributing persons; (d) accomplishing (as a secondary result) social characterization of a family and the particular society environment of this family (which is also a type); (e) making us realize the tragic pathos attending the entire life of the central person, misunderstood by most and incompletely understood even by the few who were sympathetically and kindly disposed; (f) thus arousing in us a sense of the tragic pathos of life itself; (g) a remarkable command of unusual and difficult materials, as evidenced in the method of presentation chosen and its thorough success; (h) an unimpassioned simplicity of narrative presentation, free of straining for effect, that trusts the facts themselves to make their impression (cf. S. S. M., 190:3, 195:11). Other matters of note may be found in the running comment. The impression noted above in (e) and (f) are the object of the narrative, and the final integration of the materials produces an atmosphere-character story.

2. The spiritual atmosphere is created by the many revelations of inner character given by the numerous

flashes of characterization as the various persons play their part in the action.

3. The framework of plot is slight. The generating circumstance is the failure of the literary lioness to perform conversationally, thus producing the emergency question of the managing daughter to the temperamental musician, and his reference to the wonderful voice of the young girl who (he naturally supposes) will be a subject of interest among her own household. The action from this point on is almost wholly dialogue, in which person after person, expressing his estimate of the dead girl, reveals his blindness to her genius and true character; the action grows spirited as the difference in point of view and disposition between the speakers develops, and it rises to its height in the family scene at the close, when the speeches and behavior of the members of the family remove any doubt remaining in our mind of the truth of the musician's assertions and the tragedy lying beneath the facts. Exact placing of the decisive moment in such an action is difficult, but it comes in this final scene, and near the end of it; for the problem in the formal plot is, whether Mary-Dora was or was not a pitiful tragic spirit isolated in a dull, unsympathetic world, and the struggle is that of our mind to reach conviction on this point. As complete conviction is reached only when the behavior of the family itself shows what is the truth, the decisive moment comes then. We note that it comes effectively at the end of the narrative (S. S. M., 93: 2-5, 117: 4).

4. See S. S. M., 24: 1-2. This story is one of those in which the action-plot is of small importance in itself, existing merely to afford a framework—that is, to "carry"—the other elements. What is meant when we

thus speak of the plot as existing merely to carry the effective materials of the story will be more fully understood if we consider what interests us in the present narrative, and what ultimately impresses us. This is not the dinner nor (in themselves) the people attending it, but the personality of the dead girl and the contrasts and outcome of the position in life which fate had given her. The plot-action of the narrative is nothing but a device through which to make us realize the basic situation, the moving forces, the actors, incidents, and outcome of a struggle, crisis, and catastrophe now many years past—of a tragedy not directly recounted, but shadowed forth by hint and inference, and left for complete reconstruction to our own intelligence and imagination. Cf. direct plots such as those of "In the Matter of Distance." "The Love of Men," "A Rag-Time Lady," etc. In these, the incidents and action of the plot themselves embody and are the narrator's drama. In the one case, the incidents and action of the plot themselves tell and are the story; in the other, they merely suggest it.—Those who wish to reflect more extensively on the philosophy of art can consider here the general question, whether stories of the one type or stories of the other are more likely to "reach"—i.e., interest, be understood by and appeal to—the ordinary reader. Are a more highly developed understanding, sensibility, intellectual keenness, and artistic sympathy necessary in order to read with appreciation work that is indirectly suggestive, and only that, of its vital matter? Which type of presentation is better adapted to the active mind, and which to the reflective mind? Which demands the more leisure and contemplation for its appreciation? If, however, on considering this, one decides that there are

methods of artistic presentation suited primarily to readers of an unusually delicate perceptive sense, or of a particular or specialized education or culture, he is still faced with other important questions. Is there any *essential* superiority in the art-products of the more recondite and esoteric method? Are the impressions they make as immediately strong as those made by products of the direct method, or do they owe their strength to the reflection they require? Are these impressions as effectual ethically —as likely to transform themselves into convictions and exercise an influence on the reader's conduct of life? Are they as closely and as intimately associated with life as it is, as unmistakably and stimulatively animated with vital human spirit? Is not their ultimate effect that of drawing off our thought to refinements and subtleties, at the expense of sympathy with and appreciation of life in its permanent, rugged—and sometimes brutal—essentials? Does not the translation of art into the realm of subtlety and extreme refinement expose it to great danger of becoming sophisticated, artificial, emasculate, and impotent? May it not be true that the gradual decline in importance of once-powerful magazines is traceable (in part at least, or in some instances) to a spiritual enervation resulting from the absence in their fiction of the cruder and more substantial elements such as those that keep blood red and mankind healthy, strong, energetic, and aggressive in "real life?" Though ability to understand and appreciate a subtle, and even a "brahmanistic," interpretation of life may be gratifying, is not ability to touch and enter life directly through less subtle and more bold, or even bald, presentations more satisfying to the individual and more wholesome for society? See S. S. M., 65:16-20.

(The student is requested not to misapply these questions by taking them as a comment upon the story before us. Without great labor one can find, in the élite no less than in the hoi polloi of our magazines, stories that are mere piddling, mere artistic balderdash, mere piffling devotion to "pure artistic form" and the proprieties of a papa-potatoes-poultry-prunes-and-prisms standard of life—tales, full of smooth sound and subtlety, signifying nothing—mere Gratiano converse in fiction guise. But "An Epilogue" is not one of them, though the artistry of it is as their artistry.)

5. See S. S. M., 80: 4-7. In this story, not only the exposition strictly so called, but indeed all the materials, are presented mainly by the distributive and cumulative-effect plan. In development, this story is not a progressive march from a beginning point to an end (which is the commoner form), but a gradual unfolding of the facts until they become completely visible. It may be compared to the unfolding of a bud until the blossom becomes revealed in its entirety—including the blight at the center. Insomuch as there is not, in the usual sense, progressive advance from plot incident to plot incident, but merely this gradual unfolding of this past situation as a whole, we may say that the development is *static* instead of *dynamic,* or progressive. This is the result of employing the distributive method so largely—or contrariwise, the distributive method is made necessary by the static development. The student will observe that the introduction of the more important facts under this method, although appearing casual and almost chance, is nevertheless calculated and managed with care, essential "points" being prepared for before they are made, and then em-

phasized. The cumulative effect upon the reader of these successive disclosures and impressions is the means by which the presentation works its final, total effect. It will be worth while to go through the story several times, studying the workings of this method as it is employed in (a) characterization, (b) atmosphere creation, (c) disclosure of the long-past basic situation, and (d) disclosure of the plot-elements belonging to this basic situation. (Note: There is, however, progressive action in the carrying-plot, considered merely by itself; see par. 220.)

AN EPILOGUE

By Gertrude Hall

Reprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Author from "The Century," June, 1915.
(Copyright, 1915.)

1. And then a good many years after the story was ended, so far as it affected the little heroine, certain of the secondary characters, having built an addition to their city house, decided to give an entertainment that would at once bring into use the new music-room and afford the public an opportunity to admire it.

2. The Rev. Andrew DeJames, new rector of Saint John's, was interested in a children's hospital. Miss Adeline Villars was interested in the new rector. That gave, perhaps, the starting-point for the grand affair at the Villarses. But Mrs. Villars and Miss Sally Villars, when they readily fell in with the idea, had in eye advantages to themselves as well. Sally, the smart one,[1] thought the thing out and organized it.

---

1. A profitable beginning to study. Note (a) indication of the time of the story and the time of the telling; (b) characterizing force of "the little heroine"; (c) preparation to introduce the secondary persons by means of whom the facts of the long-past history must be got before us; (d) the carefully indicated characterization of the most significant of these secondary persons in the report of their decision and its motive (they have risen in the world, and wish to make display). This characterization is swiftly and meaningly amplified in par. 2.

2. [1] A detail of personal differentiation. The phrase is common with folk in discussions of their neighbors, and hence it has

3. The music-room would seat three hundred. What would draw so many people at five dollars a head? Who would do something really attractive for nothing in aid of the children's hospital? Sally answered the question after some searching: Mrs. Julia Gastonbury—the philanthropically minded Mrs. Gastonbury, whose latest book, "Dead Works," after a silence of years, had made a deep impression. Would anybody not cheerfully pay five dollars to hear her read in old age from the works that had thrilled their youth? Had anybody a soul so dead he would not come through wind and rain to pay tribute to the author of the novel that had drawn the young tears from their eyes, "Simple Margaret?" And "The Cottagers of Hebron Hill" and "Sylvia" and "A Dear Enemy" and "Miss Dove!"

4. The papers announced that tickets for the occasion could be obtained at the parish-house of Saint John's Church or at Priestley's, the music-store.

5. It was from the newspaper that Miss Cornelia Blodgett learned of the entertainment. She had not

---

power to *connote* more than it denotes; we learn through it about the whole family, because we know how much it means from hearing it about other families. It especially puts the "smart" and managing Sally before us, and later Sally will stand in sharp contrast with the little heroine.

3. The author here begins to motive the carrying action (introd. n. 4). Mrs. Gastonbury is the lioness whose failure to roar precipitates the disclosure of the heroine's life with these people. At the same time, the details are made to contribute characterization of the Villarses, and to have something of the effect besides of a passing incident of social characterization. Note underlying the details the continued presentation of Sally.

4-5. These motive the attendance of Miss Blodgett, who turns out to be an important secondary person. As in the other instances so far noted, the introduction of the person is accompanied with

changed much in the ten years. She was faded and lined, but her youthfulness of outlook she would retain while she had eyes to look out of. She was in town on a visit to her old friend, Mrs. Jane Banks. Cornelia had been thinking she must make Jane a present before parting to express appreciation of her hospitality. It seemed to her now that to take her to hear Mrs. Gastonbury would meet that delicate obligation better than the gift of a fleecy cardigan jacket, while, for her own part, the thought of seeing the inside of the Villars mansion thrilled her. She spent her ten dollars, which looked almost as big to her as the whole amount that the reading was purposed to raise. Miss Cornelia had in her nature something of the poet.

6. During the two weeks intervening, Jane and she re-read "Simple Margaret," and made themselves acquainted with "Dead Works."

7. They had understood from a hint given in fine en-

---

characterization. Observe the method: indication of her way of regarding and preparing for the entertainment. Given also a sufficient knowledge of village society, we can, through these details, realize her for ourselves as poor, proper, polite, good-hearted, and a member of the staid democracy of some village. Mrs. Banks represents the corresponding rank of city dwellers, and they two are opposed to the Villarses and the Villarses' company of guests (4-14 and in part farther). Our attention is kept on Miss Blodgett (and incidentally, Mrs. Banks). One reason is, that they represent something of the earlier social status of the Villarses, and the present and past contrast, aided by their comment, aids us in understanding the Villarses as they are, and estimating them in perspective with their past. Further, Miss Blodgett and Mrs. Banks are contrast-foils for the guests as well as for the Villarses. Another reason is, that the permanent point of view and the character of Miss Blodgett must be felt by us, because we are going to see and hear a good deal of the

graving at the bottom of their cards that they must array themselves in their best. Mrs. Banks, having sleeked her hair till it shone like bands of silver satin, put on a black stuff of the most decent, clasping her collar with a cameo of great size, carved to represent a landscape, with house and tree against a dun-colored sky. To the gift of the ticket Cornelia had added the pleasant attention of a pair of gray silk gloves. At her suggestion Mrs. Banks further decorated her person with the little badge of a Daughter of the American Revolution.

8. Cornelia's elegance was of a more light-minded sort, as her appearance was also lighter, sprightlier than Jane's. She wore her black silk. Her collar was lace, fastened with a brooch of which she was justly vain, for it was wrought of three colors, the greenish, the reddish, and the yellow gold. She crimped her hair. Over her shoulders she laid, triangularly folded, the white embroidered India shawl, with swinging silk fringes, gift long ago of sea-captain Nathan Blodgett, her father. Over her knuckles she drew the white kid gloves which she knew to be the proper evening wear.

---

succeeding events through Miss Blodgett's eyes and ears; the author virtually makes her our agent to attend the dinner and, from an observer's position, listen for us as the main facts of the past gradually discover themselves. (N.B. An interesting variation of the angle of narration is here employed; the narrative is told as by a third person, completely outside the events, yet we are made to feel it a good deal from the point of view of participants. See S. S. M., 138:3 and 143:13.)—Incidentally, various details mentioned by the author, or for her by Miss Blodgett, help to particularize and establish our realization of the Villarses in their present prosperous and climbing existence, and at the same time to afford setting and atmosphere material. The management is exceedingly skillful.

9. The house could be told from a distance as the seat of some festivity. All its lower windows shone through their lace shades, an awning sheltered its steps, a crimson carpet extended from its threshold to the edge of the sidewalk, where vehicles were stopping.

10. The clear March night was cold, but a fever of expectation warmed Miss Cornelia through and through. Her eyes, when they entered the door, were widened to take in everything, till they were starry in their luminous stare. With the outside of the Villars house she was familiar, and with such scraps of the interior as could be seen by a passer in the street. When with a small group of others they came within the enchanted portals, her excitement overflowed in whispers to Jane.

11. "Look! There, Jane! Look! That must be the copy of the Paul Veronese she [1] told me was bought abroad, and that she said hung in the hall."

12. At sight of the great green-and-white drawing-room, which had many laurel wreaths worked into its decoration, she clutched Jane's arm, radiant.

13. "This is the room that's all First Empire—the Emperor Napoleon's time, you know, Jane. Some of the pieces of furniture, she told me, belonged in his own palace at Paris, and some of the china in the cabinets was his wife Josephine's.

---

11. [1] The first direct reference, outside of par. 1, to the past situation on which the story turns. The approach to this situation is, in the present story, made very leisurely. A second reference ("in her day") occurs in par. 14; after that their number soon centers our expectation on some coming disclosure. This leisurely movement is, however, well suited to all the story, which is not one of rapid action, but of spiritual revelation, requiring gradual apprehension and comprehension by the reader.

14. "I don't know anything about this," she spoke, astonished, as they entered the new music-room, the brown baronial hall, fifty feet by thirty, now full of folding-chairs placed in regular lines along an aisle that ended at a platform with a chair on it, a table, a vase of white roses, and a glass of water. "I guess this wasn't here in her day, Jane. Isn't it grand! How is it lighted—so bright and yet so soft? I guess there's electricity all along behind that molding."

15. They took seats, modestly, not too far forward, though they had come early, and while the hall was filling, Cornelia chattered. "There's a Dutch room up-stairs, and a Japanese room where they take tea every afternoon. In the dining-room they've got a portrait of George Washington that they say he sat for himself. There was no end to the things she had to tell us about it all after she came home. Wish I knew where to look for her step-mother and for Miss Adeline and Miss Sally that she talked so much about. But I don't suppose I could tell them if I saw them. Mr. Peter Villars I should know, naturally. Perhaps we can find him afterwards, before we go."

16. Shortly she forgot all that. Mrs. Gastonbury read the most characteristic and touching chapters from "Simple Margaret," the part where simple Margaret goes to the unknown city to try to save her son from evil companions; then the most humorous portions from "The Cottagers of Hebron Hill," the petty quarrels of the married women; finally the most solemn and searching passages from "Dead Works," the passages that forced you to turn your gaze inward and reflect. Miss Cornelia furtively dried her eyes. The sense of her faults and failures was

not stronger than the sense aroused by the reader's words of her own neglected and buried goodness. In the emotion of that state she saw pathetically for a moment the one who had told her so much about this house and its owners, and whose image had been floating in her memory ever since she approached its door.

17. She brought back her attention sharply to the reading. The extravagance of wasting one syllable of the costly treat! But with the recovery of the point of view from lofty peaks consequent upon listening to Mrs. Gastonbury, Cornelia's mind diverged once more, and turned to consider the aspect of things by the new spiritual light vouchsafed her. All the material splendor around her, in which she honestly delighted, was it right to love it? Could it do much, after all, for the soul's peace and progress? Was the master of this house, for instance, any happier in his second marriage with a woman of great wealth than in the old days when, young and poor and hard-working,—but so cheerful and hopeful, dear Mr. Peter!—he and his young wife used to come out into the country on a Sunday to see their little girl, put to board with plain, old-fashioned folks, good as anybody, but having no pretensions to style or tone—herself, in fact, Cornelia, and her sister Clementine?

17-18. See S. S. M., 32: 16-22, on theme. The present story well illustrates the text; it presents no theme; yet upon consideration we can without difficulty formulate a conclusion about life that will sum up, on the intellectual side, the meaning of the situation it presents. In pars. 17-18 we have directly propounded a sub-theme, or incidental comment on life. (The question propounded will be found answered in the paragraphs presenting Mr. Peter Villars; this showing the ability of the short story to incorporate materials that subordinately and incidentally are motivated by purpose. S. S. M., 27: 4-13, especially 12 and 13.)

18. Any happier? Was he as happy? It was grand, no two ways about it, for him to be so rich as he had become; but——

19. Cornelia held in, to remind herself that one should be slow to judge one's neighbor, then went boldly ahead: But if the second Mrs. Villars had been quite the right sort of woman, the woman to make a good man happy, wouldn't she have wanted to take her husband's child to live with them, and have tried to be a mother to her? Instead of which——

20. Cornelia was startled by a noise. What? It was all over? No, thank the stars! There was going to be an encore.

21. To the prolonged applause Mrs. Gastonbury responded by adding to the program a sonnet. As this was abtruse and difficult to grasp, the public was satisfied to ask no more. Mrs. Gastonbury stepped off her platform and was surrounded.

22. Everybody rose. A buzz of talk succeeded the respectful hush.

23. The general movement was toward the door.

24. "I suppose we ought to be going," said Cornelia, regretfully; "but I don't feel as if I could go without saying a word to Mr. Peter Villars. And I would dearly

---

19. An instance of the introduction by the distributive method of essential expository and plot detail belonging to the basic situation (cf. introd. n. 5).

24. Here and throughout observe the naturalness and individuality of the speeches. Observe their adaptedness to the persons making them (i.e., characterizing effectiveness). The dialogue of Sally and of Olivieri, with that of Miss Blodgett, is particularly worth study, although the speeches of all the persons have carefully been made significant.

love to shake hands with Mrs. Gastonbury, wouldn't you, Jane? And tell her how much we think of her books. But I suppose we shall have to go without. I don't seem to see him anywheres—Jane, there he is! That's him! Mr. Villars! Mr. Villars!" She waved her program a little madly.

25. He was at her side at once, with, for the fraction of a minute, an inquiring, an unacquainted look. Then, "Why, Miss Cornelia!" he exclaimed, and grasped both her hands. She was almost jumping up and down with delight.

26. "Yes, it's me, Mr. Villars. And this is my friend Mrs. Banks."

27. "Mrs. Banks. And if this isn't Miss Cornelia Blodgett! Miss Cornelia, there's no one in the world I could be so glad to see. And when did you come to town? And where are you staying? And how is Miss Clementine, dear Miss Clementine?"

28. "Sister's all right, or I shouldn't be here. Won't she be interested when I tell her I've seen you!"

29. "And how's the museum? And how's Bos'on?"

30. "You're thinking of too long ago, Mr. Villars. Bos'on was already an old dog last time you were at Willow Creek, and that's a full ten years."

31. A look of trouble came over Villars' face, and was

---

27. Just what is it in this first speech from Mr. Villars that makes us feel a little uncertain about him? Is it a shade too voluble (of its sincerity there is, I think, no doubt)? What if anything is later disclosed about him and his habits that might account for his greeting being slightly off tone? Cf. (with others) pars. 35, 204, 220-221.

30. Another casual disclosure of informing detail.

reflected by Miss Cornelia's, mixed in this sensitive mirror with a yearning sympathy, and shame at her tactlessness. There was a silence, lasting only a few seconds, before Villars made it obvious by his gesture that he refused to think of the past.

32. "How have you enjoyed the evening?" he asked heartily.

33. "Words fail me, Mr. Villars. Jane, too. We think Mrs. Gastonbury is the greatest—the grandest—— We're proud to be here. We shall go home and talk about it and talk about it. I suppose we ought to be starting now. Most everybody's gone."

34. "Oh, but I'm not going to let you go. Don't suppose it. Why, I've only just found you.

East and west,
Old friends are best!

I want you to see my son; he's on from college for the occasion. Perhaps you'll enjoy what's coming. A few of the audience are asked to stay after the others and have supper with the celebrity. I want you to stay and be my special part of the treat. Don't say a word, Miss Cornelia; you've got to please me in this. Wait a minute. I'm going to find John and bring him up to meet you."

35. "He's just the same as he used to be," said Miss Cornelia, openly affectionate, as he departed, with a certain care in his speed, over the slippery floor. And so he was, in a way. If an image representing Eternal Youth should be exposed to the vicissitudes of time and

31. A hint, obscure but stimulating, of something interesting to come as the story develops. Fore-hints are useful in maintaining and creating suspense.

35. Study the effective placing of this passage of description.—

weather, and become a little battered with wear, have its hair blanch, its skin loosen, its nose redden, its form swell, and its beard grow, it might be suggestive of Mr. Peter Villars, aged fifty-two, as Miss Cornelia saw him that evening. He wore his hair like an artist,[1] a bang parted in the middle, a beard cut to a point, though for many years now he had been a merchant.

36. "Should you like to stay, Jane? I think it would be real nice," said Miss Cornelia, suppressing her joy as much as she could, so as not too palpably to influence her friend's answer.

37. "I'm willing to stay," said Jane. Jane Banks did not cheapen herself by saying she did not think her apparel sufficiently fine for the occasion. It was her best. In her placid and pleasant face, the set of her jaw, the lines of her large, good-tempered mouth, firmly closed over porcelain teeth, was expressed a quiet consciousness of the stock she came from, which she would have deemed it treason and disgrace to think inferior to anybody.

38. Peter Villars came, bringing along, by an arm passed fondly through his, a small blond youth, whose chief likeness to his father lay in an immediate effect of accessibility.

39. "Yes, you must stay; we won't let you go," he supported his father's invitation to the ladies as soon as he had been presented.

---

[1] Apparently a mere descriptive fact, but later found to be significant (par. 220). In masterly art, much of the fine effectiveness of the completed work is the result of close relationship ultimately discovered between remote and seemingly trivial details.

37. We must keep in mind that Jane and Cornelia are contrast foils, in their character and point of view, for the other two person-groups—the Villarses and the guests.

40. "We'll take care of you," Peter met protestations that had not been voiced and a shyness that had not been expressed; "John and I'll take care of you."

41. Each offered an arm to one of the ladies.

42. The dining-room seemed at first glance, while so many were standing, very full of people; full of colors and white shoulders and broadcloth backs; full of glitter and chatter; full, as Miss Cornelia suddenly felt, of estranging affluence and worldly manner and—difference.

43. "Listen, Mr. Villars," she anxiously whispered. "Just take us into a quiet little corner where we can watch, couldn't you? Jane and me don't want to be part of the real party. We shouldn't know what to do, set down in the midst of strangers. What we'd love would be to look on and not be anyways noticed."

44. "I'm afraid that's what it will come to. The table is going to be horribly crowded. Wait a minute. I'll fix it."

45. Threading his way between groups of his guests, he captured two chairs and set them, parting for this purpose the long hangings, in the embrasure of a window at one side of the darkly looming sideboard. From a second foray he returned with a featherweight lacquer table, which he placed between their chairs. "There, ladies, now you'll be snug as—you know!"

46. "Oh, Mr. Villars, you must tell us before you

---

42. "Full of estranging affluence and worldly manner and—difference": the description summarizes the qualities of the things which the women Villarses prefer, thus indicating the spirit of the environment which Mary-Dora fled when she returned to Willow Creek and Nahum.

leave us who they all are, for I'm sure we're in wonderful company."

47. "We are, Miss Cornelia, we are; we did our best to be. You see that portly gentleman with the red face and the bunch of white beard under his chin? It's Judge Silloway, whose influence has got some famous measure passed which doesn't interest you or me; but he's in the public eye. On the other side of Mrs. Gastonbury, and looking very much tonight like his portrait by Sargent, is Herbert C. Kinglake—Kinglake, you know, who has willed his celebrated collection to our museum. His daughter is here with him, and Lady Sherson, who is visiting them."

48. "Which is she?"

49. "The queer one, with, saving your presence, the bones and the wreath of lilies. A painter, as you can see, her specialty is life-sized portraits done at a single sitting. She's talking with Edmund Dix, our city's guest while he decorates the new court-room walls."

50. "I'm sure that young man with his hair on his forehead, like yours, Mr. Villars, does something rare. What is it?"

47-56. Mr. Villars reveals himself (elsewhere other details reveal further facts about him). He has become "a little lax" (par. 54); drink has a little loosened his tongue, and he voices his unresisting contempt for himself and for the life and people about him, including those of his own household, to his old-fashioned friend. His comments at the same time serve the author as a means of producing in the reader a realizing estimate of the social and character values involved in the situation she is unfolding. (See S. S. M., 229-236.) Yet again, the author employs this means of introducing to us some of the persons whom she will use later as instruments in furthering her presentation. (All this illustrates the utility of dialogue.)

51. "You have before you, Miss Cornelia, a composer. Sidney Clifford-Crane is his name, 'Figurines' the name of his latest success. One more musical luminary we have this evening, Signor Cesare Olivieri, an importation, as the name suggests, organist and choir-master at the Church of the Immaculate. A very difficult fellow to produce at a function, let me tell you, but we collared him this time. Those I think are our best cards. Next in order comes that civilized and well-washed being who looks like a professor. He is one; that accounts for it. Professor Morrison, late of Dartmouth College. Near him, with the brow, Miss Henrietta Marsh, head of our most select young ladies' finishing school; lectures sometimes on woman questions."

52. "Is there nobody here at all, Mr. Villars, that isn't anybody?" asked Miss Cornelia, in a happy sigh.

53. "Yes." He dropped his voice, though the danger of being overheard was small. "You see that solemnly good and handsome man? It's the Rev. Andrew DeJames, a nonentity every bit as much as myself; like me, an ass, utter. You see that other well-set-up fellow with lots of white vest, who looks like a silent actor? Never tell; a veterinarian, swellest horses in town are his patients. You present him as Doctor Cudworth; who need know? He's Sally's last chance; but she can't make up her mind to the sound of the thing. Who else? Jack Lancey and his wife, over there; he rich, she beautiful. She was on the stage for a short while, with the excuse of a living to earn. Face like a confiding peach."

54. Cornelia gave the speaker a more attentive look, the better to understand his mood. He seemed to be making fun of his guests. It was just his boyish way, she

excused him, and loyally disallowed a vague misliking for it. There was a change in him, after all, since the old days. She described it, "As if everything had become a little lax."

55. "I will whisper it in your ear, dear Miss Cornelia, for whom I have a simply enormous regard,"—he bent his face, enkindled with the excitement that made him talkative,—"I am virtually not acquainted with the crowd here tonight. Nor is my wife, nor are her daughters. We got them with Mrs. Gastonbury for bait. Sally worked it."

56. As Peter Villars here winked, Miss Cornelia laughed in merry appreciation of his joke.

57. "One minute," he interrupted; "my wife is signaling to me!" and departed from her side.

58. "So that's his second wife!" Cornelia, looking at the stout figure in black velvet and diamonds, involuntarily shook her head. "I hadn't supposed she was so much older as that."

59. She readjusted her shawl, smoothed her gloves a little nervously in the expectation that, their murmured conference over, Peter would bring his wife to make acquaintance with them. But this did not happen, and finding ready excuses for the postponed formality, Cornelia returned her undivided mind to the joys of the hour.

60. So deft had been the engineering, that when with

---

58. Note how effectively the swift physical description "places" the second wife for us. S. S. M., 222: 9. A few references elsewhere reinforce the impression; note them.

60. Includes further rapid characterization of the contributing persons, by way of preparing us better to appreciate the significance of their comments later on. The details also serve further *to impress* us with the artificiality and scheming of the "affair,"

a soft rustle and commotion the guests took seats, they were ordered almost exactly as marked on the chart of the supper-table drawn by Sally when she composed her party as she might have done a bouquet. Mrs. Gastonbury at the head, between Judge Silloway and Herbert Kinglake, after herself the greatest guns, who would feel themselves entitled to that honor. Next to the judge, who was no great talker, a lovely prattler such as all men like, Rose Lancey. Next to Kinglake, Lady Sherson, of course; and next to her Dix. They would have the common interest of their art. Mother at the other end of the oval table, good, safe Walter Cudworth at one hand, and her son John at the other, which would save her the necessity of trying to appear clever. Adeline between the minister, with whom to be intellectual, and the composer of "Figurines," with whom to be musical. John at the side of the exquisite Miss Kinglake, like himself, young. Olivieri, who had the reputation of being impossible, right at her own side. "My best is good," had said Sally; "I will do my best." At Olivieri's left, Mrs. Morrison, whose dubious qualification for the post was that she read Dante in the original. Almost most important of all, at mother's end of the table Professor Morrison, the one man present who could be expected to sustain adequately a conversation with Mrs. Gastonbury. Prompted at the right mo-

---

and of its manager, Miss Sally. An important part of the motivation of carrying-plot (introd. n. 4) appears in the closing sentences.—[1] Throws revealing light on the stupid and ignorant conception on the part of the Villars women, especially Sally, of social and intellectual intercourse; presents an instance of the "climbers'" inept and incompetent planning. (Incidentally, our sense of justice is gratified by the recoil on Miss Sally, in its consequences, of her social scheme.)

ment, he was to address a question, a request to her. She would answer across the length of the table. The others would stop talking to listen. There would ensue a memorable evening, such an evening as one finds recorded in literary memoirs.[1]

61. The table was crowded; several of the men merely sat near it, behind fair shoulders, and the fair shoulders so arranged themselves as not quite to present their backs. A charmingly informal look was given to the picture by this irregularity; it "composed" better[1] like that, Villars would have said. He had a chair slightly behind Lady Sherson and Dix. Cornelia and Jane's window was so close that he could have an eye to their comfort. When waiters began to hand bouillon, he was obliged to draw in his chair, while Cornelia and Jane considerately pulled their little table farther into the shadow of the window curtains to make room for the passing.

62. "Exactly the way I should have chosen it to be," Cornelia glowed. A chance to behold a banquet such as one reads about, from a sort of grand-tier box, without constraint, without responsibilities. "I'm not going to miss one bit of this," she said to Mrs. Banks, trying to multiply eyes and ears and all.

---

61. [1] See (1), n., par. 35.

62. See n., par. 4-14. Incidentally, Miss Cornelia's remark expresses the suitable point of view for the reader, as mentioned heretofore. Perhaps the author did not awaredly plan this relationship of the reader to the facts of her narrative; but even if she did not, it is created naturally by her conception of the story and the way to present it; i.e., by one of the instinctive manifestations of skill that are common in art. (Trained imagination coupled with skill in construction produces a great many excellences in writing that are not consciously planned for by the artist, but merely achieved by him instinctively. Criticism is

63. It was the delight, as fresh as a young girl's, of her own impressions that brought Miss Cornelia to the thought, "What must it have seemed like to a girl of seventeen who had never seen anything better in her life than Willow Creek and our little sitting-room at home to walk into this room and surprise them at dinner!"[1] In the picture called up there entered, with stirrings of an outlived sorrow, the remembrance of a tombstone in the moonlight. The grievous consideration of all that one misses by lying in the grave led to a firmer taking hold then and there on the belief that those who stand in the light of the throne can miss nothing. Her wistful imagination of that light made the scene before Miss Cornelia's eyes look for one second gross, dull, disenchanted, like pebbles with which children have been playing, pretending they were jewels.[2]

---

largely concerned with these consequences of an instinctive, or unconscious, art. Important as a study of such effects is in giving one a conception of technique, and important as conscious technique itself is, the student must nevertheless guard himself against the notion that conscious technique is the greatest thing in expression. Technique is a means only; the great things in art are a knowledge of life and clearly defined and realized conceptions of it in particular aspects. Mere knowledge of the means of expression is not enough for the creation of excellent literature; the means must be employed with power of expression, and power of expression comes much more from power of understanding and imagination than it does from the engineering of the constructor or the mechanics of the builder. It is the product of spiritual resource and imaginative virility.)

63. [1] In other words, she had in part the point of view of an artist. In exactly such a way might the writer get the germ-idea for a dramatic or psychological narrative-sketch or a short story—i.e., by having an eye to see and a mind to ponder; by being sensitive to objective facts of the life passing under his observation, and mentally alert to discover and interpret their

64. "Now, which one is Miss Adeline? And which is Miss Sally? I must decide," she returned to the pressing business of the hour. "She always spoke of Miss Adeline as very fine-looking, and Miss Sally she made the difference of saying was pretty. Miss Adeline was the musician, Miss Sally the wit. Their name was Potts when their mother remarried. I don't wonder they cared enough to change it for such a pretty name as Villars."

65. "Adeline!" came a voice in front of Cornelia, belonging to the feminine form whose back was most completely turned toward her. "Will you get John's eye for me? I can't very well throw a breadball at him."

66. So that was Adeline, the one in heliotrope under a film of black lace, whose face had made her think of a sheep! Well, well, twelve years do make a difference.

meaning.—[2] Psychological detail. It serves (a) to amplify the characterization of Miss Cornelia; (b) as a means of introducing naturally and inobviously a spiritual comment upon life; (c) by putting the worldly in contrast with the spiritual, to give us another angle from which to estimate the character of the artificial Villarses measured by the nobler ideals of religious simplicity, and by comparison with the simple naturalness, sweetness, and unselfishness of Mary-Dora.

64. Note the naturalness of the return to the immediate scene and its persons; the addition of descriptive and characterizing detail (one of the many instances of distributed detail); and especially the device (quotation) by which we are kept thinking of the dead heroine, the central person—"she always spoke. . . ."

65. Miss Sally's "wit" and her degree of social polish are adequately indicated by her brief request. No interpreting words are used; none are needed.

66. More distributed detail. Here the description reverses the impression provided in par. 64, thus gaining the emphasis of contrast.—Noting the age of the two sisters (par. 69), visualize them in the dress and jewels they wear, and from your own observation of women, estimate the accuracy of the portrayal and its value as a means of indicating character.

This lady was all right in herself,—what lovely amethysts she wore!—but as filling the idea one had carried about for years of the wonderful Adeline——

67. "Sally wants you," she was heard to say in an aside directed toward John.

68. And that was Sally in the red silk and pearl necklace, who had made Cornelia—her fancy was given to such humors—think of a pug-dog! She was a lot fresher than Adeline, but she was not young, either.

69. "But then the dear child, if she were here, would be near thirty tonight," Cornelia reflected. "I keep forgetting that. She was something like ten years younger than Sally, who was several years younger than Adeline. I don't suppose I look, either, just the same as I did twelve years ago. Yes, dear Mr. Peter," she greeted him, "we've had everything; we've had more than is good for us. Ices, yes; cake, yes; punch, no. Jane and me couldn't do with that, could we, Jane! What are they, Mr. Peter? Sugared violets, did you say? Sugared violets! What will they think of next!"

70. "The last time I was in this house," Kinglake was saying softly to Lady Sherson, while their host devoted himself to his friends from the country, "was in Mr. Vanstock's time. Old Potts bought the house of the Vanstocks very nearly as it stood. Whatever good pieces you

70. Further illuminating detail. Note the commonplaceness of character and station relentlessly betrayed by the connotation of the name Potts—a hint of the value of the appropriate naming of persons. But the Pottses have now become Villarses, a change itself symbolic of their (material) rise in life. The assumption by the sisters of the name Villars (par. 64) is indicative of their ignorant estimate of values and their vulgar though vaulting ambitions.

see, it was Vanstock picked them up. The French mezzotints——" He dropped the subject abruptly, and turned to make room for John, who came tendering the box of fairy-small, straw-thin cigarettes that Sally had sent him for.

71. "These? Oh, thanks!" Lady Sherson measured them with a quizzical eye. "But, my young friend, keep those. I will take one of Mr. Kinglake's."

72. The moment had now come.

73. "Mrs. Gastonbury," began Professor Morrison in the voice that was used to making itself heard in lecture-rooms, "the story goes, and has even been printed, that in your travels once, being unexpectedly obliged to stop over at some small wayside place, in a village strange to you, you came, while taking a walk to pass the time between trains—came upon *Sylvia,* a girl, the story goes, corresponding in every point, even name, with the heroine of your well-known book, the purest creation of your brain. Will you tell us——"

74. "My dear sir," responded Mrs. Gastonbury, with her highly educated, measured, precise enunciation, "I

---

71. "The smart one" is a natural artist in betraying lack of *savoir faire* and the pretentiousness of ignorance. Note Lady Sherson's quizzical estimate of the cigarettes.

72-74. On dialogue, see S. S. M., 235: 11-17; the professor's language is cultivated and literary—and unconsciously pedantic and diffuse.—Although, for reasons already mentioned (as in introd. n. 3, the first part of introd. n. 4 and in introd. n. 5), formal construction is relatively subordinate in the present story, we are not to assume that structure is lacking. The development provided by the author has three stages. The first (pars. 1-71) by introducing preliminary facts and presenting the contributing *persons* lays broadly a foundation for that part of the narrative

am sorry to say there is no foundation whatever for the tale." As if unaware of what was desired from her, she turned again to Judge Silloway and resumed her conversation with him.

75. Mrs. Gastonbury in these days habitually looked very tired, very detached, very pale, as if a whiff of wind might blow away the faint pastel picture that she made. Habitually her eyebrows were raised as far as they would go, which gave her a look of pitying all before her, and being lifted on thoughts of other things to be pitied far away. She had overcome a good deal at her age to take a journey and give her services in the cause that would forever find her unhardened—the children; now she was tired, and unmoved by the faintest sense of obligation to do more for these rather vulgar rich people. Judge Silloway was giving her facts she earnestly cared to hear, curious as ever about the realities of life.

---

which is to reveal the essential plot and characterization facts necessary to the history of Mary-Dora. The second part (pars. 72-202) presents the significant body of these plot facts and their accompanying essentials of characterization. Part three (pars. 203-227) concentrates itself upon the Villars family, showing them in the realization of the tragedy disclosed by part two—each of them, according to character, taking it in his or her way. It is this part too that provides the reader with the conclusive evidence of the truth of the tragic facts (see introd. n. 3).—

Exercise: Plot the period of crisis in Mary-Dora's life for direct presentation instead of indirect; that is, construct a plot embodying the basic situation (introd. n. 4) in its own place, time, and setting, presenting its events when and as they originally took place—a plot telling the struggle and fate of Mary-Dora directly, with the little heroine herself moving through the action.

75-76. Mrs. Gastonbury represents one of the four classes depicted in the story—the artists, the non-artistic but educated and cultured, the everyday "ordinary" person (Miss Cornelia and

76. "Here endeth the first lesson," mumbled Sally, and let her eyes weigh a moment longer, indecipherably charged, on the white head and calm, fragile figure of that spoiled pensioner on the world's good-will who had thus simply dropped her and her party into the waste-basket.

77. "If it's up to us, then,"—she pulled herself together to retrieve the defeat,—"here goes! Signor Olivieri, we were talking of singers," she in a bravely audible voice tossed down on the cloth a subject which she thought a fertile one. "Patti and Nilsson were, of course,

---

Mrs. Banks), and the prosperous vulgar and ignorant. Let the student enter in their proper column the names of the persons belonging to each class. If then he will take note of the conversation and acts of these persons individually, he will find two things: (a) that the person has been characterized as an individual, according to class (S. S. M., 208: 2-4, with notes; 182: 6-9), and especially with reference to his or her manifestation of sympathy with and comprehension of the personality and the genius of Mary-Dora; for the author intends us ultimately to realize both the hardness and the dullness of the world toward some of its finest, most beautiful, and most gifted spirits. To this end she has shown us even some of the cultured, evincing no real apprehension of the qualities of the girl (e.g., cf. par. 144). Pars. 75-76 as their immediate function put the hard, vulgar, and selfish Sally in contrast with the unselfish and finely comprehensive author (observe Sally's shallow resentment and vulgarly dull estimate of the gifted woman when the latter fails to serve her petty purpose).

77. The first sentence, quoting Sally's thought, is aptly worded (and not too obviously) to represent by its language the quality of the thought and of its parent mind. The rest shows the bungling ineptness of the ignorant mind, and the "half-baked" social method of the unfinished person, in "throwing down," much as if it were a medicine-ball to be scrambled for and then tossed back and forth, a subject for conversation. Observe also the significance of sentence 1 in par. 78.

On the adaptation of the persons to their part in the narrative, see S. S. M., 215: 2-5, noting especially (C) in 4. The

before my time. I can't pretend to speak about them. But for my taste, Marcella Sembrich completely satisfies it. What do you think of her? Mrs. Morrison and you?"

78. She tried at once to involve Mrs. Morrison in the conversation, because this Olivieri had so far proved difficult to talk with. Of his peculiarity she had been warned, but warned as well of repaying riches, could you reach them. There was a suspicious look of genius on his forehead, from which the hair had begun to recede. He was that curiosity, an Italian not suave, an Italian displeased with Italy as well as with America, critical, armed, who had as lief blame and contradict you as not. Stories ran of the difficult and fearful times his pupils knew with him. The worth of what he had to give alone explained the position he preserved. Clifford-Crane, who was very fond of him, had been asked to bring this waspish lion. He seemed in a good enough humor tonight; so far he had merely been unwilling to talk. He felt no responsibility; Crane, who had dragged him here, was responsible. With a cigarette between his lips, his contradictory face, at once passionate and cynical, looked almost at peace with a mistaken and pernicious world. And now his lively neighbor, to whose brand of esprit he did not at all take, was trying to start him on a subject which she had chosen as being particularly his own. Such

---

brusque, rasping, impatient idealist Olivieri, concerned chiefly with the essential truth, not with putting it with conventional politeness, as hard-headedly stubborn as Sally herself in asserting his belief, and scornful of dullness and pretense—only such a person would persist in the dispute that arises, and outlast Sally in a self-assertiveness that was one of her peculiar gifts. On the immediate explanation of his disposition at this point, see S. S. M., 161: 15-20.

a thing could not be done to him. Still, with good smoke to puff through his nostrils, he was not averse to talking a little. He had been thinking while all around him chattered; a memory had come back of which it would interest him to talk.

79. Mrs. Morrison had finished telling how Sembrich affected her.

80. "The most beautiful voice I ever heard," said Olivieri, with exactly the right effect of a great authority who in a favored and congenial circle condescends to be liberal of his personal observations—"the most beautiful voice I ever heard——" Sally's spirits rose on the instant—"was your sister's."

81. There was a pause, during which Sally looked directly at him, with a growing light of interrogation, unbelief, amusement, in her eyes.

82. "Indeed?" she asked, with meritorious self-restraint, and removed her eyes from him to turn them where Adeline sat between DeJames and Clifford-Crane, both of whom were bending toward her, so that they faced each other like two flanking angels. "When was it you heard her? Were you favored with 'Todt und das Mädchen' or 'Sapphische Ode?'"

83. It was Olivieri's turn to look at a loss. He sent

---

79. Useful solely for "continuity," or coherence; note the complete suppression of detail.

82. A further indication of Sally's cultural status—inability to rise to the impersonal; the idea of the socially incompetent that converse consists of personal reference and repartee, including the making of fun at the expense of others.

83. The instinctive start indexes the strength of his artistic passion, and indicates his impulsiveness; and his failure to conceal it shows his own disregard of social niceties.

his glance after hers, and drew back as if he had inadvertently touched something red-hot. "I do not mean that sister."

84. "Then you are thinking of somebody else's sister, for across the table you behold the only sister I ever had."

85. "How singular! But no, no, my dear lady, it surely was your sister. Are you not Miss Villars? She was Miss Villars and your sister, living in this house with you."

86. "But, my dear sir, I surely ought to know."

87. "I could not be mistaken. The thing must positively be as it has remained fixed in my mind these many years."

88. "Signor Olivieri, you are extraordinary!"

89. "No, it is you. Search—search in your memory."

90. "Search in my memory for a missing sister?"

91. "Could he mean Mary?" came tentatively from John, at the end of the table beside his mother. Miss Kinglake and he were at a conversational standstill; they had for some minutes been listening to the talk of the others.

92. Sally looked blank, and as if she were faced in

---

84. Given a Sally and an Olivieri, we may be sure that the dispute will be disputed to the end. It begins here. Its progress provides the opportunities for introducing all the varied (and characteristic) remarks, opinions, and judgments of the different guests, through which at last our conception and understanding of Mary-Dora are produced, and through which, because of their characterizing significance, we are brought to perceive how hard and unfit the soil and how unfavorable the environment in which that rare plant of womanhood and genius was placed. The student will do well to take particular note of the recurrence of such passages.

92. Indicative of the first "cropper" that Sally comes—and of

fact with the enormity of having dropped a sister completely out of mind. She rallied in a second.

93. "But she was not my sister. She was John's—that is to say, his half-sister. She was Mr. Villars's daughter by his first marriage—Mary Villars, of course."

94. "Her Christian name I have forgotten," Olivieri said. "Was it that? Mary? Mary! It does not rouse the right echo in my ear."

95. "Because, it is plain, you are thinking of somebody else. What was it brought about this search among the family records? Your remark that the most beautiful voice you had ever heard was my sister's. Nothing is more certain than that Mary neither had a voice nor could sing. Had she, John? Could she?"

96. John shook his head negatively, but more, by his expression, as if he wondered than as if he were so sure.

97. "By no possible straining can she be made into the person you are talking about, Signor Olivieri."

98. Olivieri, with his eye on Sally, seemed to hesitate and consent to reconsider. He gave a nod so resolute that it knocked the ash off his cigarette.

99. "It was she."

100. "But this becomes absurd! You won't mind my saying so? She was a little girl from the country, sixteen,

---

course indicative of her character, "the enormity of having dropped a sister out of mind." Observe the confirmation of her character in the nature of her *apologia* in par. 93.

96. The first of the cumulating facts that convince us of the truth about Mary-Dora and, also, of the entire "enormity" of the Villars attitude toward her.

100. From this paragraph forward, we have frequent exposition, by means of the dialogue, of essential facts about Mary-Dora and the situation in which life placed her. Note them.

seventeen, eighteen; she lived with us a year; then went back to the country, married, and not long afterward died. And not one of us, or anybody else, ever heard her sing, particularly, or knew she had a voice."

101. "I heard her sing, and know she had a voice, the most beautiful natural organ I have heard in my life."

102. What was to be done with a man like this? Sally had been prepared, but not for anything quite so disgustingly rude. Her hand itched to deal him a swift, unceremonious slap.

103. "Will you tell us," she asked, with a return to exemplary composure, "when it was you heard this extraordinary voice?"

104. "Not with exactitude, but it was a good number of years ago, when I was still new in this country. She came to my studio, and I tried her voice."

105. "What did she look like?"

106. "Young, very blonde,—that I remember well,—and very innocently beautiful."

107. Sally shook her head, with a pitying and convinced smile.

108. "I don't wish to seem unkind, but it doesn't sound much like a description of the Mary we had among us."

109. "After so long I could not pretend to remember details with precision, as, what color were her eyes, was

---

102. The rudeness distributes itself at least equally. From the last sentence, the reader can judge where the greater lack of moral and social discipline lies.

103. Here and throughout, Miss Sally's form of expression not only is a rude challenge of the truthfulness of her guest, but worse, a hard and cruel denial of the possibility of merit in the dead step-sister.

her neck long or short, had she a distinguishing mark, mole, on her cheek or chin. But my impression I have not forgotten, that she was charming enough to melt hearts. And with the voice added, the voice cultivated and strengthened, it seemed to me she could conquer the world—if, let it be added, she had been willing to work."

110. "There is here the most amazing equivoke!" cried Sally, with a toss of her hands, almost angry in its helplessness.

111. "Not at all. No equivoke at all. It is as I tell you."

112. "Yes, yes," Sally caught back her effect of well-bred patience; "a pretty girl came to your studio, you tried her voice, and it was the loveliest in the world: but the girl was not our Mary."

113. "There came to my studio to have her voice tried a beautiful girl, fresh as the dew on the wild rose, and her voice was divine, was the voice of a young angel, unaware of methods or arts or of herself—a song-bird born. And this girl was your sister or your brother's sister or his half-sister or stepsister—was, in short, the Mary, the Helen, the Catherine, who lived with you in this house ten or more years ago."

114. Excitement made his peculiar voice hot and sharp. Besides Mrs. Morrison and her husband, besides John and Miss Kinglake, there had begun to listen

---

112. The stubborn persistence of the prejudiced and crude.

113. Another passage of dialogue giving direct information about Mary-Dora.

114. Miss Sally—characteristically—has taken the course that is certain to attract attention to the dispute.

Clifford-Crane opposite, and Adeline and the Rev. Andrew DeJames.

115. "I'm sure I don't know what may be necessary to convince you," Sally contended for her ground. "I wonder," she offered coolly, not to him, but to the air before her, "what young woman can have thought it worth while to pass herself off as our relative. Did she come again? How does the story continue? The surprising thing is that she did not get a term or two of lessons from you on the security of her borrowed name."

116. "Shall I tell you why I am so certain who she was?" He looked like a player with an ace to lay down. "She was brought to me by a man, at that time a friend of mine, whose name, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten. He was also a friend in this house. To make it clear whom I mean, he was affianced to Miss Villars." By a motion of his head he indicated Adeline, who looked down at the table-cloth, her cheek mantling with a dark blush.

117. Sally laughed as if in triumph.

118. "Oh, that! As proof positive—George Chapman, do you mean?"

119. "That is the name—Chapman. He has been gone a long time from this city."

120. "Really, Signor Olivieri, for one who has seen so much of the world——" Sally archly derided him.

121. "I have seen so much of the world, my dear lady, I have known so much of cheating, lying, deceiving, that

---

116. As pointed out in n. 78, only a person like Olivieri would have been inclined or able to meet Miss Sally with such weapons —her own sort.

121. We are warranted in thinking sentence 1 carries beneath the surface a reference to the Villarses.

when people are not impostors I know it also. This friend of the house brought a young prospective relative in whom he was interested, for he was himself an excellent musician, to ask my opinion of her voice. I gave it as I have given it to you."

122. "And then?"

123. "Then when I saw him again, we talked the voice over, and the possibilities, the business side. I thought surely to have the young girl for a pupil. When she did not return, I after a time asked Chapman about it. I forget the explanation, what reasons he gave. But I know what I said to him: 'If it is a question of money, I will take that girl as my pupil for nothing. I will give her her training—singing, language, acting, for nothing, for love. I feel gifts in her of which nor you nor she knows anything. I will make of her the miracle of her time.'"

124. Sally burst out laughing. Mrs. Gastonbury turned her way, and looked a pitying curiosity at that excited foreigner, with his physiognomy of an angry and disappointed idealist.

125. "Nothing is wanting," cried Sally—"nothing except some proof that all this was not a dream. For the important fact remains that Mary Villars of this house had no more voice than a little cat. I think that we, if anybody, ought to know. Whence, Signor Olivieri, this desire to mystify us? You are whimsical, I have heard, but have you not had fun enough out of our heavy stupidity? What is it, John?"

---

123. Observe the value of naturally reported cumulative detail in conveying the impression of truth.

126. "These."

127. John, who, unmissed, had slipped from the room, laid on the table two photographs. Olivieri seized upon them with eyes that probed and grasped, while everyone near looked expectantly at him as he studied the pictures. His hand came down like a lion's paw.

128. "Certainly, it is the one. Here is the proof. The image had faded from my memory. This revives it."

129. "Oh, nonsense!" escaped from Sally.

130. "May I see the pictures?" asked Professor Morrison, with his characteristic alertness of interest.

131. "Might I?" His wife extended her hand for them on his behalf.

132. "It's no proof, anyhow," continued Sally, "for the simple reason that the larger picture doesn't look like her. Anybody can tell that the photographer used every artifice to make it as much as possible like a fancy picture. And the picture taken with John in a broad collar, humorous souvenir of an excursion to the beach, certainly doesn't give you much idea of what is under the brim of that straw hat. All you see is a grin."

133. "I see a dimple," said the professor. "It is true that the larger picture looks like what we are pleased to call a fancy picture."

134. "Girls of seventeen do sometimes look like fancy pictures," said Miss Henrietta Marsh, to whom the photo-

130. At this point begin the comments and contributions of the rest of the company. Some serve to represent the sympathy or lack of sympathy of the world; some, to give information about Mary-Dora. See n. 75-76.

134. An example of the placing of corrective or illuminative comment in the mouth of ancillary persons.

graph had been passed. "If it were not differing with you, Miss Villars, I should call this rather good—better than the class picture, which is all I have of her."

135. "Humph!" coughed Dr. Cudworth, looking in his turn.

136. "It's flattered," Mrs. Villars assured him above a whisper.

137. "Oh!" came in a tone of sweet pity from Sibyl Kinglake, who had held out her hand to have the picture next—"oh! oh!" She was a young and lovely vision herself,—Cornelia likened her to a white greyhound,—she searched with sympathetic eyes this face of one young and lovely and destined not to live. "Oh!"

138. Clifford-Crane had swung round to look at the picture with her. "*Schneewittchen!*" he remarked, with an echo in his intonation of his neighbor's pity and ten-

---

135. Recall the characterization of Dr. Cudworth given by Mr. Villars, and judge of the appropriateness of the remark assigned to him.

136. Mrs. Villars, formerly Potts, is weakly seconding Sally's disparagement of the step-child. For evidence that the remark is in keeping, see the characterization in par. 60 and par. 58, and her behavior in the closing episode of the narrative (pars. 203 ff). If one wishes to speculate on remote elements of character and motivation, he may ponder the fact that Adeline seems the most likable and least offensive of the Villars women, and is apparently the one whose life has been fullest of the softening and humanizing influences of emotional experience (pars. 116 and 215).

137. Description by indication of the effect produced on another; the impression is strengthened by the author's swift characterization of the sensitive girl who is thus moved by the picture. "Like appeals to like." The next paragraph is of like nature, giving the impression made upon an artist (composer), plus his sensitive poetic characterization of the original of the picture.

derness—"*Schneewittchen,* or," he added, palpably without malice, "*Cinderella.*"

139. "Thanks; I have seen it." Adeline waved it along when it came to her.

140. "Errrrrr," cleared his throat the Rev. Andrew DeJames. "The shadows didn't come out very strong, did they? Or has it faded very much?"

141. "What is it they are looking at?" Rose Lancey asked over her shoulder of her husband. She had taken a cigarette to lend her support to Lady Sherson, and set balmy lips to it from time to time, just enough to keep it burning. She sent a side-glance of inquiry from the deeply shining, long-fringed eyes that had made Cornelia call her an Alderney cow. "Let me see, too. I want to see. Why, it's Dora Villars! I went to school with her. Little Dora Villars! 'Nahum's bride,' we used to call her. Was she any connection of—— Oh!"— She pressed an extinguisher over her voice,—"I hadn't heard, of course. It's the daughter of our host," she murmured to Judge Silloway as they bent over the photograph together. "Why do they bring it out like this if she is dead?"

142. "It makes me think of a wild morning-glory," said the judge, eying it through glasses far down his nose, and not looking as if he tried to be poetic.

143. Does it remind you, as it does me, a little of

---

140. "An ass, utter." Par. 53.

141. As we should expect from the person speaking, the remark is trivial. The author makes it count, however, as preparation for the information given in par. 161.

142. Its impression upon an elderly man whose profession tends to make one formal, fact-seeking and unimpressionable.

143. The most sensitive judgment and the most adequate inter-

Botticelli's 'Venus'?" Mrs. Gastonbury, after prolonged, and as if conscientious, examination, asked Kinglake, with whom she shared her turn to look. "That most touching of all Venuses, whom he sometimes calls a Madonna, singularly perfect embodiment of the creature who has no weapons, no defences,—nothing with which to fight or with which to protect itself,—nothing but beauty!"

144. "I believe I see what you mean, Mrs. Gastonbury, though frankly I should not have thought of it in looking at this charming, but very human, young girl, who, like my ethereal daughter over there, adored ice-cream, I have no doubt, and stamped her foot when things were not to her mind. See this healthy, rounded cheek. The model for the 'Venus' you speak of I have read, was a consumptive."

145. "Oh, I did not mean anything very literal," Mrs. Gastonbury, upon not being understood, withdrew at once; "I was thinking of the expression."

146. "Botticelli's 'Venus'?" asked Lady Sherson, laying down her cigarette to have a hand for each picture, and with her refreshing bluntness promptly corrected, "A goose-girl! A heavenly goose-girl!"

---

pretive comment comes from Mrs. Gastonbury. In the next paragraph the art collector fails to appreciate this comment, but complements Mrs. G's interpretation with impressions of the material rather than the spiritual.

145. Cf. the social (and personal) *savoir-faire* of the gentlewoman with the behavior of Miss Sally.

146. Lady Sherson (consider the type of woman she is) more baldly puts the same physical aspects mentoned by Kinglake. Each of these two reveal a limited amount of spiritual perception in comparison with the creative artists, Clifford-Crane (music), Dix (painting) and Mrs. Gastonbury (literature).

147. "I perceive the likeness you speak of,"—Dix nodded his fastidiously refined, gray face to Mrs. Gastonbury,—"I spent an hour or more once before the pathetic flower-blue eyes of that miracle, Botticelli's 'Venus,' just mooning, wondering what would happen in this world of ours to a creature who looked like that."

148. "Fair *Simonetta,* who was the original, tradition says, died young. And this poor child, I understand——"

149. Peter Villars had the picture in his hand now, and gazed as if it were as new to him as to anybody present, though it was from his bedroom that John had gone to take it. Cornelia had risen to look at it with him.

150. "It's the same one we have," was all she said. "Let me show it to Jane."

151. Sally and Olivieri were still contending. Their contention had reached a degree of almost laughable heat, a dropping on each side of deference to the other's statements, so improbable-seeming, it looked like a comedy they

147. In the remark of the painter is obviously put the *motif* of the basic situation: what would happen in this world of ours to a creature like that. Cf. par. 143, Mrs. G's interpretation, and her more direct inference in par. 148.

150. The discussion has of course got far beyond Miss Cornelia's depth. Her act is the natural behavior of a good-souled, ordinary woman, in whom the photograph of the dead stirs merely personal associations (see end of par. 179).

151. The author has now provided us with a sufficiently varied body of impression and judgment for the formation of an estimate of Mary-Dora; and she brings us back to the immediate dispute. The student will observe that, although in fact we have ranged far away from the immediate matter (the quarrel), we have felt no sense of suspended action or digression. Study the way in which this sense of unity and coherence has been preserved.

played for the amusement of their now fully interested audience.

152. "Oh, it's no good talking to you!" Sally broke from the brisk duet, with a laugh not too flagrantly exasperated. "Miss Marsh,"—she cut into a remark of that lady's to the professor,—"you knew Mary. She went to you all that winter. Did you know she had a voice and could sing?"

153. Miss Marsh appeared to reflect. She shook her head.

154. "I can't say I did."

155. "But if she had been so wonderful, you would have known, wouldn't you? You would have been sure to know and then to remember. Did you ever know a girl fonder of praise?"

156. "She tried very hard to please me, always. That I do remember, and with gratitude."

157. "Yes, she would come home prouder than a peacock of a good report, show it to each one of us separately, and wait to be complimented. Every little accomplishment she acquired, every little improvement she made, every trifle she turned out, were it a pin-cushion with one rosebud in the middle, or a drawing of a woolly tree, or a water-color of three ivy-leaves, she would bring home for us to admire. When she had got so far along with her piano-lessons that she could play the 'Jolly Farmer'

---

156. Another remark that results in interpreting the character of Mary-Dora—impartially. The hostile interpretation of the same facts by Miss Sally in par. 157 therefore merely serves, primarily to strengthen our unfavorable estimate of her, and through that, to reveal still more evidently the nature of the world which the spirit of Mary-Dora had to meet.

through, do you think she would let us forget it? She was positively infantile in that respect. She adored to show off. And you wish us to believe——"

158. "I am not explaining; I am giving facts," said Olivieri. "The explanation every person will have to find for himself."

159. "Here's another point against you. She had all her life lived in the country, the backwoods, never been anywhere, never seen anything, so that when she came to us it seemed to her amazing, prodigious—all the geese swans, all the pebbles pearls. My sister plays the piano; she thought her a Carreño. I permit myself sometimes to scribble doggerel; I was a John G. Saxe. She was ignorant enough to misplace her admirations, but her eyes were opened by them to her own deficiencies; it all made her necessarily feel small and modest. And when this discovery was made of a gift compared with which all we could show was cheap, this child, with her passion for praise, her natural envy of our advantages, kept it a dead secret, you maintain?"

160. Sally's belligerent eye, now secure in triumph, swept around the table.

161. "Yes," replied Olivieri, unexpectedly. "Horrible! horrible!" He clasped his head. "Thrown away!" he went on. "A voice like that! A gift like that!"

---

158. The realization that everyone will so readily find the explanation of the facts is, of course, what makes Sally so energetic in disputing the fact—that and the unpleasant trait in her, of being pettily jealous and unjust. For outright indication of this trait, see the close of her remarks in par. 159. In justice, however, we must recognize her ignorance.

161. Olivieri is cruel and rude, but by this time we are inclined to share with him his savage satisfaction in thus laying on the

162. One or two present felt a paradoxical unholy desire to laugh.

163. "Rose,"—Miss Marsh raised her voice to speak across the table,—"Dora was at Ferncliffe Lodge during your time. Had you an idea of this talent?"

164. "None, dear Miss Marsh. I suppose Dora sang the morning hymn at chapel with the rest of us, but I couldn't swear even to that. I didn't know her very well, you know; she was a day-scholar. She was a sweet, sweet, funny thing that everybody liked and teased a little, because, as Miss Villars has said, she was so new to everything and—sort of innocent, you know. Three or four of us silly things once got our heads together during a rainy recess and began telling the attentions we had had from boys. She told us about Nahum, a young farmer. We never forgot. You know what girls are. But all of us liked her, we were crazy about her hair, and when we voted for a Mayqueen, she got it. That picture, excellent otherwise, doesn't half give you an idea of her fairness—pale-gold hair, pale forget-me-not eyes, complexion like a lily."

165. "Ah!" spurted from Olivieri, in a fiery disgust, "What a *Marguerite,* what a *Micaela,* it would have been!"

166. "Not at all," Sally answered him with grim lips; "for had she had the voice you speak of, and had she be-

---

scourge of judgment. So did some of the guests (par. 162). (See also par. 167.)—Pars. 163-170 continue the work of the preceding paragraphs already commented on; but in 168-169 we have the most intense part of the situation so far, the dispute having risen to its highest.

come your pupil ten times over, she would now have been dead for ten years, all the same."

167. "Who knows?" he perversely inquired.

168. Sally looked at him as one who in sparring should receive an unfair blow, and should stand with deadly eye selecting the spot on the adversary where to strike in return. She moistened her lips, then wiped them. An effect of protest against the organist was felt among the audience, none could have told exactly how.

169. Mrs. Morrison was thinking she must jump in with a remark about the north pole or the sea-serpent or any wild thing. Sibyl Kinglake was in acute misery. The scene felt to her altogether like an evil, unnatural dream. How in actual life could all these people have forgotten that the father and brother of that poor young girl were present? A spell of stupidity seemed to have been cast over them by the dreadful voice of that woman without heart who set the example.

170. Sibyl moved restlessly on her chair, wondering would it be too improper for her to be the first to get up from the table and say good-night. Miss Marsh was considering the same solution, and on the point of giving it practice, when, "Miss Villars! Miss Villars!" rose a fluttering voice, drawing all eyes toward the embrasure of the window whence it came. Sally turned around.

171. "Tell him," Miss Cornelia stood up, tremulous with excitement, "tell him again—" she referred with

---

171. Miss Cornelia's speech, beginning here, fills out the history of Mary-Dora with additional and more connected detail. Observe that her account consists largely of exposition, and is introduced out of chronological order (chronology plays little part in the present narrative), yet is much more significant to us now be-

her hand to Olivieri, as if he had been one to whom an interpreter was necessary for such as herself, "from me, Miss Villars, that he is mistaken."

172. She felt the whole table looking at her now. The table was in fact wondering more actively than it had done about the country gentlewomen, with hands visibly marred by housework, who seemed to form, as it were, an interlude in a different key to the harmony of the brilliant assemblage.

173. "Tell him I ought to know, Miss Villars. Mary-Dora lived with us, my sister and me, most all the days

---

cause meantime Mary-Dora herself has become significant. This suggests the value of dislocation for the sake of emphasis, impressiveness, or increased interest. S. S. M., 122: 1-3; 152: 2-3.

172. In the conte, introduction of an incongruous person is harder to manage than in the novel. Miss Cornelia is incongruous in this company. Yet the author, having decided to present the story of Mary-Dora by bringing together the persons best able to give an account of her, had to include Miss Cornelia. Go through the story observing the way in which her presence is provided for and convincingly explained. The management is so effective that we feel no sense of strangeness in her being there; study it. Again, Miss Cornelia's contribution to the history and judgment of the girl is indispensable. Once more, consider how her character, her social status and conventions, including her village point of view, along with her sense of personal relationship with Mary-Dora and of acquaintanceship with the family, and her failure really to comprehend the situation,—all combine to motivate her sudden irruption into this untoward discussion (see closing part of 179). It is not to be assumed that the author consciously reasoned this out in detail; but it is to be noted that her conception as a whole was so definite and complete that this motivation was provided naturally and truly by the soundness and completeness of the conception. Observe too the passing touch of temporary situation in the author's remark about the curiosity of the guests about her; this adds to the [illegible] of the presentation at this point.

of her life. Such a thing as he tells of could not have been, and we never know a word of it, when Mary-Dora——"

174. "Maridora—that is the name!" Olivieri nodded decisively. "Maridora!"

175. "She was named after both of her grandmothers," Cornelia explained to the roomful, "and always called by the two names so as to show no partiality. Her father and mother each wanted to please the other. They brought her to us when she was a little mite of a girl, because they wanted she should have good care and country air, and their work in the city made it so they couldn't look after her. They came down together to see her every little while, and how they did wonder to find her grow so fast! My sister and I had other children to board. We did that for something to do after Clementine gave up teaching school. We had the museum, with all the curiosities my father brought home from his voyages, but after everybody round had seen it, not much came in from that. So there were some years when we made out by taking children to board, and we had Mary-Dora from the age of two. We didn't expect to keep her on and on till she grew up. But we did, as it turned out; we brought her up. She was like our own child. Anybody who'd ever seen her at home would know that she'd no more have had a secret from us two—— Tell your friend, Miss Villars."

176. "Could she sing?" asked Sally.

---

174. Note the strength of confirmation given to Olivieri's previous assertion by this interjected exclamation. The impression is stronger than any direction assertion could have made it.—Mark the little touches of personal recollection, and how they add to our realization of and sympathy for the child.

177. "No, that's just what I wanted you should tell him. She sang, just as any girl does, working round the house, nothing to speak of. You'd never notice it any more, I guess, than as if I should sing. We've always been meaning to get a parlor-organ, but we haven't got it yet. All she knew was hymns and the things young folks pick up from one another. She told us when she came home that she'd been taking piano lessons, and seemed dreadfully pleased with that, but not a word about singing."

178. "The case is perfectly clear," Sally turned away from Miss Cornelia as if all that was necessary had been heard from this witness.

179. But Cornelia, having once overleaped the barrier of shyness and climbed up on the stage, could not, with the impetus of her daring act unspent, so soon descend again, with, particularly, the sense upon her of the audience's friendliness. She spoke to them now collectively rather than directly to Sally, and went on to fulfil the pious duty, as she seemed to feel it, toward the dead, of making them known and understood.

180. "Till she was near seventeen she was contented as could be with us, exactly as if she had no other family. But one day when there was nothing we were expecting less she said she wanted to go to the city and see her father, and the little brother that she had never seen.

---

180. The reader's sensibility is trusted to comprehend the girl's eagerness—largely affection, part curiosity, part the longing of lonesomeness and awaking genius—its genuine rustic, unspoiled simplicity, and the inevitable chilling of her tender spirit by the reception these things would meet among folk of the Villars kind. But to reinforce or direct the reader's intuition, pars. 184, 211, and 216 contain passages expressive of the fact.

We didn't oppose her, because her father's business had kept him for quite some time from coming to Willow Creek. It was natural, we realized, too, she should have a hankering to see the city and how people live there and what it's like. We wanted she should write and ask first. But she begged us not to make her. She said she would like to surprise them. She was dreadfully excited about the idea of surprising them. We suspected that, besides wanting to see the world, she wanted to go away from Willow Creek till she could make up her mind about Nahum, without him near."

181. Miss Cornelia looked over at beautiful Rose Lancey, and nodded to her very amicably, smiling. "Nahum is my nephew, and I don't think I've ever known a young man to set his heart so powerfully on a girl. Mary-Dora was fond of him all the time she was growing up, but when they were old enough so that he wanted to marry her, it had the result it sometimes does, of making her want to get away from him. He was twenty-one, and she was only seventeen, you see, and as much of a child as she had ever been. She seemed to have grown afraid of him, though she was fond of him, too, and it hurt her terribly to do anything that would hurt him. Clementine and I understood how it was, and sympathized with what we knew came from just youngness. We thought it would be best for both to let her find out how she really felt about Nahum, give her a chance to see other men and other ways, and to see if she thought anybody would ever think as much of her as Nahum surely did."

182. As with the story-teller's simple art, she paused a moment, an unguarded sound came from Peter Villars, a groaning sigh that he converted into a cough as he

shifted position, throwing the other leg across the other knee.

183. If Miss Cornelia heard, it made no proper dint on her consciousness, for she pursued unperturbed.

184. "She was gone just a year. We hadn't hardly believed she should ever come back except to visit us. But there she was, come home for good, she said. It wasn't that she had been disappointed with the city,—you should have heard her run on about it! all the fine things, the grand doings, the dresses,—but she was a country-girl, and guessed she would be happier there in the country with us country-folks. She loved us all most to death those first days after her return, and as soon as Nahum came around, looking thin, he had missed her so, she didn't just take him; she as good as said, "Take me!" He was the happiest boy! And we were happy for him, knowing what a good girl he'd got. For Mary-Dora wasn't just like everybody. It wasn't that she was beautiful, as you seem to think from her picture, though she was nice-looking, healthy, and didn't freckle, or that she always did right according to the book. But she was loving, and dreadfully tender of others. She wanted so dreadfully everybody should be pleased with her and like her, she would do 'most anything to make them. And not

---

184. The pathos of Mary-Dora's existence is strongly emphasized by the unconscious falling short in appreciation of her—her beauty, her character, her genius—revealed by so kindly and well-meaning a soul as Miss Cornelia. See especially the pitiful fact disclosed in 173—that Mary-Dora could not take her nearest friends, Miss Cornelia and Miss Clementine, into her confidence about her aspirations, hopes, and fears, because they do not understand or even apprehend.

all the beauties or virtues or knowledge could ever be so winning as that." Fearing her voice sounded weepy, Cornelia resumed more stoutly: "But she was no singer, nor she never went to any music-master to have her voice tried, or we should have heard about that from her, as we heard about everything else. But if for any reason which I can't imagine she should not have told her old aunties, she would have told Nahum, and in the long evenings he used to come and spend with us just for the comfort of talking about her, he would have told us. But I'll ask him when I go home. He has remarried,—that's life!—but I don't believe he has forgotten one thing that had to do with Mary-Dora. Poor little Mary-Dora!" the countrywoman, having got so well under way, and feeling so sure of the general sympathy, kept placidly on after the obvious stopping-place had been reached, "you'd think something in her soul told her how it would be, and that's what made her so afraid of Nahum and marrying him, only she didn't understand clearly enough what it said."

185. The speaker felt suddenly uncertain that she was not a fool, perhaps an indelicate fool, instead of an interesting figure occupying the center of the platform. "But I'm afraid I've talked till everybody's tired," she hurriedly remarked. "Ever since I came into this house Mary-Dora's been running in my mind, and it seems kind of natural to be talking about her; that's my excuse. But I've taken up too much of your time. In the country, you know, where we live more scattered, and don't see company so often, we get into the way of telling our stories with more of the particularities. You must forgive me for being so lengthy." She smiled all around her, apologetically, and in doing it caught sight of Peter Villars'

face. For the first moment she realized of what, unpardonable scatterbrain! she had been guilty. Collapsing in confusion on her chair, she held a pleading hand dubiously toward her friend. Peter took it, and patted it, with an entire, if rather absent-minded, kindness.

186. Her subsiding seemed a signal for one after the other at the table to rise. The hostess stood ready for them with hand and smile of good-night.

187. Mrs. Gastonbury remained a little longer, looking from her distance at the two sweet-faced country-women, behind whom she saw in imagination lines of shadowy forms receding into the past till a tall sailing-ship blocked the view; then she came to their table and, unpresented, spoke to them—endeavored, in fact, to engross their attention, when her ear caught the notes of a biting, obstinate voice still holding to its argument.

188. "Nothing has been said that confutes me. Did I say she had an ordinary voice? An extraordinary voice, I said. The vulgar ear would naturally not discover it. It had a quality of adorable strangeness, like, one could imagine, a flute of glass. For the rest, *Santo Iddio,* why

---

187. This is in effect a comment on the spiritual obtuseness toward the beautiful that has always characterized Puritanism (and all hyper-intense religious systems). It is introduced by making Miss Cornelia's ancestry an interpretation of that element in her character which cut her off from adequate comprehension of Mary-Dora—a girl almost as close to her heart as a child of her own would have been. Observe that this social, or moral, characterization is not inserted as a mere opinion of the author, but as an intrinsic part of the narrative interpretation.

188. The management of dialogue is masterly throughout the narrative. Every speaker speaks "in character" every time he has a speech. Olivieri's manner here is but a single instance. Prove the assertion by finding others.

should they have known her nature any more than they knew her voice?"

189. "My dear fellow, do have a little regard!" Crane murmured, and grasped the organist by the elbow to lead him away.

190. "Why?" barked Olivieri, pulling loose, and turning round to face his friend with the question.

191. The right answer not instantly presenting itself, Crane, while in search for it, looked at the darkly sallow, bony face thrust chin forward at him, and felt it futile to reply.

192. Neither spoke again to the other until they stood on the door-step, lighting their cigars. The red reflection of the match at which he sucked illumined by fitful flares, and to sinister effect, the face of the exile, which looked as if fire already had consumed everything but indestructibly old sorrows and indignations. The scant hairs of the beard itself looked like black wires that would not burn.

193. "Remains the question," Olivieri flapped the match to put it out, "why I have never spoken of all this before. From the fact that I have not, I must think that I was bidden to regard it as a confidence."

194. Last of all came Miss Cornelia and Jane Banks to shake hands, as proper,—unpresented though they remained to the end,—with their hostess.

195. "We have to thank you for a most *beautiful* evening," Cornelia beamed in elation over the lovely talk they had had with Mrs. Gastonbury. Mrs. Villars con-

189-191. Cf. 78 and 161.

193. A remark introduced as the last buttress needed by the case Olivieri has presented.

tinued in the fixed smile and mechanical nodding response she had administered to all.

196. With these last of the departures she walked toward the door.

197. "I am afraid you are very tired," Sally was saying to Mrs. Gastonbury.

198. "Too tired, I fear, to deny the charge, Miss Villars. But the remedy for fatigue is happily very simple."

199. "I am going to take you to your room at once, and see that you are made comfortable."

200. "That will be very kind."

201. They passed out of the door immediately behind Mrs. Villars. Sally's cherry-bright train, shining and rustling over the threshold, was the last thing in the room with movement and sound to it before the space of a minute during which the deserted banquet-hall stood empty.

202. The table in its disorder was still such as to fascinate the eye of a hungry body or a fancy athirst: the glittering cups, with their remnants of golden liquid and colored fruit; the painted plates, with their rich-smelling fragments; a bubble-thin goblet or two through which

---

202. The picture has its symbolism. Here is what is left of one of the great "events" in lives animated by selfishness and a crude, ignorant social ambitiousness—emptiness, waste fragments, fruitlessness, futility—sham and hollowness, even in splendor; and looking forth on it, the reminder of one of the victims of this ignorance and selfishness—the picture of a girl beautiful of body and of spirit, and gifted of the gods. (Observe once more that the reader is left to make the application for himself.)—In par. 201. we are also at liberty to see a symbol—Sally, representing the relentless aggressiveness and force of such selfishness and ignorance, is "the last thing in the room with movement and sound to it."

silver beads could be seen more and more languidly rising; in the twilight under the table, limp and long, a pair of white gloves as they had dropped from a lap; withering flowers, crumpled napkins, a dish of almonds spilled. Amid these things, to the right of it, the peel of a tangerine; to the left of it, a fluted paper thimble that had contained a bonbon; and right across it the stalk of a pale-pink carnation—looking forth from a silver frame unbrightened for years, the face of a young girl, with its eyes of softness, its cheek of fairness, its smile of ingenuousness, and its mystery.

203. Sally, having ascertained what Mrs. Gastonbury took for breakfast, and, with wishes of cordial sound for her repose, left her in the hands of the French maid, hurried down the stairs. She knew where the family would be found, and made directly for the sanctum where more than once they had assembled to talk over a party and congratulate themselves on its success.

204. Nobody seemed to be speaking at the moment of her appearance in the smoking-room door. Mother was rubbing her wrist where a bracelet had clasped it too tightly. All her powder had come off, her face was red, as well as puffed and cross. Adeline examined a tear in her lace overdress, which a clumsy foot had trodden upon. With those well-known angular fingers she was bringing the edges together, to see how the evil could be remedied.

---

203. The conclusive ending begins.

204. Continues the effect of par. 202, by giving characterizing indication of the persons, each reacting in his significant way to the situation, now that the need of restraint seems past. Study this. Note similarly the characteristic "swooping down" of Sally, par. 205.

The violets at her corsage hung like strands of a mop. Peter, his hands in his pockets, stood by a table that had bottles on it, and stared at these, whether in absorption or abstraction, while tilting himself slightly from his toes to his heels, and back again. John was at the mantelpiece with his forehead in his hands.

205. With Sally swooping down, they made a collection of five persons as little satisfied with life and themselves as could perhaps have been found that night by searching the world over. All alike were suffering, in each the unrest of his soul taking a different form of expression. And all, in the pitiful human way, were burning to revenge the pain of the outrage done to private aspirations in them after decency by doing more hurt. Irritation and unkindness were ready to spring from any one of those mouths which that honorable thing, remorse, set to such sour lines.

206. They were not looking their most attractive, it must be said, the Villarses, each tired, sorely tried, and, with the strangers gone, not caring a fillip whether he kept his temper or his dignity. Unbeautiful enough to be touching in the eyes of the angels; except John, who, with his fingers through his hair, and young, gloomy eyes on the fire, was more sad than unpleasant to see.

207. Sally went to him, swift as a hawk.

208. "I have to *thank* you, John,"—she spoke in a voice that trembled while it cut,—"with all my heart, for a most brilliant, agreeable, and successful evening!"

209. "Let me alone, Sally!" he replied, without

---

205. A trait of human nature is now made to characterize and motivate all the members of the group.

turning to look at her, or putting enough spirit into his warning to make it of any effect.

210. "What on *earth* possessed you, will you tell me, to go and get those photographs and turn a supper party into a *morgue!* Oh, that *beast!*" She put the word out of her mouth as if it had been a beast indeed which she found there . "I could have *choked* him, *beast* and *liar!* And though *every*thing proved that he lied, those people all went home believing what he said. John, it's a pretty thing you've done, a pretty light you've placed us in!"

211. "Sally, let me alone! I'm sick enough. And it's not what they think makes me sick." He lifted his voice to cover hers rising against him. "It's you, and all of us. It's to think of Mary when she was living with us——"

212. "John, do you believe that idiotic yarn?"

213. "Yes, and so do you."

214. "How dare you——"

215. "Oh, Sally," came from Adeline, wearily, "stop pretending! Of course it was true. As soon as he spoke of it, I remembered George Chapman saying something

---

210. Sally is true to her character to the end. (Any change in her would lessen our feeling of the cruel forces of life which she typifies; they are relentless and uncomprehending to the end. In stories of cheap sentimentalism, it is not uncommon to find the villain repentant and re-made at the end. This (indeed) is the necessary or appropriate result of some plots; but in the present story, with no purpose of showing character-change, it would vitiate the basic conception of worldly forces and their deadly effect upon the unworldly. Herein is a hint to be remembered about adapting character, situation, plot, and theme to one another.

215, 216. One by one Sally's contentions and pretenses are demolished. We are now getting the conclusive finale.

about her voice to me; but it was near the time of our final quarrel, and I wasn't interested."

216. "If you didn't know she could sing, Sally," John hurried in after Adeline, "it was because you shut her up every time you caught her at it; it got on your nerves, you said. After dad took her and me to New York and gave us the opera, she was all the time bursting with it. I got so mad once at the way you snubbed her I tried to hit you, and was put to bed for it. Oh, I remember!"

217. "May I ask were *you* informed of the great discovery, the great prospects?"

218. "No. It's in part what makes me feel so. She was such a chum, I was going to build a house when I grew up, for us to live in together, with a room for dad——"

219. "Not very complimentary to me, John," said his mother, caring, nevertheless, to protect him; "but isn't it reason enough why you shouldn't blame yourself on her account? You were only a child. It's you, rather, Peter. Didn't she tell you?"

220. "Oh, me! She knew just how much I counted!" He stared at dust and ashes for a moment longer. "Before the days of our decline into a floor-walker and a manicure," he took up a different story, "I was an art stu-

220. Even to the end important bits of exposition are presented. In stories presented by other methods, this would probably be unfortunate; but as we have seen already, chronological arrangement of details is unimportant in the present story. The only chronology here followed is that of "the beginning, the middle, and the end" of the Villars entertainment, and this is useful merely in providing the opportunity to introduce, sooner or later, the significant facts about Mary-Dora. Part of the success of the present method of presentation is, that it keeps the reader sorting, placing, and interpreting his information up to the very

dent and Mary-Dora's mother studied singing. And her mother before her was a beautiful singer, they say, who might have done something; but she, too, died young. The gods loved them all three. It's a filthy world!"

221. "Peter, will you set down that glass! As if your judgment were not poor enough without muddling it more. Will you tell me what ailed you when you arranged to have that side-show at the supper?"

222. "Sarah, there is the right time for everything, says the Preacher. You may think it the moment to nag, but it's the moment, if ever was, to drink, and stop thinking, if we can."

223. "You seem all agreed," Sally's voice was heard again, "to believe that brute's story. But you haven't made it clear why such a little blabber as Mary should have kept so still."

224. "Oh, Sally!" came again wearily from Adeline. Adeline had a stupid eye, but, unlike her mother's, it sometimes sharpened to an edge of keen, almost alarming intelligence. "You're not so simple. Instinct told her

---

end, thus leading and forcing him to reconstruct the basic situation for himself. So long as the reader is kept interested by this gradual accumulating of information, and in the situation it is disclosing, perhaps no better way of producing unity of impression could be devised for the purpose of the present story.—We may (in speaking of the unities in this story) note that unity of person is secured through the prominence of Mary-Dora; that unity of action, of time, and of place (and to some extent, of atmosphere) are attained solely through the entertainment—i.e., by means of the carrying-plot; and that unity of impression is produced by our gradual realization of the basic situation through combining the incidents of the carrying-plot into an outline of the basic situation. See introd. notes 3, 4, and (on unity) S. S. M., 178 ff.

it would give us too exquisite pain,—in which instinct was perfectly correct,—and make us hate the sight of her more than we hated it already. She was dreadfully tender of others, you heard the old lady say, and dreadfully anxious to be liked."

225. "I consider," Sally fired up, "that we behaved remarkably well to her. What claim, after all, had she on us?"

226. "None," answered Adeline—"none. So why should we care?"

227. "Exactly. Why should we care?" raged Sally, and inconsequently burst out crying.

---

226. One could wish that the author had given us some outward intimation whether this remark is ironical; from par. 224, it would appear to imply a sarcastic, but hopeless rather than bitter, comment on the Villars behavior. This would be in keeping with what we have heretofore inferred about Adeline (par. 136). It would also gratify us by permitting us to retain one inclination to sympathize with her, thus better fitting itself to the purpose of those impressions which it is the function of the close to produce on the reader—the confirmation of his judgments, the feeling of essential justice, properly distributed, and the gratification of his personal sympathies and antipathies toward the persons.

227. Miss Sally has been overwhelmed by the force of facts, and has even been forced to recognize, but not to appreciate, a state of things that, to others, seems disquietingly tragic. But, though to this extent realization has been forced on her, she has not surrendered. She is shaken, defeated, and humiliated, but, unless "inconsequently burst out crying" be interpreted as having extreme significance, there is nothing to indicate that her character has been jarred from its foundations, or that she herself has been stirred to any great depth beneath the surface, except by anger, chagrin, and selfish resentment.

THE DEFECTIVE

The Story as a Whole

1. "The Defective" is a theme story, involving also problem (S. S. M., pp. 27-32). Its central thought is, that the world is so full of eccentricity, stupidity, futility, and intolerance that association with the feeble-minded may seem an escape. Contributing thoughts are, that the world, being dull of mind, accepts mere external signs, prevailing conventions, or the general belief as the basis of its judgment, and is incapable of discerning truth or fact for itself. The problem is, what are the marks of deficiency, and whether the defectives whom we intern in "institutions" are more defective than some whom we accept and even respect for their "little specialties"?

2. The story is a social satire (social characterization; S. S. M., 257); but its satire, though keen, is free of harshness and bitterness; the tone is that of urbane simplicity, as contrasted with bald outrightness, and its style is that of unimpassioned directness. (For other stories containing social characterization in some prominent form, see "Little Sunbeam" "The Opal Morning," "A Rag-Time Lady," "An Epilogue," "The Last Rose of Summer," "In the Matter of Distance," "The Great God," "The Cat and the Fiddle.")

3. Its central person, the Defective, is conceived and presented as a man of sounder, shrewder reason, truer culture, gentler character, more equable and balanced tem-

perament, and finer sympathies, than the "normal" persons against whom he is set off.

4. The method of presenting the satire, or criticism of life (society), is a refinement of the familiar method by which people and institutions are described as they appear to a visitor from another planet. We are shown persons, conduct, and standards as they appear to the simple, but shrewd and sane mind, of a man whose past has kept him free of the influences of earlier familiarity with the standards that he now meets. Their impression upon him is indicated almost entirely through the effect they produce, in sending him back to live by preference among the feeble-minded (description by indication of effect).

THE DEFECTIVE

By Freeman Tilden

Reprinted by Permission of the Author and the Editors, from "The Smart Set," for March, 1914
(Copyright, 1914.)

1. When I first saw the man, he was sitting in the office of the Mansion House, in Paulham. His chair was tipped back upon its hind legs, in the approved fashion of country hotels, and except for the fact that he was exceptionally well dressed I should have thought him a prosperous townsman, living easily upon last fall's apple crop.

2. He was a medium-sized fellow, smoothly and recently shaved, and he had a soft, almost timid, eye. He seemed to be moving at a refined gait, toward forty years old. He had laid out considerable money on his dress, and it made him distinguished, which is the highest office of clothes. I concluded that he must be a traveling salesman, probably in wine and spirits.

3. We got into conversation, and I found that my guess was bad; he lived in town. He was well read, amply informed, pleasant and easy in discourse, modest in demeanor. We exchanged cards. His name was

---

1-4. Note the immediate opening, with swift indication of environment and the definite characterization, expanding also, in the next paragraph, into description of the person. Pars. 3-4 complete the foundational indication of what he is.

Orville Stackwood. At half past four he took out a fine thin-model watch and named the hour, saying that he should have to be going along toward home.

4. "Rather nice chap," I said to the hotel clerk, after Stackwood had gone.

5. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Too bad about him. He's worth a lot of money, too."

6. "What is too bad about him?" I asked.

7. The hotel clerk regarded me with that look of astonishment worn by yokels when a stranger asks to be directed to the post office. They find it difficult to believe that the location of their post office is not a matter of international interest. "He ain't quite right; didn't you know that?"

8. "Not quite right?" I asked. "He struck me as being all right. What's the matter with him?"

9. "I dunno," was the answer. "That's all I know

5-7. Introduces the problem-question—is Stackwood "right," and are others "not quite right" who pass unchallenged?

7. The first of various passages subtly presenting the possible deficiency of those whom the world accepts without question. This is accomplished mainly by putting familiar (and in themselves trifling) peculiarities, eccentricities, and behavior before us with just enough emphasis or insistence to make us reflect upon these in comparison with similar matters in the defectives. —What is the value of the word "yokel" here? Does it place this "all right" man in contrast with the "not quite right" man of distinguished manner, education, and address? As the story develops, note how many distinct classes of society are introduced as foils to Stackwood. Does the clerk represent merely himself, or does he stand for his class?

9. Continues the contrast of the stupidly incurious clerk with the intelligent Stackwood, and further represents the sheep-mindedness with which the herd gets its ideas. Obviously the yokel is one of those who lack wit to judge whether Stackwood is "right" or not. The idea recurs throughout the story.

about it. He ain't all there. He lives up to Gould's." And then he told me about the great local institution for feeble-minded persons, built and maintained by a certain philanthropist for the care of the addled rich.

10. I was puzzled. Then I began to see the joke. I had been talking for more than an hour with a defective, without knowing it. There may have been something tinny about my silvery laughter. It is not flattering to discover that you are capable of associating with the feeble-minded on their own terms.

11. In the next three days I found out a great deal about the Institution, as it was politely called by the townspeople. It was undoubtedly an institution. It dominated the village, both as to geography and sociology. Paulham is built upon a hilltop; and on the highest point

---

10. Emphasizes the underlying idea of par. 9, because the narrator, though evidently above the average, himself for the time-being accepted the idea that Stackwood was defective, merely on the clerk's sayso and the fact that the man was an inmate of "Gould's."

11. In effect the paragraph is social characterization (social characterization is necessarily prominent throughout the story, made so by its purpose as a social satire). Note "the Institution, as it was politely called by the townspeople"; quiet touches of significant detail like this, indicative of attitude in persons, classes, or types, will be found repeatedly. Part of our pleasure in the story arises from sensing the portrayal of representative facts thus inostentatiously accomplished. As a name "the Institution" represents (for illustration) that mental trait of middle-class people which makes them cover up what are (or to them seem) improper or unpleasant facts by employing designations that are euphemisms or circumlocutions—a trait that has often stood in the way of adequate public understanding of matters of health, morals, and the like, and thus prevented frank and open dealing with the problems they present.

of the place, with a magnificent sweep of the surrounding country before it, is Gould's.

12. Gould's harbored about a hundred defectives at this time. They were the product of well-to-do people; thus it might be said that they were the pick of the country's imbeciles. Some of them, having demonstrated their incapacity for doing harm, were allowed to roam about the streets. A few went to church. I went to church one day with a friend, who pointed out three of them, sitting together in a front pew.

13. "What woeful faces!" I exclaimed, and then began to descant upon them, when my friend, with mild tartness, informed me that I was looking at the wrong three persons. . . . On another occasion, on the street, I mistook the president of the Paulham Bank for one of Gould's aged wards. It is a mistaken policy that permits these poor creatures to run at large among other people. It abolishes the only certain manner of identification. . . .

14. One day, a glorious, crisp day for walking, I met Orville Stackwood far out upon the Danwick road. He was going in the same direction and I caught up with him. He carried a fine stick, with engraved silver mounting. We walked along together for a few moments without

---

13. Intensifying incidents, making the satire more obvious. Observe how naturally the comment is brought in—the author's thought introduced as the comment of the narrator. On philosophy of life, see S. S. M., index.

14. Pars. 1-13 suggest to us the theme, and adjust us to the satirical tone. Par. 14 begins to prepare the plot and its development. Let the student see if it is possible to determine from 1-13 what the theme is, and whether the problem is yet sufficiently indicated.

speaking. Then I asked him: "Whereabouts in Paulham do you live?" A red flush came to his face, and instantly I felt like a cad. "At Gould's," he replied. Then he added, "The Institution, you know."

15. I was more puzzled than ever. That a feeble-minded person should blush at giving his correct address seemed apart from all experience. An imbecile would, on the contrary, be proud of living in the best and biggest house in town. I took courage and continued:

16. "You strike me as being an unusual person to be living at Gould's."

17. I felt safe in saying this. If he were truly feeble-minded, he could not be hurt by the bluntness, and he might be flattered.

18. Stackwood gave no evidence of being either flattered or hurt. He looked at me suspiciously for a moment out of the corners of his eyes, and seemed to be thrown on the defensive. Then he replied, in monotones: "I am not quite right."

15-21. On the first reading, these paragraphs (as they should) seem merely to be carrying the narrative forward; they leave us still feeling (in 22) uncertainty about Stackwood's mental "rightness." Considered again when we have realized the purport of the story as a whole, they clearly present plain evidence of the entire sanity and shrewd intelligence of the "imbecile," such as any person equally sane and shrewd as he should have recognized. The satire here lies in the fact that none of those superior persons—none an inmate of any "institution" such as "Gould's"—had sufficient acumen or mental keenness to discover the obvious. Cf. 7.—That on the completion of a story its incidents and detail shall be perceived to have a greater or deeper significance than we realized while reading them, is an indication of masterly control and management of materials. Such skill in organization and motivation materially strengthens the story in its total effect.

19. "You are not quite right?" I repeated. This was simply incredible: that a defective should realize and state his case so judicially.

20. Stackwood's eyes became furtive. I thought for a moment he was going to take to his heels. But he replied, steadily, "I am not quite right," and nodded his head.

21. Whether it was something about the man that gave the lie palpably to his assertion, and the assertion made about him; or whether it was because I felt that I had a duty toward myself to perform—to convince myself that I was not so feeble-minded as to fail to perceive what everybody else perceived; whatever the reason was, I blurted out: "Mr. Stackwood, I beg pardon; but you're no more feeble-minded than I am. You're as right as anybody. If you don't mind, what's your game?"

22. For a minute, I thought I had gone too far. Stackwood's face darkened. He pursed up his mouth and his fingers clenched the walking stick nervously. But just as I was ready to beat a retreat, he smiled feebly and said: "I think I can trust you."

23. "You certainly can," I promised.

24. He chafed his lower lip with his teeth. "Well, then," he said, "I *am* all right. I don't tell you because I want to; I'm afraid if I don't you'll talk. Give me your word you'll repeat to nobody in this town what I am going to tell you."

25. I promised again, my heart fluttering in joyous anticipation of romance.

26. "I *am* all right," he repeated, "though I do live

---

26. Completes the opening—central person, theme, and problem are now clearly before us, and the rest of the narrative, will develop and establish the satire.—Note the irony of the situation

at Gould's." He stopped and took thought. "You know," he went on, "if they should find out, up at the Institution, that I was all right, they wouldn't let me stay there. I'd be turned out tomorrow, money or no money." He laid his hand on my arm. "I can trust you, can't I?" And then, walking along at my side, he told me the story that follows here.

27. Orville Stackwood belonged to one of the oldest Massachusetts families; rich, refined, respectable. When he was five years old he was sent to a private school. There was already some doubt as to whether he was a normal child in every respect. The report of the private school was couched in the language of diplomacy, but there was no mistaking the meaning. The child was considered a defective.

—the specialists of the "Institution" as blind as the laity to the more-than-ordinary saneness and intelligence of their "patient." (Ranging further, the alert reader's mind will of course wonder how many victims of such blindness our actual "Institutions" may contain—an illustration of the function of fiction in stimulating thought upon the world's actualities.)

27. Note that, if a few sentences indicating the nature of "Gould's" were introduced, Stackwood's biography, with its implications, could stand unchanged as a complete, self-contained story, independent of the first twenty-six paragraphs. But then we should not so certainly perceive the satire. It is evident, therefore, that in this story the opening has a definite special function —to direct our attention to the theme, problem, and purpose of the story as a whole, since Stackwood's biography would, by itself, not quite attain the desired satirical impressiveness. S. S. M., 122-142.

27-31. The plot is confined to that part of the narrative beginning with par. 27; 27-31 contain its exposition. Let the student observe that a well-rounded story may contain considerable parts outside of the portion required for plot-development.—The clouded mind of Stackwood's childhood is necessary for plausibility (S. S. M., 90: 9-12), since his presence at Gould's must be

28. It was bitter poison for the Stackwood family. There were three other children, two boys and a girl, and all rather above the normal in development. At least one of them, the oldest, named George, showed signs of brilliancy. The necessity of getting the unfortunate lad into an institution where he could be well cared for naturally suggested itself to a family with wide and high social connections. Gould's was mentioned by a friend; Orville was sent there. The family had then done its best for him. Gould's was the highest-priced institution of its kind in the country.

29. When the first reports came in, the Stackwood father and mother scanned them eagerly for some hint of improvement. They were disappointed. The reports held out no hope. "He makes no trouble. He is in the best of health. It will be permitted that you send him a watch, if you desire." After a few years of declining hopes, Orville was forgotten. They could not bear to see him, so he was really dead to them. When the father died of apoplexy, it was found that he had made in his will a provision for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to be

---

reasonably accounted for. The means adopted accords with medical and psychological experience, as instances of minds clouded in childhood and youth, but later clearing completely and developing thoroughly, are common enough not to be exceptional. —Without implying a close parallel, we may note a similarity (par. 29) between the forgotten Stackwood and the abandoned Smike, in Nicholas Nickleby, at least in the pathos of discarded childhood.—Note the recurrence of satirical comment at the close of par. 31. The author does not permit us to forget the point of his narrative although, on the other hand, he nicely avoids an excess of comment or insistence on it. The student should run through the entire narrative and determine how many passages of direct satirical emphasis it contains.

held in trust for the defective boy. A year afterward the mother died. At this time Orville was fourteen years old.

30. At the age of fifteen Orville began to wake up. The unaccountable barrier that had dammed the natural flow of his mentality slowly gave way. Little by little at first he learned; the momentum of his capacity for learning rapidly increased; it was thought well to retard him for his own good.

31. At the age of twenty Orville could read the newspapers, could figure accurately, and was as competent as the average citizen of Paulham, though the average citizen of Paulham might not admit it. He was permitted the freedom of the village, except that he had to return to the institution by five o-clock in the afternoon. Having plenty of money at his disposal, and being of a generous disposition, he got into the habit of looking after the wants of certain needy families of the town. This trait was favorably commented on by the townspeople, though of course it strengthened the belief in his mental deficiency.

32. One day Dr. Richard Brownell came to Paulham to spend a two weeks' vacation at the Mansion House, whose proprietor was an old friend. Orville, then a frequenter of the hotel, met the doctor, and they talked together. When he learned that the man with whom he had been speaking was an inmate of Gould's, Dr. Brownell was first astounded and then indignant. He knew, by hearsay, of Gould's institution. And he detested such places.

---

32. Generating circumstances; the discovery (S. S. M., 89:8) of the complication is produced in the following paragraphs. These also provide the introduction to the rising-action stage, which we completely enter on in 51.

33. These two doctors represented polarities in their judgments of mental troubles. Dr. Gould believed, in a very broad way, that all persons were more or less incompetent, and that, with the possible exception of himself and wife, they would be better off under institutional restraint. Dr. Brownell utterly disbelieved in such restraint. In his eyes all were competent, only some more competent than others. He would raze institutions to the ground.

34. Dr. Brownell took Orville Stackwood aside. "What are you doing up at that place?" he asked sharply.

35. "Why, I've always been there," was the young man's reply.

36. "Don't you know you're just as capable as anybody around here?" pursued the doctor. "Yes, and more so than some," he added.

37. The inmate of Gould's was perplexed. It was the first time anybody had suggested to him that he was capable. He began to take an interest in what this black-bearded, energetic man was saying.

38. Fact by fact, the doctor wormed the story of his incarceration from Orville. From time to time the doctor pounded on the arm of his chair and bounced around upon the seat of it, making such explosive exclamations as "Damnable outrage!" "Absolutely illegal!" "Ought

---

34-40. These paragraphs have concentrative effect (S. S. M., 107: 30-34), showing how a case such as Stackwood's would appear to a competent authority, and fortifying our belief in Stackwood's "rightness."—Though Dr. Brownell is merely *deus-ex-machina*, the author conceives for him the "burly temperament" (par. 49 and *passim;* and see par. 124, n.) that would be needed to overcome the obstacles ond objections to Stackwood's release—another illustration of carefully considered management in adjusting all the elements to an effective and unified motivation.

to be tarred and feathered, by God!" Finally he seized his hat, planted it firmly on his head and said, "I'm going to whack you out of that place in about half a jiffy."

39. Orville opened his eyes wide. He began to believe that this man was in some authority. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

40. "Do? Do? I'm going to see your people. And then if they don't do something, I'll kidnap you."

41. His people! Orville Stackwood did not know them. He knew only that he had two brothers and a sister, and that they sent him something every Christmas. The one named George had sent him a cane for five Christmases running, and then, just as Orville made up his mind that he could count on a cane as long as either of them lived, the gift changed to an umbrella and had been an umbrella ever since. Thus Orville knew that George was a man with more than one idea—and that was all he knew of George.

42. But the young man was pleased with the idea of getting away from Gould's. He knew himself to be the possessor of a handsome income, though it was impossible that he should know the spending value of money, since he had had so little experience. As he had grown older, the feeble-minded persons around him had begun to bore him. But his attitude toward them was not the attitude of the townspeople. He said to Dr. Brownell one day:

---

41. Observe the mentality inferable in George, a "normal" member of the family, as indicated by his choice of gifts; and again note the light but effective irony of the comment (closing sentence).

42-43. More of the non-plot material making us realize the acuteness of the "defective" in comparison with the dullness of "normal" persons.

43. "You see, Doctor, all of the fellows and girls up home have their little specialty—something they can do better than most other people. Some of them can make wonderful faces, some can pull carpets apart without breaking the strands, and there is one that fixed a hall clock, so that it struck thirteen. And they're very easy to get along with. Only I get tired of them. So I spend most of my time in the village."

44. "Ah, ha!" chuckled Dr. Brownell gleefully. This was all grist for him, this information about the specialists at Gould's. The doctor was writing a book.

45. The upshot of it was that Dr. Brownell spent the last three days of his vacation interviewing members of the Stackwood family. They were reluctant to order the release of Orville; not because they were not overjoyed to learn how vastly he had improved; not because they would not be delighted to have him with them; but because of that awful possibility that the young man might have a relapse and do somebody harm.

46. "Rot!" said the doctor. "He's as harmless as a dove."

47. "Is he—er—presentable—you know?" asked Arthur, the second brother.

48. "He is just as presentable as you are," replied the doctor, who was inclined to be choleric in the prosecution of his enthusiasms. Arthur said no more; but he felt that a man of delicacy could have phrased the thing more happily.

49. The burly temperament of the doctor conquered the

---

47. Characterization achieved through manner and content of speech, and driven home by the doctor's response (48).

49-50. Note the restraint and fairness of the presentation of

Stackwoods, who had been in the country since 1631, and were not strong.[1] They agreed to order Dr. Gould to send Orville home. They hoped that Dr. Gould would demur; and they hoped not in vain. Dr. Gould demurred as only a man can demur who sees part of his business in danger. Orville was one of the cornerstones of the institution. He gave it tone, he gave it esteem and he brought it money. But the doctor capitulated to his enemy Brownell, though he never met his enemy.

50. It being certain that Orville Stackwood must leave the institution, it became necessary to graduate him with éclat. The doctor was not a quack; he did not send out word that he had effected a cure, as some dishonest specialist might have done. He was a sincere man; he was proud of his feeble-minded charges, and he treated them well. He saw Orville leave with genuine regret. He shook hands and said, in a low voice: "If you should ever feel—uncertain—about what you want to do—a little queer—don't hesitate to come back to us, Orville." The doctor had gone as far as he professionally could, in saying that.

51. Orville went at once to the home of his brother Arthur.

Dr. Gould, indicating the author's concern, not with personal responsibility in the sort of cases he is dealing with, but with the conditions themselves. A harsh lampooning of Dr. Gould would have been quite possible, but less effective.—[1] The attitude of the common folk (villagers) and their traits have been presented (cf. 7) in comparison with those of the "defective." Now we shall have those of the aristocratic class.

51-58. First developing stage. Cf. 43. The episodes with the relatives afford parallels to the conditions at Gould's. There each had "his little specialty" and (not being troubled with the matter of self-support), plenty of time to practice it. But these special-

52. Arthur Stackwood had married, and his home was in the best section of Boston. Strangers do not know where this section is; but the old families know, and they live there. The meeting between the two brothers was a Boston classic. It was refined and restrained, with no awkward demonstrations. But Arthur was relieved to find that his long-lost brother had no physical imperfections; that he was, in brief, a well-looking and presentable person.

53. Arthur had done well by his patrimony. He showed by his investments that he had inherited his father's sagacity, for they were the very solidest. He did not find it necessary to employ himself in productive labor; but a man must needs throw himself into some form of action. Arthur was considered one of the three best bridge whist players in the Eastern States.

54. "Do you play bridge?" was one of his first questions of his brother.

55. Orville had heard of the game, but it was not in vogue at Gould's. He shook his head.

56. Arthur looked perplexed for a moment. This was a contingency—a social disability, in fact—of which he had not thought. But he brightened up after a while and said, "You'll have to learn." He took Orville into the library and showed him his books on bridge. "This is the

---

ties, though he appreciated them, bored Stackwood; they lacked purpose and intrinsic worth. So with the occupations of his relatives, representing the upper crust. Yet these assumedly cultured and highly intelligent folk were as much occupied with their own "little specialties" as were the inmates of Gould's. (Note how, in this implied comparison, the author's view of life appears and persuades us, without ever being propounded at all.)

best book for the beginner," he advised, placing a thin volume in his brother's hands.

57. Though an enthusiast, Arthur displayed the characteristic Stackwood temperateness. He never played bridge before luncheon. Mrs. Arthur Stackwood was one of the best women players in the State. They earnestly tried to do their best for Orville Stackwood. They considered him, finally, recalcitrant. Several times Arthur came into the library and found Orville reading fiction. He was too courteous to say anything abrupt, but his face showed that he knew that he was in the thick of a domestic problem. The situation gradually became untenable.

58. The end came when Orville failed to lead with his fourth best spade one evening in a little informal affair at the Stackwood home.

59. Next day Orville went to live with his sister.

60. Kathryn Stackwood had married Phillips Brice, of the Brices of Stonedale. It was a love match; money was no object on either side. She was a charming woman, four years older than Orville; her husband weighed one

59-69. Second developing stage of the plot, affording another parallel to the conditions at Gould's. Observe the stature of the brother-in-law—a parallel on the physical side to the imperfections commonly associated with defectives. (The prevalent feeling that dwarfs are deficient mentally is an illustration of the tendency to infer inferiority in those who do not meet conventional standards and are as a consequence marked off as "different." Stackwood had remained thus marked off merely because of his residence at Gould's. Through such quiet suggestion of matters of common knowledge the author makes his story all the more plausible and enjoyably persuasive to the thinking reader.)—Pick out any instances of ironical exaggeration, and account for the fact that, though recognized as exaggerations, they nevertheless strengthen the story. Is it a matter of tone—the exaggeration contributing to *the atmosphere* of satire?

hundred and twenty pounds, wore a drooping mustache and collected postage stamps. He had the best collection of Indo-China revenue issues ever brought together in the United States. A British collector, hearing of the Brice collection, had journeyed to this country in a wheel chair to see it, and had died on the way home—of a broken heart, it is said. Mr. Brice also had a Canadian stamp without perforations on the side.

61. Orville was well received at his sister's house. Brice took a strong fancy to him. Before the first day was over he presented his brother-in-law with a rare Bermuda stamp, with which to start a collection. "But remember to specialize," he warned Orville. "Most collectors fail in trying to cover too much ground. Don't get sidetracked. I made the mistake once of trying to collect New South Wales in addition to my Indo-China. But I saw my mistake in time."

62. On one occasion Mr. Brice came home in a state of pure intoxication—of a non-alcoholic kind. "What do you think of that?" he asked of Orville, laying a stamp on the table in front of him.

63. "Fine," said Orville. "What is it?"

64. "You wouldn't know at first," was the reply. "It's an Indo-China, with the gum on the wrong side. I got it from a man that didn't know its true value. It cost me only two hundred dollars."

65. "Bully for you," said Orville, always anxious to please.

66. Mrs. Brice was not at home much. She was work-

66-69. The second sub-stage of stage two in the development. Observe yet again the hit at the unthinking acceptance of mere external signs as the basis of the world's judgments. In the vil-

ing for the suffrage. At first it had pained the other members of the family to learn that their sister was speaking to variegated groups of persons on street corners, by the light of a gasoline torch; but when they found out that other influential women were in the movement, they said no more. Brice never said much about it. He found it best to acquiesce without words. He was a kind-hearted, generous little man, and when asked to parade in favor of votes for women, he paraded. In one parade he was annoyed by a number of tomatoes thrown from the sidewalk, but he suffered no complaint to escape him.

67. Orville tried honestly to become interested in the life work of his hosts, and resorted to cunning simulations of enthusiasm, but without much success. He was not willing, however, to parade. There was something stubborn about him. He did not like the idea of parading for the female ballot, and he said so.

68. Brice took Orville aside and stroked him on the subject. He did not want any trouble. He had come to like his brother-in-law and liked to have him around. "It's not an important matter," he said. "*I* parade, you know."

69. Orville became exasperated. "Those who wish to parade may parade," he replied. "I don't."

70. Soon afterward he went to live with his brother George.

---

lage, anyone from "Gould's" was not "quite right"; in society, anyone doing what others in society do not do is not "quite right." Note further that independence in maintaining one's preferences has consequences quite as unpleasant as it might among the unthinking of Gould's.

70 ff. Third developing stage, bringing the quick fall and the outcome.

71. George, as Orville knew, was the flower of the family. He remembered hearing—just where or when he did not know—that in George Stackwood the family had touched the heights. He had been graduated from Harvard with honors. It was George Stackwood who had tackled Willstach, the Princeton quarterback, on Harvard's five-yard line, in the last ten seconds of play. Every year, since that time, the papers printed his picture.

72. George had not married, in spite of his widely known eligibility. He lived in a sumptuous bachelor apartment house that reminded Orville of the Arabian Nights. Every improvement that had been suggested to the human mind toward the abolition of effort was installed in this house. It was operated with buttons. One button would procure more heat, another more drinks. The heating arrangements were almost perfect.

73. After a year or two with automobiles, during which he had gained much publicity by driving a mile on a straight track in twenty-six seconds, whereas the best former amateur record had been twenty-six and one-eighth, George had now gone in for aviation; and at the time

71. Again we are required to measure by reason, not by common acceptance, the value of achievement. Here it is merely suggested, as is the way in art. In non-artistic presentation, the thought might be made clear to us by direct proposal of a question—is it the greater achievement to tackle Willstach or to devize (for example) an improvement making it easier to insert the paper in a typewriting machine—and the drawings of the conclusion that innumerable unheard-of folk have far outdone George in accomplishment.

72-73. Another instance in which "normal" conduct appears no more logical than that of defectives; George has every labor-saving device he can find to make his life easy, then with no particular purpose spends years in the most strenuous and laborious pursuit of what for him is merely a sporting fad.

his brother came to live with him, the sport was occupying all his waking hours. He was, at the moment, preparing to volplane with the machine flying upside down. In aviation circles it was generally admitted that the success of this experiment would mean much to science.

74. "I'm mighty glad to see you," was the hearty greeting of George. "You probably know I'm all tied up with flying, but I want you to make yourself just as much at home as though you'd always been here."

75. "Thank you," replied Orville gratefully.

76. "Tomorrow I'll take you out to my hangar," he added. Then he explained, seeing that the word was new to his brother: "The place where I keep my birds."

77. "I'd like to see it," said Orville.

78. "Then, next week some time," went on the aviator, as though determined to carry hospitality and family loyalty to the highest point, "I'll take you for a ride in my new biplane."

79. "Me?" asked Orville.

80. "Certainly. There's room for a passenger. To tell the truth, Orville, I'm mighty glad you've come. I've been wanting to try out some little ideas of mine about carrying passengers, and you're the very one to help me."

81. "Are these ideas—er—new ones?" asked Orville, after a little hesitation.

82. "Comparatively," replied the brother, suppressing an honest pride.

83. Orville shuddered; his brother did not observe it. "I'll make a regular J. K. Burke of you," said George with a smile.

---

82. As proud of them as an inmate of Gould's might be over one of *his* accomplishments.

84. "Who was J. K. Burke?" asked Orville.

85. "Never heard of him? One of the greatest aviators that ever lived. Was killed at Moscow last July. Fell four thousand feet."

86. "I should prefer to be like you, George," said Orville naïvely. "You're still alive."

87. George laughed heartily. "Good!" he cried, clapping Orville on the back. "I'll tell that at the club."

88. Next day Orville went out to the aviation grounds with his brother. From beginning to end he felt like a man struggling to awake from a dream; fighting to push away the veil of unreality and come back to the earth he knew—the earth of Dr. Gould's institution with its hundred inmates, all specialists.

89. These specialists of aviation, clothed in fantastic garb, were tinkering with their great flyers; speeding them along upon their bicycle wheels; leaping off into the air; skittering down the course about fifteen feet from the ground; sailing away into the blue heavens above. And all this with the same nonchalance with which Orville had

---

85-87. Observe George's level of intellectual appreciation, as indicated by what he thinks a masterpiece of humorous repartee. Cf. 41.

88-89. Considered as an amusement (and these are hobby-driving aviators, we must remember), flying could not appear as sensible as the diversions of the imbeciles, since it continually imperils limb and life; hence Stackwood's inability to understand the "specialty." (We are to remember that Stackwood comes to the outer world with a keen mind, but without any conventional preparation for accepting its practices; his point of view is unwarped by previous familiarity with any prejudice, either for or against. Herein is one element of strength in the satire. In such wise authors at times have our society viewed through *the* eyes of a visitor from another planet.)

walked down the main street of Paulham, swinging his stick. The visitor expected to see somebody killed that afternoon, but nobody so much as had his clothing damaged. Still Orville had an unpleasant mental picture, that gradually grew into an obsession, of J. K. Burke falling four thousand feet at Moscow. The more he thought of the sport, the less he liked it.

90. Several nights afterward George said: "Tomorrow, if it isn't too windy, we'll try out some of those little ideas of mine."

91. "Tomorrow," repeated Orville, growing cold.

92. "Yes, about half past one, if you don't mind. I wish you'd come right out to the hangar, if you shouldn't hear from me. . . . And, by the way, Orville, I've been planning a little surprise for you. There's a young lady I want you to meet. She's just the—well, you can judge for yourself. I don't want to advise anybody. But you'll like her. Her name is Williamson—Alice Williamson—college girl—up to date—Gibson type, all that sort of thing. I want to take you around tomorrow night, after we finish our afternoon's sport."

93. Orville showed a natural interest. "That's mighty

---

92. See 7 and 49-50. The type-persons or the classes heretofore introduced are the village-bourgeoisie (hotel clerk); Dr. Gould, "mental pathologist"; Dr. Brownell, scientist; Arthur, a Bostonese first-family type and his group; Kathryn, the suffragette-society woman and her hen-pecked stamp-collector; George, the luxurious, bachelor and flying-faddist. Now we have presented *in absentia* the college-girl modernist. In every one of these we are made to realize an element of stupidity, ignorance, and intolerance quite as unpleasant, and of no higher quality, than that which we should meet at Gould's. Thus by swift marshaling, characterization, and portrayal, the author gives us a sweeping social *view.*

good of you," he said. Then he sat in deep thought for a moment. "Does she play bridge?" he asked suddenly.

94. "Bully little player, I understand."

95. A faint tinge of red came into Orville's cheeks.

96. "She—do you think she's interested in the—er—suffrage, George?"

97. "Well, I should say so. She's been in court twice for obstructing traffic," replied George enthusiastically.

98. Orville gulped. "Maybe," he said, "she collects postage stamps?"

99. "I don't think so," said George. "But I heard somebody say she's interested in very old sugarbowls. By gracious, she's just the girl for you, do you know!"

100. Orville rose from his chair and came over to his brother. His eyes were full of resignation; his cheeks, from having been flushed, had now gone pale. "You want me to be at the hangars at one thirty tomorrow, George?"

101. "Yes, if you will."

102. "I'll be there," said Orville, extending a hand.

103. "Good for you," replied George.

104. Orville kept his word. The next afternoon he was on hand promptly. He had thought it all over the night before, and decided that it didn't make much difference anyway. So far as he could see, the intense specialization of the life into which he had entered was not likely ever to prove attractive to him. He had put his small affairs in order, laid out clean linen for the morrow, and had then peacefully gone to sleep.

100-102. Cf. n. 59-69, closing part.

104. "Intense specialization." Cf. par. 43. The parallel is *again* brought to our attention.

105. George wanted Orville to don an aviation costume, but the latter refused. He did not have any special reason for refusing; simply he did not fancy the idea. He had no great sensation as he clambered into the seat behind his brother. Whatever he had had of fear had resolved itself into curiosity. Besides, he had a plan. The plan was to be executed in case the aviation experiments did not prove immediately fatal, as they had in the case of J. K. Burke, in Moscow.

106. The biplane was got into position on the cinder track in front of the hangars, and all was in readiness. The engine started. There was a swishing of air behind; the machine began to move along the ground slowly. "Ready?" asked George.

107. Orville replied in the affirmative.

108. Suddenly the speed was accelerated, and then, with no perceptible strain, Orville felt himself lifted into the air. He looked down quickly and saw the cinder path dropping out from under him. Something heavy was laid upon his stomach, and at the same time his breath began to come in small gusts. In another moment they were speeding along, not more than fifty feet from the ground. They circled the field a couple of times, and then alighted without a jar. "She's working beautifully," was George's comment. "Now where would you like to go—any particular place?"

---

105. Stackwood's sensations afford us the judgment of one not artificially stimulated with enthusiasm for the "game." Cf. 88-89. The sensations mentioned in the following paragraphs, being more or less unpleasant, contribute mildly to the suggestion that this is a queer sort of thing for a man who is "quite right" to turn to for amusement. Stackwood, we remember, liked to read.

109. "I'd like to go out Paulham way," was the ready reply.

110. "Out Paulham way? I should think——" George got as far as that when he caught himself. He hastened to add: "All right. But I'm not sure of the direction."

111. "It's on the line of the B. C. & M., you know," suggested Orville.

112. "Oh, yes, I know—just beyond the Templeport Inn."

113. Orville nodded. "I'd like to see what it looks like around there from above," he explained.

114. In a few moments they were off. The biplane ascended to a height of two hundred feet, and skimmed along smoothly at that altitude for several miles. George turned his head, and his brother leaned close to catch the words. "We'll go up a little, eh?"

115. Orville, at the moment, had a vision of the young woman that played bridge, obstructed traffic, and collected old sugarbowls. "Good!" he cried in reply. And they soared upward.

116. Suddenly Orville bawled, joyously: "I see it! I see the Institution!" George did not hear. His brother touched him on the arm and pointed to a cluster of buildings topping a hill to their right. "Over there I used to live," said Orville shamelessly.

---

115. Humorous exaggeration; cf. 100-102, n.

116. "Joyously." The implication is that a reasonable, intelligent man may find life less trying and futile as it is lived among the defectives than as it is among some of our "normal" classes. Pars. 117-118 intensify the emphasis on the point; he is making his escape as fast as he can.

117. Mademoiselle Chance played the next card. The engine began to miss explosions, and George, selecting a level open field, came down to earth to make an examination. As the biplane stopped moving, Orville sprang out and began to run. He heard his brother cry, "Where are you going?" but he paid no attention. There was a clump of woods on the edge of the field, and he made for the trees. Once out of sight, he began to walk, but he walked rapidly.

118. Twice he lost his direction, and stumbled aimlessly around in the forest, his clothing suffering from the bushes that reached out upon him. A low-hanging limb caught his hat and retained it. He went on without it. When he came out at last upon a highway, he recognized it as a little-traveled road that went up through Leesville, to Paulham.

119. It was nearly dark when Orville entered the outskirts of Paulham. Kerosene eyes were beginning to wink in the houses ahead of him. Half an hour later he entered the beautiful grounds of the Institution. He went straight to the house of Dr. Gould, ran up the steps lightly and rang. He saw the doctor himself rise and come toward the door.

120. When the door opened the two men regarded each other swiftly. Orville's clothes, which had been new the week before, were rumpled and torn; he was hatless, and there were spots of dried blood on his face, where the bushes had scratched him. But there was a radiant smile on his face.

121. "I'm back, Doctor!" he cried.

122. "Orville Stackwood! What's the matter? How did you get here?"

123. "In an aeroplane," replied Orville.

124. The doctor raised his eyebrows. "An aeroplane?" he repeated. Then he shook his head slightly. He took Orville's hand gently in his own and murmured: "Poor boy! I thought you'd come back!"

---

124. Dr. Gould, consistent to the last, thinks Stackwood is "not quite right." Wherein he was like all the folk outside. The satire of the story attains its acme in the unconscious significance of his remark as a comment on the outside world—"I thought you'd come back!" The "defective" is of course, from the viewpoint of the satire, the nearest "right" of all those whom we have been shown—for even Dr. Brownell, though "right" intellectually, had a defect of temperament more serious than that quietist defect observable in Stackwood.

THAT HAHNHEIMER STORY

The Story as a Whole

1. Subjective coloring (atmosphere) is strong, as a manifest purpose of the story is, to satirize the type of mentality and personality found in yellow yellow-journalism.

2. The atmosphere is attained through action and characterization, but these are (apparently as the result of a mingling of humor and satire in the writer's mood) exaggerated, at times so much so as to approach farcical burlesque.

3. There is no central person. In effect, our attention is concentrated mainly on the fantastic group of editors and newsmen in the *Nation* office. Singleton may be called (to coin a term) the effective person in the action; but Singleton is not primarily the object of our attention. He constitutes the foil (S. S. M., 69) to the group of "yellows." Consequently, this story presents a plot in which the effective action is carried on by the foil, while the persons meant to be portrayed are subsidiary actors in the plot events.

4. The story, owing to the prominence of a particular purpose in it (n. 1 above), well illustrates our definition of *motif*—the basic theme and purpose of the conte, taken together (S. S. M., 96). The basic thought of the story is, that yellow journalism is undignified and unworthy; its basic purpose is, to show this forth by presenting yellow methods in contrast with less sensational procedure.

5. Notwithstanding its exaggeration, the story may loosely be taken as representative of conditions in certain large newspaper offices. A sprinkling of newspaper terms and other details belonging to newspaper work gives the effect of local color and increases the verisimilitude.

6. As is often so in fiction-writing animated with knowledge of the subject and a clear sense of the spirit of the situation, the narration and the style are themselves expressive of the subject, atmosphere and mood. Note the rushing description and the recounting of incident and act in the most compact and hurried language—the manner of the reporter seizing on the vital facts and putting his "story" through under pressure to "go up" in time for the next edition. Emphatically, this is throughout a narrative of high lights and bold outlines, a newspaper story in newspaper method and style.

THAT HAHNHEIMER STORY

By Arthur James Pegler

Reprinted from "Adventure," for March, 1914, by the courteous permission of the Editors and the Author.
(Copyrighted, 1914, by the Ridgway Company.)

1. The elevator had landed young Singleton in a little receiving-pen, not unlike a sheep chute, the wooden walls of which extended half way to the ceiling. Facing him was a door with a ground glass upper panel, upon which was inscribed the laconic admonition—

KEEP OUT

2. Beyond the flimsy little coop there arose a din comparable to that associated in the ordinary mind with a boiler riveting job under a half dozen vituperative gang bosses.

3. "Who d'ja want?"

4. Singleton observed, standing in the half opened door, a wizen-faced youth of truculent air and pale, soiled visage, with a cast in his off eye that gave him a singularly saturnine expression.

5. "Say, you, who d'ja want?" repeated the youth in an exasperated tone. Through the doorway, Singleton saw coatless men rushing here and there, apparently in panic.

6. "What place is this?" shouted Singleton, at last. One needs must adapt one's self to circumstances. So Singleton shouted.

7. "*Ev'n'n Nation,*" shrieked the crosseyed youth, in a frenzy of impatience. "Who d'ja want? Who d'ja want? Cough it up!"

8. "Jumping Moses!" ejaculated young Mr. Singleton.

9. "Managin' editor," howled the boy in the door. "Gi' me y'r monicker."

10. Singleton snapped a card into the grimy paw of the impatient emissary, who fled.

11. Sitting on a little bench at one side of this annex to Bedlam, the visitor drew off his gloves, trying meanwhile to differentiate the sounds that emerged in endless variety and volume from behind the partition.

12. "Fifty dead in C. & D. W. wreck," roared a voice. "Front page, first column, layout, diagram. Hey! Get some men out on that, Mr. Bickerdyke. Get 'em out, get 'em out, get 'em out!"

13. "Fifty dead—layout—diagram—gotcha, Steve—yow—w—w, Smithers!" called another man in a sing-song voice, adding in sharper tones:

14. "Twenty-five minutes to the deadline. Hi, you Finklestein, come on with that new lead suicide. What d'ja think this is, a weekly?"

15. "Lead gone across," came another voice, presumably that of Finklestein. "Go-o-ne across," he wailed.

16. Then this from a basso profundo:

17. "Jones, Taylor, Wilson, Briggs. Wake up, you cripples. First train C. & D. W. wreck. Beat it!"

18. A rush of men, pulling on coats and jamming hats on their heads, passed Singleton *en route* to the elevator. They were hard-bitten, driven, desperate, but withal competent-looking ruffians.

19. Rose above the clamor another order:

20. "Ho-o-o! Dark room! What the—— Ho-o-o! Dark room! Why doncha answer this tube?——What? Don't argue; listen. Two men, cameras, first train C. & D. W. Dodgeville—wreck—fifty killed—you'll have to hurry. Boy! Ho, copy bo-o-o-y!"

21. "Glad I came," thought Singleton. "Promises new experience."

22. Saturday afternoon brought a crisis in the affairs of the evening and Sunday *Nation*. On that day, the evening paper men, after putting their own last edition to bed, were reënforced by the staff of the morning *Investigator,* published under the same ownership a few doors down the street, and thereafter, until two o'clock Sunday morning, eleven editors, twenty reporters, nine special writers, twenty-two telegraph operators, ten sporting writers, thirteen office boys and a dozen raucous-voiced copy readers vied with each other in efforts to be heard above the clamor without which it is, of course, impossible to publish a real yellow newspaper.

23. The man who first wrote "pandemonium reigned" had just returned from a visit to the *Nation* office on a Saturday afternoon.

24. "Mose won't see ya."

25. The crosseyed youth communicated this laconic bit of information as he emerged with a rush and a slide from the glass-paneled door.

26. Singleton silently handed the youthful caricature a dollar bill.

27. "Wha' fur?" inquired the youth, fingering the money.

28. "Information," answered Singleton, suavely. "Who's Mose?"

29. "Managin' editor," jerked the somewhat mollified emissary. "Jumpin' Moses," he added. "You asked for him, didn't cha?"

30. "Righto, so I did," replied Singleton. "Hit it the first time, didn't I? Now what did Mr.—ah—Moses say, when you gave him my card?"

31. "Said for you to go to—— Say! Are you a friend o' his?"

32. "Bosom," declared Singleton. "Just like brothers."

33. "Well," croaked the boy, "he'll fire me if he wants to see ya. Say, you go right in. He's sittin' at the big desk over there to the left——Here, mister, this way. See him? Fat guy, sweatin' and pullin' at his front hair. That's him, mister. If he gets sore, tell him I give ya the right dope. That'll let me out, see?"

34. Singleton found himself in the local room of the *Evening Nation*. It was a huge loft, eighty feet long by forty wide. In one corner—the one nearest the fire-escape—a little coop had been erected as a seemingly reluctant concession to the dignity supposed to hedge an editor-in-chief. At this moment the chief editor was not occupying it. On the contrary, he stood with shirtsleeves rolled above his elbows directly in front of the managing editor, to whom he was uttering contemptuous remarks concerning an exceedingly disheveled manuscript, holding the offending pages in his left hand and slapping them with his right. Singleton's boy friend informed him in an awe-stricken tone that the indignant gentleman was none other

than Mr. Vest, "the greatest editor in the world."

35. The object of Mr. Vest's immediate displeasure was Mr. Moses Herengoetz, more or less affectionately known as "Jumping Moses," or "the Colossus of Dusty Roads."

36. The city editor and the assistant city editor, Messrs. Bickerdyke and Sooner, a pair of luckless wights, perpetually ground between the revolving millstones of Mr. Vest's and Mr. Herengoetz's conflicting editorial policies, occupied desks uncomfortably adjacent to that of the latter gentleman.

37. "Horsefly!" snapped Mr. Vest. "Horsefly!" he reiterated in a tone expressive of the limit in exasperation, rolling the offending manuscript into a ball and tossing it aside contemptuously. "That's what I say, Mr. Herengoetz—horsefly!"

38. With that Mr. Vest, turning on an indignant heel, entered his coop and, lighting a cigarette, puffed it furiously. Mr. Herengoetz stood for a reflective moment, pulling at his convenient forelock, his neck muscles swelling under the strain of repressed emotion. Then he turned with a shrug of his massive shoulders and emitted one awesome bellow.

39. "Bo-o-o-y!" he shouted. "Ho-o-o-o, bo-o-o-y!" and the spell was broken. Mr. Herengoetz, when in doubt or distress, invariably yelled, "Bo-o-o-y!" It was his method of letting off steam, of affording a vent for his pent-up feelings.

40. Eleven boys fell over each other in response to Mr. Herengoetz's call for help, but, although the response was prompt, Mr. Herengoetz had already forgotten what he wanted the boy for, whereupon one of the rewrite men sit-

ting nearest to Singleton remarked that the Colossus was "running true to form." With this assurance the demoniac band resumed its clamor, while Singleton, under cover of the confusion, made his way to that side of the managing editor's desk which appeared to afford the clearest avenue of retreat in the event of emergency.

41. Mr. Herengoetz was leaning over his desk in an attitude typifying mental concentration. Under his left hand was a pad of copy paper and in his right was a stub of pencil. From time to time he jerked loose, crumpled and peevishly discarded pages, scrawled with such legends as:

Banker Botts Breaks Jail Bonds
Bank Cashier Botts Gets Freedom
Botts Breaks Bonds Freed by Writ

42. Mr. Herengoetz was writing a ribbon strip—one of those startling black lines across the top of page one, just above the red lettering, that give the evening and Sunday *Nation's* front page the exciting aspect of a man with his throat cut shrieking for help.

43. Having at last constructed a line that appealed to his esthetic sense, the managing editor stood up, twisted violently at his straggling forelock, and stared at Singleton with an expression in which there seemed mingled astonishment and disgust.

44. "Good afternoon," ventured Singleton. "What is it? What is it?" cried Mr. Herengoetz, his pale, plump visage distorted in nervous irritation. "Well, what do you want?"

45. Coatless and collarless, his small eyes gleaming like

those of an enraged rogue elephant, the Colossus did not invite confidence. His large body, heterogeneously assembled, like that of a hippopotamus, quivered visibly.

46. "Work," said Singleton. "I came up here looking for work, sir."

47. "Work?" Mr. Herengoetz repeated the word as if Singleton's use of it had been an inconceivable piece of presumption. "Work? Then why don't you hang up your coat and hat?"

48. Mr. Herengoetz snorted as if the question could not by any human possibility be satisfactorily answered.

49. "But you don't understand, sir," began Singleton. "I——"

50. "Don't argue," roared the managing editor. "No time for argument. Hang 'em up, hang 'em up."

51. In this maelstrom of humanity there appeared for the moment, for a new man on the job, no more important task than that of keeping out of other men's way, and even that demanded surprising agility.

52. It was now the turn of Mr. Herengoetz to appear in the rôle of critic and inquisitor. With an exclamation of rage and horror he leaped from his swivel chair, waving in his left hand a proof slip.

53. "Damnable!" shrieked Mr. Herengoetz. "For the love of Mike, Mr. Bickerdyke, why can't I occasionally get something written in English? What is this?"

54. He shook the offending proof before the face of the city editor. "I repeat, in the name of the Prophet, what is it?"

55. Mr. Bickerdyke, diplomatically non-committal, took the proffered slip. He examined it closely, described sev-

eral circles around his chair, a curious mannerism characteristic of him, and shouted at the top of his voice:

56. "Finnerty! Ho-o-o, Mr. Finnerty!"

57. "What's eating you?" inquired one of the rewrite men, who presumed to wax familiar with the gods, being a star. Mr. Finnerty possessed a directly forceful habit of speech and a Kerry brogue.

58. "What's this?" demanded Mr. Bickerdyke, shaking the offending proof in turn. "It's supposed to be your new lead to the bank story and there isn't a punch in it anywhere."

59. "Writen as ordered," snapped Finnerty, glowering. "Ask Mr. Vest; he dictated it."

60. "Oh," said Mr. Bickerdyke.

61. "Oh," echoed Mr. Herengoetz.

62. "Want it in Yiddish?" inquired Mr. Finnerty truculently, addressing himself to Mr. Herengoetz, but the latter treated the suggestion with contempt and vouchsafed no reply.

63. Suddenly Mr. Bickerdyke was seized with an idea. The fact became evident when the city editor picked up a newspaper clipping about an inch long from his desk, and after glaring at it for a moment resumed his extraordinary *pas de seul*. Mr. Bickerdyke's little peculiarity had won for him the sobriquet of "the Whirling Dervish."

64. Each circle described by Mr. Bickerdyke being a little wider than the last, he gradually drew near to the spot where Singleton was standing, a fascinated spectator.

65. On his third lap, Mr. Bickerdyke executed a sudden flank movement and confronted the new man. In his

eyes there shone the light of purpose. With a nervous gesture he poked the clipping into Singleton's hand.

66. "Read that!" he commanded.

67. Singleton glanced through the paragraph. It was an announcement taken from the body of a longer story that Rose Hahnheimer, reputed to be the most beautiful Jewess in America, whose fiancé, Sigmund Waldeman, had been indicted for embezzlement of $100,000 trust funds, would not break her engagement on this account, but would marry Waldeman, irrespective of his guilt or innocence.

68. "D'you read it?" snapped Mr. Bickerdyke.

69. "Yes, sir," answered Singleton.

70. "See the story?" inquired the editor.

71. "Yes, sir."

72. "Get it!" ordered Mr. Bickerdyke. "Story and picture. Hike!"

73. Singleton stood on the street with his first yellow newspaper assignment held firmly between his right forefinger and thumb. He found himself accompanied by one of the *Nation's* staff men, a pale, blond young fellow, who had left the office on an assignment shortly prior to his own exit.

74. "Pancoast's my name," began this youth, introducing himself. "Singleton," he repeated as the name was given him. "Glad to know you, Singleton—we're partners in misfortune, I take it. Joined the *Nation's* staff?"

75. "Don't know exactly," said Singleton.

76. "What are you on?" inquired Mr. Pancoast.

77. "Hahnheimer story," Singleton confided.

78. "What! Mean to say they handed you that quince? You're on a dead one. Every paper in town has had from three to five men trying to land a picture of that Rosie girl for the last two weeks! There isn't a picture of her to be had and that's all there is to it. Why, I worked on the thing three days myself and I know what I'm saying."

79. Pancoast's tone and manner suggested that since he had been compelled to abandon the quest, any further attempt in the same direction was the height of futility and presumption.

80. "Let me tell you," continued the expert. "There isn't a thing we haven't done—plumber, gasfitter, telephone collector, messenger boy, fire alarm, burglary, riot in the alley. That house the Hahnheimers live in has been frisked from cellar to garret. There isn't a picture of Rose there. Every photograph gallery in town has drawn blank. Every friend the girl ever had has been visited. Take it from me, there are just three pictures of Rose Hahnheimer in the world.

81. "Just three pictures," pursued Mr. Pancoast, "and I know where two of them are. Waldeman had one; no chance on earth there. Mother's got one—safe deposit vault proposition. The third one has never been located. We've dragged the town for that picture, Singleton. It isn't here."

82. "Still," Singleton suggested, "there's the story."

83. "Story your eye!" snorted Pancoast contemptuously. "Why, I can write that story in my sleep. Fealty of the beautiful Jewess maiden for a column of gush. That's all there is to the story. It isn't the story they want, son, it's the picky—the swell little brunette picky.

84. "And if you get that picky you're a star of the first magnitude. No, you're a whole constellation. Great Scott! They'd buy the picture this minute, postage stamp size, for $250, spot cash. That's how badly they want it. Well, I'll have to beat it along."

85. As Pancoast disappeared round the corner Singleton looked at his watch. It was 4:45. He had passed the grimy portals of the *Nation* office inward bound at 3:45. It had been a lively hour.

86. Some time later Singleton rang the front door bell of the brown-stone Waldeman mansion in upper Michigan Avenue. A little Irish maid admitted him. A few minutes later Waldeman appeared, a tall, olive-skinned, handsome man.

87. "Mr. Singleton?" he queried in a puzzled way, with a glance at the card.

88. "Mr. Waldeman," began Singleton, "I hope you'll pardon the intrusion. I am connected with the evening and Sunday *Nation*. I——"

89. Waldeman raised a long white hand in protest, smiling wearily.

90. "My dear Mr. Singleton," he purred, "for sheer, uncompromising effrontery commend me to the *Evening Nation* and its enterprising crew of cutthroats. Is it possible that you are unaware of the treatment I have received from the newspapers?"

91. Waldeman's handsome face flushed as he put the question.

92. "This is my first day in the *Nation* office. In fact, it is my first day in Chicago," answered Singleton.

93. "Felicitations," smiled Waldeman.

94. "Thanks," snapped Singleton. "What have they been doing to you?"

95. "Much that I do not care to detail," Waldeman went on. "We have been pursued, hounded by camera men through the streets, intercepted at every turn by newspaper spies. My house has been burglarized twice. The home of my fiancée has been entered three times. Attempts have been made to bribe servants in both houses. A flashlight bomb was exploded in my own doorway as my mother was leaving for the opera one night last week. She has ever since been in a state of collapse, under the care of two physicians."

96. Waldeman drew a long breath. Then he went on in a lower voice, almost as if he were speaking to himself:

97. "I owe the newspapers of this town something, but you will agree, I think, that they cannot claim undue courtesy. For the reasons I have mentioned and for many others, Mr. Singleton, I now ask you to leave my house."

98. Singleton reached for his hat.

99. "I don't know much about the newspapers here," he said, "so I can't place responsibility for a condition of affairs such as you describe, but this I do know, Mr. Waldeman. I was given this assignment an hour ago and I came direct to you. I believe in direct methods. I did not come through a window, you will recall; I rang the bell."

100. Waldeman listened courteously.

101. "That is true," he agreed in his precise fashion. "I thank you for ringing the bell, of course. I am not attributing blame to you personally. In fact, to save you trouble, I'll say this. There are but three photographs of Miss Hahnheimer in the world. One of them I have. Let

me assure you that it will never leave my possession. The mother of my fiancée has another. After what I have said I leave you to judge whether an appeal to her would avail you.

102. "The third is the property of Mrs. Lieberman, Miss Hahnheimer's married sister, whose home is an apartment at Fiftieth Street and Indiana Avenue. Now, aside from the fact that Mrs. Lieberman would certainly refuse to give up the picture, it happens that she is with her family in Michigan to remain several months and I do not know the address. Good afternoon."

103. Singleton descended the steps to the street. So this was Yellow Journalism—jimmying windows and doors, harrying aged women into their graves! But perhaps, after all, these newspaper chaps were enthusiasts to whom any means to a newspaper end were acceptable.

104. "All's fair in love and war," he quoted. Here were love of the game and war in the playing of it. Pancoast, for instance, evidently part human, had admitted in a half joking way several of the very things mentioned in Waldeman's indictment. And nothing was really stolen, of course. Pictures "borrowed" were probably returned in some roundabout way. At all events the business in hand was to get Rose Hahnheimer's portrait; by fair means if possible. If not——

105. Twenty minutes later the young art collector alighted from an Indiana Avenue car at Fiftieth Street.

106. The flat building in which the Liebermans lived was not pretentious. They were probably poor relations. Singleton noted that there was a light behind the window

curtains of the ground floor apartment. Now, if that only turned out to be the Lieberman flat!

107. The outer hallway was dimly lighted. Singleton struck a match. Yes, there it was—first floor right—Jacob Lieberman. He rang the bell.

108. There was a brief delay and then a plump, smiling, auburn-haired young woman appeared in the doorway. Mrs. Lieberman radiated good nature and proved to be a generous soul.

109. Fifteen minutes later, having completed his mission, Singleton debated with himself whether to dine before telephoning to the office. On reflection he decided to telephone first.

110. The man at the other end of the wire announced himself as Mr. Sooner, and added that he was the assistant city editor. Mr. Sooner, Singleton discovered, possessed the conversational graces of a saddle-galled bullwhacker. He was, it may be added, exceptionally forceful over a telephone.

111. "Wha' d'ja want?" demanded Mr. Sooner.

112. "City editor," replied Singleton suavely.

113. "Who're you?" snorted Sooner.

114. "Singleton," ultra-courteously.

115. "Who's he?" truculently.

116. "Ask Mr. Herengoetz," suggestively.

117. "What're ya' doin'?"

118. "Hahnheimer story. All cleaned up. Shall I come in?"

119. "Who put you on the Hahnheimer story?"

120. "Don't know his name—man with a bald spot on top of his head—chap with the nervous feet."

121. "Wait a minute."

122. Then, standing with his ear to the receiver, Singleton heard:

123. "Here's a boob says he's on the Hahnheimer story and cleaned up. Wouldn't that frost your whiskers?"

124. A voice: "Here, let me talk to him."

125. Singleton decided that the last speaker was Mr. Bickerdyke, the city editor. Then there was a new voice at the phone.

126. "Hello! who is this?"

127. "Singleton."

128. "This is the *Nation,* Bickerdyke talking. Are you working here?"

129. "I don't know. Somebody sent me out—assignment—Hahnheimer case."

130. "What?"

131. "Hahnheimer case. I'm cleaned up. I want a 'come-in' order."

132. There was a guttural exclamation from the other end of the wire. Then the questioning recommenced.

133. "What've you done?"

134. "Cleaned up, sir."

135. "What?"

136. "Cleaned up!" rather emphatically.

137. "Your name's Singleton, you say?"

138. "Yes."

139. "Who hired you?"

140. "Nobody. Managing editor told me to hang up my hat."

141. There was a groaning and rumbling noise from the sending end. Then Mr. Bickerdyke went on——

142. "Mr. Singleton, do you know what your assignment called for?"

143. "Yes sir; story and picture, Rose Hahnheimer. All clear, Mr. Bickerdyke."

144. "You've cleaned up?"

145. This time it was a shriek.

146. "Yes. Give me orders. What do you want me to do?"

147. There was a crashing, tearing noise at the other end of the line. It seemed that some one had fallen out of a chair. Then came this——

148. "Say, mean to tell me you've got that girl's picture?"

149. Singleton blew up. For half a minute the wire was in danger of melting. Strange to say, the city editor of the *Nation* became calmer as Singleton grew more indignant.

150. "Suffering cats!" howled the man at the office end. "Wait a minute."

151. There was a brief delay. Then came the sound of ponderous feet and an accompaniment of excited voices, all close to the telephone.

152. Then Mr. Herengoetz, using the dulcet tones he usually reserved for communion with Mr. Vest, the editor-in-chief, began:

153. "Hellow! Mr. Singleton? Ah, Mr. Singleton. I am told you have obtained a portrait of Miss Hahnheimer—the beautiful Miss Hahnheimer. Am I correctly informed?"

154. "Y-e-e-s-s!" howled Singleton. "You are."

155. "Mr. Singleton, are you sure?"

156. What could be the matter with these men? The honeyed accents of Mr. Herengoetz were tense, eager, apprehensive. There was sweat in the man's voice. Single-

ton felt in his pocket to make sure he had not lost the picture. Then he roared into the transmitter:

157. "I've got the picture. What do you want me to do? Come in?"

158. There was dead silence for an instant, then a tremendous roar. The dulcet tones of the Colossus had changed to a bellow that boomed over the wire and shivered the tympanum of the receiver.

159. "Shall you come in? Oh shades of night! Shall you come in? Ye gods and split-tailed fishes! Can you fly, Mr. Singleton? If you can't fly, grab an automobile. Beat it to this office. Break a record, man. To —— with the police. Come in! Come in! Oh, do come in!"

160. Singleton hung up the receiver and stepped outside.

161. A big negro was cranking a fast-looking touring car at the curb.

162. "Where are you going with that car?" demanded the newspaper man.

163. "Private car. Goin' to the Fust National Bank. What's it to you?" retorted the Senegambian with a snarl.

164. "Five dollars if you land me outside the *Nation* office inside of twenty minutes," said Singleton.

165. "Got yo'. Roll in," was the ready answer, as Singleton exhibited a five-dollar bill.

166. An instant later he was speeding townward at a rate that must have smashed every speed ordinance to flinders.

167. Two policemen threw their clubs at the black chauffeur as the machine sped past. In eighteen minutes,

by a very good watch, Singleton entered the *Nation's* wheezy elevator.

168. "Third, in a hurry," he ordered.

169. "Can't hurry this here wagon," snarled the boy.

170. For the second time that day Singleton emerged into the little wooden coop. But his reception on this occasion was not at all as the previous one had been. The tousle-headed boy with the slanting eye was waiting for him. As Singleton appeared this youth uttered an appalling yell. Simultaneously the door flew open and Singleton burst through it, to become the central figure in an extraordinary gathering.

171. Grouped in the foreground were Mr. Herengoetz, Mr. Bickerdyke, and Mr. Sooner. Massed behind them were a dozen or more reporters led by Pancoast; rewrite men, telegraph operators, copy readers, stereotypers, and engravers.

172. It was like the male side of a comic-opera chorus grouping—just as the Prince comes in, you know, only there was no orchestra, except the jangling of machinery and the yelling of excited men.

173. Singleton held out the picture of Rosie. It was seized eagerly by Mr. Herengoetz, who instantly became surrounded by a pushing, mauling mob, anxious to catch a glimpse of the portrait.

174. "That's her!" yelled a man with a glass eye. "I'd know her in a church. Yah, that's her."

175. Mr. Herengoetz hugged the picture to his massive breast and for an instant raised his expressive eyes in mute thanksgiving. A tear trickled down each of his plump white cheeks. Three times he kissed Miss Hahn*heimer*'s portrait with fervent, resounding smacks. Then,

with a series of elephantine bounds he gained the corner of the big room reserved for "artists." Placing the picture in the hands of Smithers, head of the picture department, Mr. Herengoetz roared triumphantly:

176. "Three columns wide—all over the paper. Yah, front page layout. Rush it!"

177. Then Mr. Herengoetz and Mr. Bickerdyke linked arms and danced together. Mr. Herengoetz was astoundingly nimble on his feet for so heavy a man.

178. During this extraordinary scene, Mr. Vest, the editor-in-chief, a dapper little man with a shrewd newspaper eye, had been standing on the edge of the crowd, his hands and a few inches of his bare arms poked deep into his trousers pockets.

179. The fact that he raised himself up and down on his toes may have indicated that he was interested despite his aloofness.

180. It was, in fact, the Old Man's story. He it was had insisted on the hunt for Rosie's picture being kept up unceasingly. Hundreds of times in Mr. Vest's experience victory had been pulled out of defeat by persistent effort.

181. Now Mr. Vest made his way toward Singleton, who was receiving the congratulations of the staff, and remarked in a tone intended to be casual:

182. "Mr. Singleton, I'm interested to know how you got that picture. Of course you need not tell unless you wish to do so; merely curiosity on my part, you know."

183. "No objection at all," said Singleton. "I asked the lady for it."

184. A wail of anguish from Pancoast greeted this announcement. The star man seemed on the verge of tears.

185. "Good Lord!" he gasped. "Good Lord! I never thought of that."

186. "Thank you," said Mr. Vest, smiling. "Write the story."

187. "Say!" broke in Mr. Bickerdyke a moment later, "what's your first name? I want to put you on the pay-roll."

THE WOMAN AT SEVEN BROTHERS

The Story as a Whole

1. Different readers of Mr. Steele's story have given different interpretations of it with which the editor does not agree. The most plausible of these is the following: That the story is a "ghost story" and that Anna reappeared at the lighthouse after being drowned, all the narrative from par. 93 forward having to do with her ghostly return. The least plausible explanation offered by a chance reader is that Anna did in some way manage to return in the flesh and that Ray murdered her. The latter of these interpretations does not accord with the explanation of the youth's present situation as indicated by par. 1, which obviously is intended to afford the key to Ray's narrative. From par. 1 it appears that Ray, after court proceedings, has been confined in an asylum as mentally unbalanced; and further, that Anna was found dead with her husband on the flats (drowned, not murdered—par. 167) from 8 to 12 hours before the incidents of the final night. This clearly makes the theory of murder (either of Anna or of both Anna and her husband) untenable. But it still leaves the theory of a ghostly return at most points unshaken; the story *may* be one of mystery and the occult.

2. But against regarding it as such are strong arguments: (A) Mr. Steele is too skillful a writer to counteract the impression he intends to make; therefore, he would not warn us that the narrative is that of a crazy man if he

wished us to accept it and respond to it as a tale of the mysterious. He might hint it, but that is quite as far as he would go; cf. W. W. Jacobs' story "The Monkey's Paw" (in "The Lady of the Barge," published by Dodd, Mead & Co.), reprinted in Esenwein's "Studying the Short Story" (Home Correspondence School). Mr. Jacobs skillfully reveals the possibility of a natural cause for each of the three mysterious situations in his story, but that is all; his emphasis is on the mysterious and awesome, and these are what we are impressed with. But Mr. Steele at the beginning informs us that we are listening to the story of a man mentally deranged, then goes on in the words of the deranged man with a portrayal of the development of the victim's derangement, culminating in the hallucinations of the final night. So interpreted, the story has power and reveals thoroughly motivated effect; regarded as a story of the mysterious and occult, it is manifestly weak through cutting away the ground from under the very matters on which it must depend for effect. —(B) Mr. Steele is fond of situations involving forms of mental derangement, and remarkably able in constructing actional plots for portraying them. See, for example, his very notable story "Land's End," printed in Collier's, March 25, 1916. In this specialized form he is as adept and masterly as Mr. Melville Davisson Post has been in the Uncle Abner stories of the induction of convicting circumstances surrounding crime—a fact, by the way, that perhaps implies greater achievement, because the materials of the psychopathic atmosphere conte are more difficult of handling. As a story of mental or nervous derangement, "The Woman at Seven Brothers" is representative of this particular tendency of Mr. Steele's work.

—(C) If the story be regarded as one of the mysterious and occult, it is ill proportioned, for in that case the first two-thirds of it are taken up largely with matters that make no contribution to the essential one-third, but rather nullify its impressiveness by confusing us with misleading suggestions of matter-of-fact actuality, the daily round of existence, of atmosphere and character, and the development of an illicit fascination. On the other hand, as a portrayal of mental derangement, the story has manifest unity and proportion, and thorough integration of all its materials to a definite purpose and outcome.

3. Hence the plot conception may be summarized as follows: A weak young man, a bit depressed of temperament as well as inexperienced in life, is placed where loneliness is unbroken, with no companions except an old man, morbid and warped by long living in the same isolation, and a woman, nearer the boy's age, who has similarly been rendered morbid and unwholesome of thought by the same influences. The situation and the persons get on his nerves, and he himself rapidly develops morbidness. His uneasiness is aggravated by the rousing of sex instincts toward the woman, who courts him with weird, strange, impersonal approaches that spring as much from vague reactions against the unwholesome monotony as from any actual attraction. They are all under continuous repression, unrelieved by the routine of their daily occupations, constantly dwelling in unhealthy moods and entertaining unhealthy ideas. The boy's nerves break, and when he is left alone in the lighthouse, in the midst of storm, he is visited with hallucinations, yields to them, and passes over the line into insanity, ending up where we find him in par. 1, in an asylum.

4. The story therefore gets its effect through subjective-coloring; i.e., is an atmosphere story (S. S. M., 54: 1-17). The atmosphere materials through which the subjective-coloring is given and the atmosphere-effect attained are in this conte (a) mood, (b) environment, mental and physical, and to a less extent (c) character and temperament. The developing incident and the intensifying matter are carefully selected to present these impression-elements.

5. The presentation is restrained and artistically bare. No Charles-Reade horrors or other sensationally hectic descriptions are introduced, the plain facts themselves adequately producing the effect; cf. S. S. M., 67: 18. The story is one of psychopathic atmosphere, but it emphatically is not a "psychopathic study"; it is a true short story.

6. Except that the fate of the central person is indicated in the opening paragraph, the narrative proceeds in chronological order throughout. Introduction of the fate of the central person (which normally belongs in the concluding part of the falling action) is dictated by two considerations: that by introducing it without explanation, the narrative will arouse curiosity at the opening (suspense device), and that it affords the key to the incidents about to be told by this person, enabling the reader to adjust them into a correct interpretation. The chronological sequence is dictated by the concept of the story itself—the gradual derangement of an individual mind. Impression of a steady intensification of subjective state is the result aimed at; hence disarrangement and relocation of incident would confuse the account and interfere with emotional comprehension of the drama. On the *matter* of this note, cf. S. S. M., 122 to 141: 9; 151: 1-7.

7. The following hints may be useful toward analysis of the (slight) supporting framework of plot: (A) Generating circumstance, Ray's appointment as assistant to the keeper.—(B) Motivating influences, those mentioned in nn. 3-4 above.—(C) Conflict, that of the boy's training and of normal nature against these influences. The woman, being the strongest personality of the three, is the strongest external influence and the dominating plot agent. The most intense part of the conflict is that of Ray's normal conscience and instinctive taste against the fascination she exercises over him through the combination of normal and abnormal influences described in n. 3 above.—(D) Decisive moment (or beginning of decisive situation), par. 86, when the open door of the woman's room suddenly brings back and intensifies the previous mood of terror and precipitates a stronger attack of "nerves."—(E) Climactic height, the incidents of hallucination in the lantern and the wild pursuit down the staircase well.—(F) Outcome, insanity, and incarceration in the asylum, indicated in par. 1 of the story and dramatically presented in the dialogue (pars. 156-173) between the inspector and the boy, and the latter's closing remark (174), indicating a permanent delusion in his mind concerning matters the explanation of which is perfectly apparent to others.

THE WOMAN AT SEVEN BROTHERS

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

Reprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Author from "Harper's Monthly" for December, 1917.
(Copyrighted, 1917, by Harper and Brothers)

1. I tell you, sir, I was innocent. I didn't know any more about the world at twenty-two than some do at twelve. My uncle and aunt in Duxbury brought me up strict; I studied hard in high school, I worked hard after hours, and I went to church twice on Sundays, and I can't see it's right to put me in a place like this, with crazy people. Oh, yes, I know they're crazy—you can't tell *me*. As for what they said in court about finding her with her husband, that's the Inspector's lie, sir, because he's down on me, and wants to make it look like my fault.

2. No, sir, I can't say as I thought she [1] was handsome —not at first. For one thing her lips were too thin and white, and her color was bad. I'll tell you a fact, sir; that first day I came off to the Light I was sitting on my cot in the store-room (that's where the assistant keeper sleeps at the Seven Brothers), as lonesome as I could be, away

1. The opening sentences give us at once the key to the speaker's mental state; note the muddled reasoning. Note also (last sentence) the "fixed delusion" that is one of the signs of derangement.

2. [1] Introduction of the dominating person (not the central person). This story shows that a contributory person (Anna) can *dispute* prominence with the central person without usurping the

from home for the first time and the water all around me, and, even though it was a calm day, pounding enough on the ledge to send a kind of a *woom-woom-woom* [2] whining up through all that solid rock of the tower. And when old Fedderson poked his head down from the living-room with the sunshine above making a kind of bright frame around his hair and whiskers, to give me a cheery, "Make yourself to home, son!" I remember I said to myself: "*He's* all right. I'll get along with *him*. But his wife's enough to sour milk." That was queer, because she was so much under him in age—'long about twenty-eight or so, and him nearer fifty. But that's what I said, sir.

3. Of course that feeling wore off, same as any feeling will wear off sooner or later in a place like the Seven Brothers. Cooped up in a place like that you come to know folks so well that you forget what they *do* look like. There was a long time I never noticed her, any more than you'd notice the cat. We used to sit of an evening around the table, as if you were Fedderson there, and me here, and her somewhere back there, in the rocker, knitting. Fedderson would be working on his Jacob's-ladder, and I'd be reading. He'd been working on that Jacob's-ladder a year, I guess, and every time the Inspector came off with the tender he was so astonished to see how good that lad-

---

leading place in attention.—[2] First indication of the influence of the physical environment on the boy's mental state.—As a whole, the paragraph supplies the foundation for all the developments that succeed—influence of surroundings, personal relationships, mood. Demonstrate this assertion.—Note the distributed items of expositional and characterizing information here and in the following paragraphs.

3-4. Character-*indication* of Fedderson.

der was that the old man would go to work and make it better. That's all he lived for.

4. If I was reading, as I say, I daren't take my eyes off the book, or Fedderson had me. And then he'd begin —what the Inspector said about him. How surprised the member of the board had been, that time, to see everything so clean about the light. What the Inspector had said about Fedderson's being stuck here in a second-class light —best keeper on the coast. And so on and so on, till either he or I had to go aloft and have a look at the wicks.

5. He'd been there twenty-three years, all told, and he'd got used to the feeling that he was kept down unfair —so used to it, I guess, that he fed on it, and told himself how folks ashore would talk when he was dead and gone— best keeper on the coast—kept down unfair. Not that he said that to me. No, he was far too loyal and humble and respectful, doing his duty without complaint, as anybody could see.

6. And all that time, night after night, hardly ever a word out of the woman. As I remember it, she seemed more like a piece of furniture than anything else—not even a very good cook, nor over and above tidy. One day, when he and I were trimming the lamp, he passed the remark that his *first* wife used to dust the lens and take a pride in it. Not that he said a word against Anna, though. He never said a word against any living mortal; he was too upright.

---

5. Shows the direction taken by morbidness in Fedderson (effect of environment and situation; introd. n. 3).

6. This paragraph, like all the narrative, must be read beneath the surface. Observe how it is made to indicate the running of the boy's mind on the woman. Though he believes the contrary, *she has* commanded attention from him from the first.

7. I don't know how it came about; or, rather, I *do* know, but it was so sudden, and so far away from my thoughts, that it shocked me, like the world turned over. It was at prayers. That night I remember Fedderson was uncommon long-winded. We'd had a batch of newspapers out by the tender, and at such times the old man always made a long watch of it, getting the world straightened out. For one thing, the United States minister to Turkey was dead. Well, from him and his soul, Fedderson got on to Turkey and the Methodist college there, and from that to heathen in general. He rambled on and on, like the surf on the ledge, *woom-woom-woom,*[1] never coming to an end.

8. You know how you'll be at prayers sometimes. My mind strayed. I counted the canes in the chair-seat where I was kneeling; I plaited a corner of the table-cloth between my fingers for a spell, and by and by my eyes went wandering up the back of the chair.

9. The woman, sir, was looking at me. Her chair was back to mine, close, and both our heads were down in the

---

7. We are far enough advanced in the narrative to see how it represents throughout (this paragraph being an illustration) the unhealthy introspection characteristic of certain forms of insanity—constant dwelling on what has happened, and how, and why. This story is carried through in a way to convey this *tone* or quality down to the end; it catches the tone and manner of the unhinged narrator.—[1] The repetition (see par. 2) reveals how this whining monotony of sound in the environment pursued and disturbed him.

9. [1] Note the aptness of the word, and the effect of weird abnormal questing that it conveys.—The closing sentence indicates the stage of nervous "jumpiness" he has reached after these weeks. (Observe the effect of pars. 3-6 in conveying the impression of *lapse of time.*)

shadow under the edge of the table, with Fedderson clear over on the other side by the stove. And there were her two eyes hunting[1] mine between the spindles in the shadow. You won't believe me, sir, but I tell you I felt like jumping to my feet and running out of the room—it was so queer.

10. I don't know what her husband was praying about after that. His voice didn't mean anything, no more than the seas on the ledge away down there. I went to work to count the canes in the seat again, but all my eyes were in the top of my head. It got so I couldn't stand it. We were at the Lord's prayer, saying it sing-song together, when I had to look up again. And there her two eyes were, between the spindles, hunting mine. Just then all of us were saying, "Forgive us our trespasses——" I thought of it afterward.[1]

11. When we got up she was turned the other way, but I couldn't help seeing her cheeks were red. It was terrible. I wondered if Fedderson would notice, though I might have known he wouldn't—not him. He was in too much of a hurry to get at his Jacob's-ladder, and then he had to tell me for the tenth time what the Inspector 'd

10. [1] Another instance of the trait of exaggerating details frequently found in morbid reflection. It accords, moreover, with the hint of his strict bringing up given in par. 1—an illustration of the small consistencies by which an author's conceptions can be kept distinct in the reader's mind and strengthened by passing touches.

11-13. Intensifying psychological episode that in effect is almost a developing plot incident, inasmuch as the conflict involved in the plot is psychological, as explained in introd. n. 3; on plot and intensifying incident, see S. S. M., 107: 30-35. On the function and handling of psychological narrative, see S. S. M., 50: 15 *and* 228: 15.

said that day about getting him another light—Kingdom Come, maybe, he said.

12. I made some excuse or other and got away. Once in the store-room, I sat down on my cot and stayed there a long time, feeling queerer than anything. I read a chapter in the Bible, I don't know why. After I'd got my boots off I sat with them in my hands for as much as an hour, I guess, staring at the oil-tank and its lopsided shadow on the wall. I tell you, sir, I was shocked. I was only twenty-two, remember, and I was shocked and horrified.

13. And when I did turn in finally, I didn't sleep at all well. Two or three times I came to, sitting straight up in bed. Once I got up and opened the outer door to have a look. The water was like glass, dim, without a breath of wind, and the moon just going down. Over on the black shore I made out two lights in a village, like a pair of eyes watching. Lonely? My, yes! Lonely and nervous. I had a horror of her, sir. The dinghy-boat hung on its davits just there in front of the door, and for a minute I had an awful hankering to climb into it, lower away, and row off, no matter where. It sounds foolish.

14. Well, it seemed foolish next morning, with the sun shining and everything as usual—Fedderson sucking his pen and wagging his head over his eternal "log," and his wife down in the rocker with her head in the newspaper, and her breakfast work still waiting. I guess that jarred it out of me more than anything else—sight of her slouched down there, with her stringy, yellow hair and her dusty apron and the pale back of her neck, reading the

14-17. Contrast passage, in which the normal temporarily ousts the morbid. Cf. *par.* 85. Are there other instances in the story?

Society Notes. *Society Notes!* Think of it! For the first time since I came to Seven Brothers I wanted to laugh.

15. I guess I did laugh when I went aloft to clean the lamp and found everything so free and breezy, gulls flying high and little white-caps making under a westerly. It was like feeling a big load dropped off your shoulders. Fedderson came up with his dust-rag and cocked his head at me.

16. "What's the matter, Ray?" said he.

17. "Nothing," said I. And then I couldn't help it. "Seems kind of out of place for society notes," said I, "out here at Seven Brothers."

18. He was the other side of the lens, and when he looked at me he had a thousand eyes, all sober. For a minute I thought he was going on dusting, but then he came out and sat down on a sill.

19. "Sometimes," said he, "I get to thinking it may be a mite dull for her out here. She's pretty young, Ray. Not much more'n a girl, hardly."

20. "Not much more'n a *girl!*" It gave me a turn, sir, as though I'd seen my aunt in short dresses.

21. "It's a good home for her, though," he went on, slow. "I've seen a lot worse ashore, Ray. Of course if I could get a shore light——"

18-29. Another plot incident of psychological content, like 11-13. The boy's struggle is renewed and increased on the human side by Fedderson's innocent suggestion that Anna is little more than a girl; in the innocence which he has ascribed to himself (par. 1), Johnson had not before recognized awaredly Anna's comparative youth, but has been looking on her in the light of Fedderson's wife, necessarily remote from and indifferent to him. The new realization puts her in a different light and increases *his* interest in her.

22. "Kingdom Come's a shore light."

23. He looked at me out of his deep-set eyes, and then he turned them around the light-room, where he'd been so long.

24. "No," said he, wagging his head. "It ain't for such as me."

25. I never saw so humble a man.

26. "But look here," he went on, more cheerful. "As I was telling her just now, a month from yesterday's our fourth anniversary, and I'm going to take her ashore for the day and give her a holiday—new hat and everything. A girl wants a mite of excitement now and then, Ray."

27. There it was again, that "girl." It gave me the fidgets, sir. I had to do something about it. It's close quarters in a light for last names, and I'd taken to calling him Uncle Matt soon after I came. Now, when I was at table that noon, I spoke over to where she was standing by the stove, getting him another help of chowder.

28. "I guess I'll have some, too, *Aunt* Anna," said I, matter of fact.

29. She never said a word nor gave a sign—just stood there kind of round-shouldered, dipping the chowder. And that night at prayers I hitched my chair around the table, with its back the other way.

30. You get awful lazy in a light-house, some ways. No matter how much tinkering you've got, there's still a

---

30. A paragraph that is concerned partly with mere stage-set, partly with further emphasis of motivating environment, partly with suggestion of character-qualities (in Johnson), but descriptive in method; note its placing between two significant stages of the actional narration (i.e., occupying one of the "valleys" or *points of suspended interest* in the course of the action). The

lot of time, and there's such a thing as too much reading. The changes in weather get monotonous, too, by and by; the light burns the same on a thick night as it does on a fair one. Of course there's the ships, north-bound, south-bound—wind-jammers, freighters, passenger-boats full of people. In the watches at night you can see their lights go by, and wonder what they are, how they're laden, where they'll fetch up, and all. I used to do that almost every evening when it was my first watch, sitting out on the walk-around up there with my legs hanging over the edge and my chin propped on the railing—lazy. The Boston boat was the prettiest to see, with her three tiers of port-holes lit, like a string of pearls wrapped round and round a woman's neck—well away, too, for the ledge must have made a couple of hundred fathoms off the Light, like a white dog-tooth of a breaker, even on the darkest night.

31. Well, I was lolling there one night, as I say, watching the Boston boat go by, not thinking of anything special, when I heard the door on the other side of the tower open and footsteps coming around to me.

32. By and by I nodded toward the boat and passed the remark that she was fetching in uncommon close tonight. No answer. I made nothing of that, for oftentimes Fed-

---

fanciful and imaginative—or if one prefer, the dreamy—tendency of Johnson's mind is here made evident; and this quality prepares us for and helps us to appreciate the congruity or naturalness of the poetic expressions which his unbalanced wits frame as Anna's responses to him when she appears in his period of hallucination (see especially pars. 139-151). Note therefore the preparatory, or motivating, function of the present passage.

32 ff. The boy's shyness, inexperience, and lack of knowledge *how* to deal with common situations in life, are here developed;

derson wouldn't answer, and after I'd watched the lights crawling on through the dark a spell, just to make conversation I said I guessed there'd be a bit of weather before long.

33. "I've noticed," said I, "when there's weather coming on, and the wind in the northeast, you can hear the orchestra playing aboard of her just over there. I make it out now. Do you?"

34. "Yes. Oh—yes! *I hear it all right!*"

35. You can imagine I started. It wasn't him, but *her.* And there was something in the way she said that speech, sir—something—well—unnatural. Like a hungry animal snapping at a person's hand.

36. I turned and looked at her sidewise. She was standing by the railing, leaning a little outward, the top of her from the waist picked out bright by the lens behind her. I didn't know what in the world to say, and yet I had a feeling I ought not to sit there mum.

37. "I wonder," said I, "what that captain's thinking of, fetching in so handy tonight. It's no way. I tell you, if 'twasn't for this light, she'd go to work and pile up on the ledge some thick night——"

38. She turned at that and stared straight into the lens. I didn't like the look of her face. Somehow, with its edges cut hard all around and its two eyes closed down to slits, like a cat's, it made a kind of mask.

39. "And then," I went on, uneasy enough—"and

Anna's longings are indicated, and the bent of her particular morbidity shown (49-51); Johnson's recoil from the fascination of the woman in person, and from the passionate intensity of her moodiness represented (he is not able to grapple with such strange manifestations of life).

then where'd all their music be of a sudden, and their goings-on and their singing——"

40. "And dancing!" She clipped me off so quick it took my breath.

41. "D-d-dancing?" said I.

42. "That's dance-music," said she. She was looking at the boat again.

43. "How do you know?" I felt I had to keep on talking.

44. Well, sir—she laughed. I looked at her. She had on a shawl of some stuff or other that shined in the light; she had it pulled tight around her with her two hands in front of her breast, and I saw her shoulders swaying in tune.

45. "How do I *know?*" she cried. Then she laughed again, the same kind of a laugh. It was queer, sir, to see her, and to hear her. She turned, as quick as that, and leaned toward me. "Don't you know how to dance, Ray?" said she.

46. "N-no," I managed, and I was going to say "*Aunt Anna,*" but the thing choked in my throat. I tell you she was looking square at me all the time with her two eyes and moving with the music as if she didn't know it. By Heavens, sir, it came over me of a sudden that she wasn't so bad looking, after all. I guess I must have sounded like a fool.

47. "You—you see," said I, "she's cleared the rip there now, and the music's gone. You—you—hear?"

48. "Yes," said she, turning back slow. "That's where it stops every night—night after night—it stops just there—at the rip."

49. When she spoke again her voice was different. I

never heard the like of it, thin and taut as a thread. It made me shiver, sir.

50. "I hate 'em!" That's what she said. "I hate 'em all. I'd like to see 'em dead. I'd love to see 'em torn apart on the rocks, night after night. I could bathe my hands in their blood, night after night."

51. And do you know, sir, I saw it with my own eyes, her hands moving in each other above the rail. But it was her voice, though. I didn't know what to do, or what to say, so I poked my head through the railing and looked down at the water. I don't think I'm a coward, sir, but it was like a cold—ice-cold—hand, taking hold of my beating heart.

52. When I looked up finally, she was gone. By and by I went in and had a look at the lamp, hardly knowing what I was about. Then, seeing by my watch it was time for the old man to come on duty, I started to go below. In the Seven Brothers, you understand, the stair goes down in a spiral through a well against the south wall, and first there's the door to the keeper's room, and then you come to another, and that's the living-room, and then down to the store-room. And at night, if you don't carry a lantern, it's as black as the pit.

53. Well, down I went, sliding my hand along the rail, and as usual I stopped to give a rap on the keeper's door, in case he was taking a nap after supper. Sometimes he did.

54. I stood there, blind as a bat, with my mind still up on the walk-around. There was no answer to my knock.

52-58. Another psychological intensifying-plot developing incident, like those of 11-13 and 18-29. Par. 55 affords motivation for the effect of par. 86.

I hadn't expected any. Just from habit, and with my right foot already hanging down for the next step, I reached out to give the door one more tap for luck.

55. Do you know, sir, my hand didn't fetch up on anything. The door had been there a second before, and now the door wasn't there. My hand just went on going through the dark, on and on, and I didn't seem to have sense or power enough to stop it. There didn't seem any air in the well to breathe, and my ears were drumming to the surf—that's how scared I was. And then my hand touched the flesh of a face, and something in the dark said, "Oh!" no louder than a sigh.

56. Next thing I know, sir, I was down in the living-room, warm and yellow-lit, with Fedderson cocking his head at me across the table, where he was at that eternal Jacob's-ladder of his.

57. "What's the matter, Ray?" said he. "Lord's sake, Ray!"

58. "Nothing," said I. Then I think I told him I was sick. That night I wrote a letter to A. L. Peters, the grain-dealer in Duxbury, asking for a job—even though it wouldn't go ashore for a couple of weeks, just the writing of it made me feel better.

59. It's hard to tell you how those two weeks went by. I don't know why, but I felt like hiding in a corner all the time. I had to come to meals. But I didn't look at her, though, not once, unless it was by accident. Fedderson thought I was still ailing and nagged me to death with advice and so on. One thing I took care not to do, I can tell you, and that was to knock on his door till I'd

---

59. Concentrative: continued mood.

made certain he wasn't below in the living-room—though I was tempted to.

60. Yes, sir; that's a queer thing, and I wouldn't tell you if I hadn't set out to give you the truth. Night after night, stopping there on the landing in that black pit, the air gone out of my lungs and the surf drumming in my ears and sweat standing cold on my neck—and one hand lifting up in the air—God forgive me, sir! Maybe I did wrong not to look at her more, drooping about her work in her gingham apron, with her hair stringing.

61. When the Inspector came off with the tender, that time, I told him I was through. That's when he took the dislike to me, I guess, for he looked at me kind of sneering and said, soft as I was, I'd have to put up with it till next relief. And then, said he, there'd be a whole house-cleaning at Seven Brothers because he'd gotten Fedderson the berth at Kingdom Come. And with that he slapped the old man on the back.

62. I wish you could have seen Fedderson, sir. He sat down on my cot as if his knees had given 'way. Happy? You'd think he'd be happy, with all his dreams come true. Yes, he was happy, beaming all over—for a minute. Then, sir, he began to shrivel up. It was like seeing a

---

60. Continues the effect of 59; reveals anew the direction in which his thoughts ran, and keeps his disturbed state of mind before us.

61. "A whole house-cleaning": The inspector regarded Ray as "soft" and flighty—undependable—and realized that Anna was dangerous about a lighthouse, owing to her angry and revengeful moodiness (she might do something to cause a wreck; pars. 50 and 70-74).

62-66. Impressive instance of the warped feelings developed in Fedderson (environmental influence, as throughout the story).

man cut down in his prime before your eyes. He began to wag his head.

63. "No," said he. "No, no; it's not for such as me. I'm good enough for Seven Brothers, and that's all, Mr. Bayliss. That's all."

64. And for all the Inspector could say, that's what he stuck to. He'd figured himself a martyr so many years, nursed that injustice like a mother with her first-born, sir; and now in his old age, so to speak, they weren't to rob him of it. Fedderson was going to wear out his life in a second-class light, and folks would talk—that was his idea. I heard him hailing down as the tender was casting off:

65. "See you tomorrow, Mr. Bayliss. Yep. Coming ashore with the wife for a spree. Anniversary. Yep."

66. But he didn't sound much like a spree. They *had* robbed him, partly, after all. I wondered what *she* thought about it. I didn't know till night. She didn't show up to supper, which Fedderson and I got ourselves —had a headache, he said. It was my early watch. I went and lit up and came back to read a spell. He was finishing off the Jacob's-ladder, and thoughtful, like a man that's lost a treasure. Once or twice I caught him looking about the room on the sly. It was pathetic, sir.

67. Going up the second time, I stepped out on the walk-around to have a look at things. She was there on the seaward side, wrapped in that silky thing. A fair sea was running across the ledge and it was coming on a little thick—not too thick. Off to the right the Boston boat was blowing, *whroom-whroom!* creeping up on us, quarter-speed. There was another fellow behind her, and a fisherman's conch farther off-shore.

68. I don't know why, but I stopped beside her and leaned on the rail. She didn't appear to notice me, one way or another. We stood and we stood, listening to the whistles, and the longer we stood the more it got on my nerves, her not noticing me. I suppose she'd been too much on my mind lately. I began to be put out. I scraped my feet. I coughed. By and by I said out loud:

69. "Look here, I guess I better get out the fog-horn and give those fellows a toot."

70. "Why?" said she, without moving her head—calm as that.

71. "*Why?*" It gave me a turn, sir. For a minute I stared at her. "Why? Because if she don't pick up this light before very many minutes she'll be too close in to wear—tide 'll have her on the rocks—that's why!"

72. I couldn't see her face, but I could see one of her silk shoulders lift a little, like a shrug. And there I kept on staring at her, a dumb one, sure enough. I know what brought me to was hearing the Boston boat's three sharp toots as she picked up the light—mad as anything—and swung her helm a-port. I turned away from her, sweat stringing down my face, and walked around to the door. It was just as well, too, for the feed-pipe was plugged in the lamp and the wicks were popping. She'd have been out in another five minutes, sir.

73. When I'd finished, I saw that woman standing in the doorway. Her eyes were bright. I had a horror of her, sir, a living horror.

74. "If only the light had been out," said she, low and sweet.

75. "God forgive you," said I. "You don't know what you're saying."

76. She went down the stair into the well, winding out of sight, and as long as I could see her, her eyes were watching mine. When I went, myself, after a few minutes, she was waiting for me on that first landing, standing still in the dark. She took hold of my hand, though I tried to get it away.

77. "Good-by," said she in my ear.

78. "Good-by?" said I. I didn't understand.

79. "You heard what he said today—about Kingdom Come? Be it so—on his own head. I'll never come back here. Once I set foot ashore—I've got friends in Brightonboro, Ray."

80. I got away from her and started on down. But I stopped. "Brightonboro?" I whispered back. "Why do you tell *me?*" My throat was raw to the words, like a sore.

81. "So you'd know," said she.

82. Well, sir, I saw them off next morning, down that new Jacob's-ladder into the dinghy-boat, her in a dress of blue velvet and him in his best cutaway and derby—rowing away, smaller and smaller, the two of them. And then I went back and sat on my cot, leaving the door open and the ladder still hanging down the wall, along with the boat falls.

83. I don't know whether it was relief, or what. I

76-82. Next to the last straw laid on his endurance; the woman on whom his thought had been unwholesomely centered is leaving, and inviting him to find her later. Pars. 82-83 express the reaction. This relieves his mind, and in the normalizing interest of his duties he reverts temporarily to light-heartedness and confidence. (These oscillations between contrary moods are characteristic of mental aberration; hence these contrast-passages, giving artistic relief, are true to psychological experience also.)

suppose I must have been worked up even more than I'd thought those past weeks, for now it was all over I was like a rag. I got down on my knees, sir, and prayed to God for the salvation of my soul, and when I got up and climbed to the living-room it was half-past twelve by the clock. There was rain on the windows and the sea was running blue-black under the sun. I'd sat there all that time not knowing there was a squall.

84. It was funny; the glass stood high, but those black squalls kept coming and going all afternoon, while I was at work up in the light-room. And I worked hard, to keep myself busy. First thing I knew it was five, and no sign of the boat yet. It began to get dim and kind of purplish-gray over the land. The sun was down. I lit up, made everything snug, and got out the night-glasses to have another look for that boat. He'd said he intended to get back before five. No sign. And then, standing there, it came over me that of course he wouldn't be coming off—he'd be hunting *her,* poor old fool. It looked like I had to stand two men's watches that night.

85. Never mind. I felt like myself again, even if I hadn't had any dinner or supper. Pride came to me that night on the walk-around, watching the boats go by—lit-

85. Observe the lack of food—apparently not missed. Neglect of ordered hours, bodily care and sustenance, etc., are further aspects of mental derangement. Johnson's failure to take food is, too, an item of motivation for his nervous state. From this time on he takes no nourishment (par. 87)—enough in itself to disturb the nerves violently. Even normal persons under the strain of hunger and labor occasionally "see things" under such conditions. This is what happened to Johnson in 97-88 (after the shock of 86), but he is still sufficiently master of himself to realize the difference between "the shadow and the substance." Concerning *par. 86, see introd.* n. 7 (D).

tle boats, big boats, the Boston boat with all her pearls and her dance-music. They couldn't see me; they didn't know who I was; but to the last of them, they depended on *me.* They say a man must be born again. Well, I was born again. I breathed deep in the wind.

86. Dawn broke hard and red as a dying coal. I put out the light and started to go below. Born again; yes, sir. I felt so good I whistled in the well, and when I came to that first door on the stair I reached out in the dark to give it a rap for luck. And then, sir, the hair prickled all over my scalp, when I found my hand just going on and on through the air, the same as it had gone once before, and all of a sudden I wanted to yell, because I thought I was going to touch flesh. It's funny what their just forgetting to close their door did to me, isn't it?

87. Well, I reached for the latch and pulled it to with a bang and ran down as if a ghost was after me. I got up some coffee and bread and bacon for breakfast. I drank the coffee. But somehow I couldn't eat, all along of that open door. The light in the room was blood. I got to thinking. I thought how she'd talked about those men, women, and children on the rocks, and how she'd made to bathe her hands over the rail. I almost jumped out of my chair then; it seemed for a wink she was there beside the stove, watching me with that queer half-smile —really, I seemed to see her for a flash across the red table-cloth in the red light of dawn.

88. "Look here!" said I to myself, sharp enough; and then I gave myself a good laugh and went below. There I took a look out of the door, which was still open, with the ladder hanging down. I made sure to see the

poor old fool come pulling around the point before very long now.

89. My boots were hurting a little, and, taking them off, I lay down on the cot to rest, and somehow I went to sleep. I had horrible dreams. I saw her again standing in that blood-red kitchen, and she seemed to be washing her hands, and the surf on the ledge was whining up the tower, louder and louder all the time, and what it whined was, "Night after night—night after night." What woke me was cold water in my face.

90. The store-room was in gloom. That scared me at first; I thought night had come, and remembered the light. But then I saw the gloom was of a storm. The floor was shining wet, and the water in my face was spray, flung up through the open door. When I ran to close it it almost made me dizzy to see the gray-and-white breakers marching past. The land was gone; the sky shut down heavy overhead; there was a piece of wreckage on the back of a swell, and the Jacob's-ladder was carried clean away. How that sea had picked up so quick I can't think. I looked at my watch and it wasn't four in the afternoon yet.

91. When I closed the door, sir, it was almost dark in the store-room. I'd never been in the Light before in a gale of wind. I wondered why I was shivering so, till I found it was the floor below me shivering, and the walls and stair. Horrible crunchings and grindings ran away

89-93. Rapid return of his disordered state. What with lonesomeness, repressed physical desire, mental struggle, morbid introspection, and immediate lack of food, he is no longer in control of himself. From the closing part of 93 onward, he is suffering hallucination, against which his will offers but spasmodic and feeble *resistance*.

up the tower, and now and then there was a great thud somewhere, like a cannon-shot in a cave. I tell you, sir, I was alone, and I was in a mortal fright for a minute or so. And yet I had to get myself together. There was the light up there not tended to, and an early dark coming on and a heavy night and all, and I had to go. And I had to pass that door.

92. "You'll say it's foolish, sir, and maybe it *was* foolish. Maybe it was because I hadn't eaten. But I began thinking of that door up there the minute I set foot on the stair, and all the way up through that howling dark well I dreaded to pass it. I told myself I wouldn't stop. I didn't stop. I felt the landing underfoot and I went on, four steps, five—and then I couldn't. I turned and went back. I put out my hand and it went on into nothing. That door, sir, was open again.

93. I left it be; I went on up to the light-room and set to work. It was Bedlam there, sir, screeching Bedlam, but I took no notice. I kept my eyes down. I trimmed those seven wicks, sir, as neat as ever they were trimmed; I polished the brass till it shone, and I dusted the lens. It wasn't till that was done that I let myself look back to see who it was standing there, half out of sight in the well. It was her, sir.

94. "Where'd you come from?" I asked. I remember my voice was sharp.

---

94 ff. Lacking the inhibitions of reason, Johnson's mind now brings to the surface and gives concrete form to feelings and thoughts that so long had seethed in it. Accordingly, we find him imagining an Anna beautiful and enticing, and putting on her lips the expression of his own poetic and dreamy fancies (cf. n. on 30). We have now reached the climactic height of the story, which continues to 154. The intensity is produced by the realiza-

95. "Up Jacob's-ladder," said she, and hers was like the syrup of flowers.

96. I shook my head. I was savage, sir. "The ladder's carried away."

97. "I cast it off," said she, with a smile.

98. "Then," said I, "you must have come while I was asleep." Another thought came on me, heavy as a ton of lead. "And where's *he?*" said I. "Where's the boat?"

99. "He's drowned," said she, as easy as that. "And I let the boat go adrift. You wouldn't hear me when I called."

100. "But look here," said I. "If you came through the store-room, why didn't you wake me up? Tell me that?" It sounds foolish enough, me standing like a lawyer in court, trying to prove she *couldn't* be there.

101. She didn't answer for a moment. I guess she sighed, though I couldn't hear for the gale, and her eyes grew soft, sir, so soft.

102. "I couldn't," said she. "You looked so peaceful—dear one."

103. My cheeks and neck went hot, sir, as if a warm iron was laid on them. I didn't know what to say. I began to stammer, "What do you mean——" but she was going back down the stair, out of sight. My God! sir, and I used not to think she was good-looking!

104. I started to follow her. I wanted to know what

---

tion of Johnson's visions and his passionate delusions. Even this state in him is not, however, constant. Thus in 107 he suddenly fancies Anna a devil (recurrence of his dogmatic religious training), and at the same time feels the compulsion of will to light up as duty requires. Following this comes a flash of natural human perversity (114-117); but his wanderings all come back quickly *to her as the object* of his longing.

she meant. Then I said to myself, "If I don't go—if I wait here—she'll come back." And I went to the weather side and stood looking out of the window. Not that there was much to see. It was growing dark, and the Seven Brothers looked like the mane of a running horse, a great, vast, white horse running into the wind. The air was a-welter with it. I caught one peep of a fisherman, lying down flat trying to weather the ledge, and I said, "God help them all tonight," and then I went hot at sound of that "God."

105. I was right about her, though. She was back again. I wanted her to speak first, before I turned, but she wouldn't. I didn't hear her go out; I didn't know what she was up to till I saw her coming outside on the walk-around, drenched wet already. I pounded on the glass for her to come in and not be a fool; if she heard she gave no sign of it.

106. There she stood, and there I stood watching her. Lord, sir—was it just that I'd never had eyes to see? Or are there women who bloom? Her clothes were shining on her, like a carving, and her hair was let down like a golden curtain tossing and streaming in the gale, and there she stood with her lips half open, drinking, and her eyes half-closed, gazing straight away over the Seven Brothers, and her shoulders swaying, as if in tune with the wind and water and all the ruin. And when I looked at her hands over the rail, sir, they were moving in each other as if they bathed, and then I remembered, sir.

107. A cold horror took me. I knew now why she had come back again. She wasn't a woman—she was a devil. I turned my back on her. I said to myself: "It's time to light up. You've got to light up"—like that, over and

over, out loud. My hand was shivering so I could hardly find a match; and when I scratched it, it only flared a second and then went out in the back draught from the open door. She was standing in the doorway, looking at me. It's queer, sir, but I felt like a child caught in mischief.

108. "I—I—was going to light up," I managed to say, finally.

109. "Why?" said she. No, I can't say it as she did.

110. "*Why?*" said I. "*My God!*"

111. She came nearer, laughing, as if with pity, low, you know. "Your God? And who is your God? What is God? What is anything on a night like this?"

112. I drew back from her. All I could say anything about was the light.

113. "Why not the dark?" said she. "Dark is softer than light—tenderer—dearer than light. From the dark up here, away up here in the wind and storm, we can watch the ships go by, you and I. And you love me so. You've loved me so long, Ray."

114. "I never have!" I struck out at her. "I don't! I don't!"

115. Her voice was lower than ever, but there was the same laughing pity in it. "Oh yes, you have." And she was near me again.

116. "I have?" I yelled. "I'll show you! I'll show you if I have!"

117. I got another match, sir, and scratched it on the brass. I gave it to the first wick, the little wick that's inside all the others. It bloomed like a yellow flower. "*I have?*" I yelled, and gave it to the next.

118. Then there was a shadow, and I saw she was

leaning beside me, her two elbows on the brass, her two arms stretched out above the wicks, her bare forearms and wrists and hands. I gave a gasp:

119. "Take care! You'll burn them! For God's sake——"

120. She didn't move or speak. The match burned my fingers and went out, and all I could do was stare at those arms of hers, helpless. I'd never noticed her arms before. They were rounded and graceful and covered with a soft down, like a breath of gold. Then I heard her speaking, close to my ear. "Pretty arms," she said. "Pretty arms!"

121. I turned. Her eyes were fixed on mine. They seemed heavy, as if with sleep, and yet between their lids they were two wells, deep and deep, and as if they held all the things I'd ever thought or dreamed in them. I looked away from them, at her lips. Her lips were red as poppies, heavy with redness. They moved, and I heard them speaking:

122. "Poor boy, you love me so, and you want to kiss me—don't you?"

123. "No," said I. But I couldn't turn around. I looked at her hair. I'd always thought it was stringy hair. Some hair curls naturally with damp, they say, and perhaps that was it, for there were pearls of wet on it, and it was thick and shimmering around her face, making soft shadows by the temples. There was green in it, queer strands of green like braids.

124. "What is it?" said I.

125. "Nothing but weed," said she, with that slow, sleepy smile.

126. Somehow or other I felt calmer than I had any

time. "Look here," said I. "I'm going to light this lamp." I took out a match, scratched it, and touched the third wick. The flame ran around, bigger than the other two together. But still her arms hung there. I bit my lip. "By God, I will!" said I to myself, and I lit the fourth.

127. It was fierce, sir, fierce! And yet those arms never trembled. I had to look around at her. Her eyes were still looking into mine, so deep and deep, and her red lips were still smiling with that queer sleepy droop; the only thing was that tears were raining down her cheeks—big, glowing, round, jewel tears. It wasn't human, sir. It was like a dream.

128. "Pretty arms," she sighed, and then, as if those words had broken something in her heart, there came a great sob bursting from her lips. To hear it drove me mad. I reached to drag her away, but she was too quick, sir; she cringed from me and slipped out from between my hands. It was like she faded away, sir, and went down in a bundle, nursing her poor arms and mourning over them with those terrible, broken sobs.

129. The sound of them took the manhood out of me—you'd have been the same, sir. I knelt down beside her on the floor and covered my face.

130. "Please," I moaned. "Please! Please!" That's all I could say. I wanted her to forgive me. I reached out a hand, blind, for forgiveness, and I couldn't find her anywhere. I had hurt her so, and she was afraid of me, of *me,* sir who loved her so deep it drove me crazy.

131. I could see her down the stair, though it was dim and my eyes were filled with tears. I stumbled after her, crying, "Please! Please!" The little wicks I'd lit were

blowing in the wind from the door and smoking the glass beside them black. One went out. I pleaded with them, the same as I would plead with a human being. I said I'd be back in a second. I promised. And I went on down the stair, crying like a baby because I'd hurt her, and she was afraid of me—of *me,* sir.

132. She had gone into her room. The door was closed against me and I could hear her sobbing beyond it, broken-hearted. My heart was broken, too. I beat on the door with my palms. I begged her to forgive me. I told her I loved her. And all the answer was that sobbing in the dark.

133. And then I lifted the latch and went in, groping, pleading. "Dearest—please! Because I love you!"

134. I heard her speak down near the floor. There wasn't any anger in her voice; nothing but sadness and despair.

135. "No," said she. "You don't love me, Ray. You never have."

136. "I do! I have!"

137. "No, no," said she, as if she was tired out.

138. "Where are you?" I was groping for her. I thought, and lit a match. She had got to the door and was standing there as if ready to fly. I went toward her, and she made me stop. She took my breath away. "I hurt your arms," said I, in a dream.

139. "No," said she, hardly moving her lips. She held them out to the match's light for me to look, and there was never a scar on them—not even that soft, golden down was singed, sir. "You can't hurt my body," said she, sad as anything. "Only my heart, Ray; my poor heart."

140. I tell you again, she took my breath away. I lit another match. "How can you be so beautiful?" I wondered.

141. She answered in riddles—but oh, the sadness of her, sir.

142. "Because," said she, "I've always so wanted to be."

143. "How come your eyes so heavy?" said I.

144. "Because I've seen so many things I never dreamed of," said she.

145. "How come your hair so thick?"

146. "It's the seaweed makes it thick," said she, smiling queer, queer.

147. "How come seaweed there?"

148. "Out of the bottom of the sea."

149. She talked in riddles, but it was like poetry to hear her, or a song.

150. "How come your lips so red?" said I.

151. "Because they've wanted so long to be kissed."

152. Fire was on me, sir. I reached out to catch her, but she was gone, out of the door and down the stair. I followed, stumbling. I must have tripped on the turn, for I remember going through the air and fetching up with a crash, and I didn't know anything for a spell—how long I can't say. When I came to, she was there, somewhere, bending over me, crooning, "My love—my love—" under her breath like a song.

153. But then when I got up, she was not where my arms went; she was down the stair again, just ahead of me. I followed her. I was tottering and dizzy and full of pain. I tried to catch up with her in the dark of the

store-room, but she was too quick for me, sir, always a little too quick for me. Oh, she was cruel to me, sir. I kept bumping against things, hurting myself still worse, and it was cold and wet and a horrible noise all the while, sir; and then, sir, I found the door was open, and a sea had parted the hinges.

154. I don't know how it all went, sir. I'd tell you if I could, but it's all so blurred—sometimes it seems more like a dream. I couldn't find her any more; I couldn't hear her; I went all over, everywhere. Once, I remember, I found myself hanging out of that door between the davits, looking down into those big black seas and crying like a baby. It's all riddles and blur. I can't seem to tell you much, sir. It was all—all—I don't know.

155. I was talking to somebody else—not her. It was the Inspector. I hardly knew it was the Inspector. His face was as gray as a blanket, and his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips were twisted. His left wrist hung down, awkward. It was broken coming aboard the Light in that sea. Yes, we were in the living-room. Yes, sir, it was daylight—gray daylight. I tell you, sir, the man looked crazy to me. He was waving his good arm toward the weather windows, and what he was saying, over and over, was this:

156. *"Look what you done, damn you! Look what you done!"*

157. And what I was saying was this:

158. *"I've lost her!"*

---

154. Complete mental collapse and obscurity.

155 ff. Falling action. Observe the combination of clear understanding and delusion in his mind, as illustrated by 163, 168, 170, opposed to the other paragraphs.

159. I didn't pay any attention to him, nor him to me. By and by he did, though. He stopped his talking all of a sudden, and his eyes looked like the devil's eyes. He put them up close to mine. He grabbed my arm with his good hand, and I cried, I was so weak.

160. "Johnson," said he, "is that it? By the living God—if you got a woman out here, Johnson!"

161. "No," said I. "I've lost her."

162. "What do you mean—lost her?"

163. "It was dark," said I—and it's funny how my head was clearing up—"and the door was open—the store-room door—and I was after her—and I guess she stumbled, maybe—and I lost her."

164. "Johnson," said he, "what do you mean? You sound crazy—downright crazy. Who?"

165. "Her," said I. "Fedderson's wife."

166. "*Who?*"

167. "Her," said I. And with that he gave my arm another jerk.

167A. "Listen," said he, like a tiger. "Don't try that on me. It won't do any good—that kind of lies—not where *you're* going to. Fedderson and his wife, too—the both of 'em's drowned deader 'n a door-nail."

168. "I know," said I, nodding my head. I was so calm it made him wild.

169. "You're crazy! Crazy as a loon, Johnson!" And he was chewing his lip red. "I know, because it was me that found the old man laying on Back Water Flats yesterday morning—*me!* And she'd been with him in the boat, too, because he had a piece of her jacket tore off, tangled in his arm."

170. "I know," said I, nodding again, like that.

171. "You know *what,* you *crazy, murdering fool?*" Those were his words to me, sir.

172. "I know," said I, "what I know."

173. "And *I* know," said he, "what *I* know."

174. And there you are, sir. He's Inspector. I'm—nobody."

---

171. Taken with 104 and 131, the inspector's remark has raised the question with some readers of the story, whether we are to understand that the abandonment of the lantern caused the wrecking of the Boston boat that night. The student can work out his own conclusion. The editor's opinion is that the author did not intend to imply this, as a few words added to the inspector's remarks would have been quite sufficient to indicate the wreck had it occurred, and as the loss of the boat, though perhaps it would slightly heighten the intensity, is not material to the impression or outcome of the story one way or the other. —Concerning 174, see introd. n. 1 and 7 (end).

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

The Story as a Whole

1. In theme and *motif,* this story approaches the purpose story (S. S. M., 27-31). It is clearly allegorical in effect (S. S. M., 208:2). On the other hand, it is sufficiently concrete and individualized in incident and persons to have the quality of romantic dramatic narrative, and on account of its specific plot and incident it fulfills the requirements of the pure-theme story better than it does those of the purpose story (S. S. M., 31:14, 32:15). The principle of S. S. M., 34:19 and 35:21-22 applies. Atmosphere qualities are prominent; so are character elements, tending (as just intimated) to the typical and class category rather than to the strictly individual.

2. Considered (1) ethically, the story is expressive of the ideals of plain and stern living and high thinking. Considered (2) for imaginative quality, it is a story of creative fancy; (3) for mood of author, a story of idealizing fancy; (4) for author's viewpoint (besides its ethical import), it indicates love of the spirit and form of beauty—i.e., belief in art; for author's personality, it is a story showing the qualities indicated in (1), (2), (4), with humor, sympathy and gentleness of understanding. Its stylistic qualities are simplicity, directness, ease, clarity, and a pervading fancifulness and picturing power resulting from the author's personality coupled with her

fine artistic sense of the tone and inherent quality of the theme. The literary *motif* is poetic and romantic, and the treatment and expression accord with the literary *motif*. (What is the didactic *motif*? Which of the two dominates?)

3. The contrast element is strong in the *motif* and treatment. For details, see the running comment. It is not presented obviously, however, nor made inartistic by over-emphasis.

4. To a considerable extent, this story represents the type of treatment in which an individualized central person is set off by an opposed and unindividualized group. On unity secured through the central person, see S. S. M., 180-183. In the present story, the group that constitutes the main foil has a leading representative (Raymond), who is individualized pretty definitely, and made by concrete presentation into a personal as well as a type foil for Lenoir, the central person. Read S. S. M., 208: 2-4 (with footnote).

5. The framework of the plot is both simple and slight. But it is quite sufficient to its work of sustaining the story by carrying the effect-producing matter. S. S. M., 24-26. Reduced to its framework of outcome-bringing incident, the plot is merely this:

A. The waiter-poet's poem is carried away by the wind.
B. It is found in the scrap book of the dispossessed sewing-woman.
C. It wins him, anonymously, the kingship of the poets; and the incident of the auction (B) discovers to him his dream-ideal of women.

Practically all the effect of the story is created by means of elements other than plot; cf. especially the closing two paragraphs.

6. This story is ultimately concerned with spiritual truths, not practical life or its material aspects. Study it for its underlying views of poetry (art) and of material existence (also cf. it with "The Great God"). Note its sense of the final value of truth and beauty in comparison with things more material in character; and note the forms of expression which high and noble spirituality are shown as taking. To this end, compare the character and conduct of Lenoir and Lasalle; Lenoir and Raymond; Lasalle and Raymond. Consider Mlle. Renée as symbolic of the spirit in human form. (One may carry this study further by considering what is symbolized by Lenoir's distant worship of Mlle. Dupré, and by Raymond's more earthly pursuit and his attainment of her human companionship.—It is not difficult to see in this story a relationship like that between Dante and Beatrice; and there is in Mlle. Dupré a suggestion of Una in "The Faerie Queene.")—Such a story exemplifies the power of the conte to present life in its final—that is, spiritual—meanings; to give concrete outwardness to its deeply significant inner truths. On this and related matters, it will pay to read S. S. M., 1:1-6; 5:11; 12:7; 13:2; 14-15; 34:36; 36:2; 43:1-2; 50:15-16; 53:19; 54-58; 62-65; 94:6; 107-108; 109-110; 158:11-12; 180:4; 181, note; 192:6; 256, last paragraph.—Further note that the "struggle" in this story is really a struggle of ideals. Will the true poet win recognition? If so, will he win it in an outcome bringing external triumph, or will his triumph be spiritual only? If the latter, must he miss cer-

tain of the elements of human, or material success? This is the problem really involved in the determining conditions of the story. It is all involved in the question, what will happen to Lenoir with reference to (a) his poem and (b) Mlle. Dupré?

7. Therefore, the story is one of subjective effect rather than of objective plot; as already pointed out (No. 5 above), the framework of objective incident is slight. Moreover, it is not, in its objective action, thoroughly close-wrought, for the recovery of Lenoir's poem is pure chance and not necessity. But it appears plausible, for we intuitively perceive that we are not dealing with the truths of existence in the physical world, but in the world of ideals, and we therefore consent to the manipulation of the lower order of plot fact in favor of the higher. (Cf. S. S. M., 86-92.) Moreover, the element of chance is itself carefully motivated and concealed, with a view to the impression of plausibility. Observe this management in the story. Paragraphs 37-38 show that the dispossess auction is a usual occurrence. The keeping of the scrap-book is natural with a woman like Mlle. Dupré, and the fact that all sorts of chance matter get into scrap-books adds to our feeling that it is natural for Felix's poem to be there in the lot, though the manner of its getting there really remains in truth, as much pure chance as ever. Again, the loss of the poem, the finding of it in the book, and the explanation of its blowing to Mlle. Dupré's window, are told of in far-separated paragraphs (16, 42, 70), with a great deal of true-seeming detail between. Thus the incident loses the improbability it would seem to have were these facts bunched in a bald account, saying *that,* when the poem blew away it was carried to the win-

dow. The management of the facts thus to conceal the strong element of chance they involve, is worth close study. See S. S. M., pp. 10-18; 24-26; 96-98; 100-103; 168:25; 180:4; 188:15; 191:5. These are details of technical skill, however, and must not obscure the fact that—essentially—the story is one of subjective effect, growing out of a struggle of the human toward an ideal goal. Further concerning this, see the comment on par. 18 (last part).

7. This story affords an excellent study in the unities (S. S. M., 178-189). Lenoir is the central person; Raymond, his foil, is the more active, but his activity, like the rest of the elements of this story, is seen mainly as it affects Lenoir. The author's conception of the persons is complete, natural, and consistent (S. S. M., 182:6). Unity of action is fairly strong, because the divisions of the plot outline (see note 5 above) are evenly distributed through the story and the concentrative matter is worked in very skillfully and thoroughly integrated with the framework (S. S. M., 166:23). There is likewise unity of setting, of tone, and of thought.

8. Characterization is skillfully managed; study especially, and separately, Lenoir, Raymond, Mlle. Dupré, and Lasalle. See S. S. M., 182:6-9; 51:16-19; 162:16-19; 206-229; 257(all)-258.

9. Though dialogue is not prominent, it is important when used, and is well managed. See S. S. M., 229-249, especially 229-231; 231-6 to 238:14; 241:1-2; 243:4; 246:9.

10. The author's personality can be felt throughout the story, yet it nowhere is apparent in any obvious or self-exploiting form, but only as a shaping and coloring influ-

ence—in the foundation conceptions of life and of cha acter-values, the manner of expression, the situatio imagined, touches of humor, sympathy, tolerance, and th like. Cf. S. S. M., 189-190; 194: 9-198; 245: 8; 25("How can"; 253, "How can"; 5: 12-16; 62: 11-16 68-70.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

By Molly Elliott Seawell

Reprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Author from "Ainslee's" for January, 1914.
(Copyright, 1914)

1. The Black Cat, a cheerful, dirty,[1] agreeable place on the left bank of the Seine, was the favorite resort of the poets and literati in the Latin Quarter. So many of

---

1-10. A keynote opening (S. S. M., 124:4; 125-126; 127-129; 137-135). The story is strongly atmospheric in its elements of (a) environment, (b) class traits (S. S. M., 211, footnote), and (c) character (type rather than individual, because it is to a considerable extent allegorical). The descriptive opening strikes the tone of the treatment and gets before us at once representative portions of the atmosphere material. The nature of the descriptive prologue in this story can be illustrated from the first pictures sometimes seen in moving picture films that are of an allegorical or symbolical nature, or that tell a story strong in environmental elements or atmospheric quality. In such films, a preparatory set of pictures is frequently run, more or less closely connected with the action of the piece itself, and always putting the spectator into the spirit of it. In this story, the connection is unbroken, as most of the opening material prepares the stage and makes ready for later incident. Note this, observing that in the present story the handling of setting is skillfully made to catch interest (S. S. M., 122-151, especially 126, close of par. 6; 127:9; 132:16; 135:21; 136: all, and as far as 138:3; 140:9); to provide later setting; and to strike the keynote (S. S. M., 138: italics). As an opening, it is very successful, well worth study for its technique.

1. [1] Words that indicate an estimate of the place and its people by the *non-romantic, or* common-sense standards of everyday

these gentry [1] frequented the place that it arrogated to itself a transcendent literary privilege. This was the election, once a year, of a king of all the poets in the Latin Quarter. Of course, this meant the king of all the poets in Paris; equally, the king of all the poets in France; and the king of all the poets in France must be the king of all the poets in the civilized world.

2. The patrons of the Black Cat took their responsibility seriously, and spent the last six months of every year in wrangling over the merits of the king to be elected,

---

life. They help to produce the proper attitude of mind in the reader, who must appreciate the point of view of the people of the story, and the spirit of the life they lead, without losing his sense of ultimate values. Throughout the story we shall need to enter into the spirit of this irresponsible, happy, non-moral life of Bohemia as the egoistic, conventional romantic traditions of the idealized Latin Quarter have always depicted it; but at the same time we are not to forget that there is another set of standards, and that this, not the Latin Quarter set, is the one by which the world at large conducts itself. The leading person in the story is the representative of these standards in their best form—industry, humility, and spiritual devotion and strength. Lenoir therefore represents in the allegory not only poetry, but likewise the matter-of-fact world, in their best aspects; Raymond and the other poets, with the grasshoppers, are a foil to him, representing the Latin Quarter conceptions of life in their best aspects. Words like "dirty" and "gentry," with other expressions or suggestive phrasings, keep us on an even keel in our sympathies. They are the ballast provided by a normal point of view. Let the student find other passages where we are safeguarded against too much sentimental careening. What is Lasalle typical of in the allegory?

2. Here and in various other places one finds good-natured but unmistakable irony or satire. Cf. the comment on par. 1. Some of it is in effect scarcely more than humorous description (par. 3, "enjoyed the hospitality"); some is deeply motived comment on the facts of life. Look up other passages of each kind.

and the next six months in quarreling and fighting duels over the demerits of the king elected.

3. The Black Cat had certain advantages of situation. Directly across the street was the Fiddle, the name given in the Latin Quarter to the police station. On Saturday nights it was a regular part of the entertainment at the Black Cat to watch the crowd of "arrests" taken into the Fiddle, where they enjoyed the hospitality of the municipality for the night. At six o'clock on Sunday morning those who could afford a couple of francs, which was the usual fine, or who had friends or relatives capable of producing this sum, were turned loose.

4. Saturday night at the Black Cat lasted until six o'clock Sunday morning. Thus the sweet and solemn call of the Angelus bell, in a dismal little old church jammed up against the Fiddle, was the signal for the crowd of revelers [1] to pour into the street and watch the guests of the city make their adieus to its guardians. The guests generally gave profuse thanks for their entertainment, and promised the police, who grinned good-naturedly, to repeat the visit shortly.[2]

5. A large proportion of the persons waiting on the sidewalk were merry young ladies, officially known as

---

4. Atmosphere and tone materials presented in the setting and environment.—[1] Observe the contrasts—"sweet and solemn call," "dismal little old church" and prison, crowd of revelers. This story is based on fundamental contrast (the true fact and great man and the imitation), revealed simply and concretely in the narrative; and numerous contrasts occur in sharply turned presentation of details.—[2] Mood and character hint.

5. Atmosphere material presented in the persons.—Observe here the introduction of persons collectively, and the way in which the author manages to impress us with the sense of considerable

housekeepers, and unofficially as "grasshoppers," whose protectors had been run in for the night. These girls, with gay, painted faces, and cheap finery, chatted and giggled and nudged one another as they made their way to the window and paid the two francs. Each one boasted that she had pawned her best gown or hat, or whatever it might be, to get her friend out, there being sharp rivalry in matters of devotion on the part of these young ladies, who, like the grasshoppers, sang all the summer, and thought not of the winter.

6. Then there were angry fathers and weeping mothers to take charge of their darling boys, and to reproach them bitterly. The grasshoppers never made any reproaches when their friends came out into the morning light with their hats smashed, their collars disheveled, and all the marks upon them of a night spent in the Fiddle. However, the weeping mothers frequently haled their disheveled boys around the corner to the little church, where, on their knees in the gloom, the boys faithfully promised never, never to misbehave themselves again as long as they lived. This grew to be quite a custom at the Fiddle, and it became a part of the show that the drunks and disorderlies should be marched off to the church direct from the Fiddle.

7. This struck the fancy of the grasshoppers as so

---

numbers. It corresponds technically to the "mob" or crowd introduced for stage effect in drama. Observe, too, the presentation of a class trait in the last sentence, and how the class trait is based on human nature and presents that also to us.

6. Presentation of atmosphere material by means of incident (seen somewhat in par. 5 also).—Another obvious instance of contrast in the details introduced.

7-8. The presentation of atmosphere material continues. Here

amusing, that they, too, dragged their friends off to the church, accompanied by a cheering, jeering mob from the Black Cat. The poets and literati, some of whom occasionally spent a night in the Fiddle, skipped arm in arm with grasshoppers, or tearful mothers and irate fathers, often to their great indignation, and sometimes to their huge delight. Generally, they danced the cancan on their way to the church, and this was danced with the sonorous singing of the "*Dies illæ*" and other of the grand old Latin hymns.

8. It also became the fashion for each man to vociferate his penitence, and after having faithfully promised the police to make a future visit to the Fiddle, to beat his breast and swear that henceforth he would live a life like the founder of the Trappist Order. Once arrived at the church door, they found a stern young ecclesiastic and a couple of brawny policemen ready to make them behave themselves.

9. Equally, it became the fashion to change suddenly into great propriety and devoutness while in the church. The merry, painted girls and the laughing, disheveled young men might have been taken for Benedictine nuns

---

it is made by means of class personages and generalized, or unparticularized (non-specific, non-concrete) incident.—Even in a romantic telling, some of the characteristic behavior of Bohemia is a trifle shocking to our deeper sense of reverence or taste—as in par. 8. Cf. the comment on par. 1.

9. Observe the rapid compactness of the picturing, the narrating, and the philosophizing. This able economy of detail, coupled with rapid, sure recounting, is found throughout the story. It is well worth imitating in practice, and employing on occasion.—By this time the general mood, or attitude, or narration has been suggested (S. S. M., 64-66), and the life of the Quarter—which

and Trappist monks, so devout were they. Above the altar hung a great, dusky picture of the Madonna with the Child Jesus on her breast. Only the faces of the Mother and Child could be clearly seen in the light of the two flickering candles on the altar and the swinging sanctuary lamp, but a Presence shadowed and sanctified the place. So great is the psychic power of devotion that many of these heedless young creatures were actually good and pure for a little while in the still, darkened little church. Once outside, however, they resumed their antics, and generally wound up by a breakfast on credit at the Black Cat.

10. Although patronized wholly by poets and literati, the Black Cat made money, and the proprietor, Monsieur Lasalle, had a little country house—which bore the magnificent name of the Villa Splendide—besides an apartment across the bridges, and could afford to job a carriage. This miracle was explained by the fact that Monsieur Lasalle, a big, handsome, futile man, bothered himself very little about the Black Cat, except to pose as the proprietor and the patron of poets. The actual management was in the hands of the head waiter, Felix Lenoir, a small,

---

is the environment that supplies a leading element of the atmosphere—has been characterized. Among the qualities it is represented as having are frivolity, variety, gaiety, impulsiveness, thoughtless irreverence, unconventionality, freedom from the restraints of a serious moral code, and a lively taste for excitement. Study the paragraphs for passages expressive of these and allied qualities.

10-11. Observe the direct delineation of M. Lasalle, and the characterization of him through suggestion. Read S. S. M. 162-164, especially par. 18; (222-225); and especially 225:13.—Observe in connection with the above the introduction of Lenoir,

meek, shabby man, sallow-skinned and lanky-haired, who worked early and late, year in and year out, and who took his few hours of sleep on a hard little bed in a dark little room on the top floor of the building and who served Lasalle as soldiers serve their chiefs, and are decorated for it with the Order of Tried Bravery.

11. Felix Lenoir knew what it was to go hungry, because he had not time to eat, and to stand smiling when his poor, tired legs were bending under him, and to make up out of his poor wages bad debts which he had allowed the literati to incur at the Black Cat. The great reward he got for this was that at every election one or two votes were cast for him as king of the poets, which invariably caused a storm of laughter. On those occasions, Felix, blushing and resisting, would be dragged forward and made the object of many excellent jokes, and would have his picture drawn by some of the artists present; for the Black Cat cherished the fine arts as well as literature.

12. There was but one secret in Felix Lenoir's simple, laborious life. This was contained in a little locked desk, which held poems written by him secretly and shame-

---

with Lasalle as a foil in contrast; note the initial description (S. S. M., 163-164), followed by confirmatory characterization distributed throughout the rest of the story. In following up this study hint, compare the treatment of the secondary persons with that of Lenoir (Raymond is, next to Lenoir, the most prominent). Note the close of par. 11. Activity like this is common through the story. It provides atmosphere and characterization, and enlivens the narrative. On activity, see S. S. M., 37:4; 136:1; 140:7.

12. Continues characterization of Lenoir, mainly by rapid summarizing narrative. Psychological narration is present (S. S. M., 228). Of his character traits, note the humility and the true poetic passion—love of beauty and love of expression. Cf. Raymond and the other "poets" of the Black Cat group.—From

facedly. In the occasional hours when he found himself alone and at leisure in his little aerie under the roof, he felt a strange passion of anticipated joy, which was almost happiness in itself. The dull little room became glorified. From one narrow window was visible a patch of sky, across which the swallows darted, their glossy black breasts shining in the sun. Sometimes the wintry clouds scurried across the piece of sky, and again a star scintillated and quivered as if for Felix alone. To him, that sky represented the little scrap of heaven that is found in every human life.

13. Felix Lenoir, though a head waiter, was a man, and longed for the soft smile of a woman's face bent upon him. But he had neither time nor money to woo women, and none of those in the neighborhood of the Black Cat had faces with the angelic expression that Felix imagined in his waking and sleeping dreams, and, as he said to himself:

14. "What woman with a face such as that of which I dream would look at a head waiter? Go to, Felix; you are an ass!"

---

pars. 10-12, write out a character description of Lenoir, using the method of frank analysis (S. S. M., 225:13.)—Decide why Lenoir is presented by the method of S. S. M., 223:10 instead of 223:11, and why Raymond is presented by the method of 223:11 (S. S. M., 222-225).—Note the closing words of optimistic philosophy, and the manner in which this directly interpretive assertion is subordinated to the purpose and tone of the story. Cf. S. S. M., 213, bottom.

13-14. These paragraphs complete the massed characterization of Lenoir to which pars. 10-14 are devoted; they add one of the main human elements, showing Lenoir a man in his make-up, as well as a head waiter and a poet. The trait here set forth—high and reverent love for women—is one indispensable part of character basis for the plot and action; see S. S. M., 13-15.

15. One golden Sunday in May, in the early afternoon, when there was the usual lull in business at the Black Cat, Felix sat at his window, writing. His manuscript, after being much blotted and interlined,[1] was finally finished, and Felix made a clean copy of the poem, twenty lines in all. It was addressed to a dream face that he had imagined in the church, and the idea was that heaven shone from within those eyes.[2]

16. When he had written it out neatly, he read it over with secret joy. Then, before his very eyes, the sheet

---

15. First plot incident begins. Note how it springs from and depends on Lenoir's character, as explained in the comment just preceding this.—[1] A detail that is true to the general conception; as a true poet, Lenoir was a careful workman. A great deal of the effect of a story is created by accurate, significant detail (S. S. M., 66:17).—[2] "In the church." In the true poet, there is always the passion of reverence—reverence for nature, reverence for the divine, reverence for the truth, for nobility of mind or spirit, for spiritual beauty, physical beauty, and beauty in nature, for strength, for happiness, for personal gift. Herein is a great difference between the plebeian and the poet. Seeing a beautiful person in church, the plebeian will usually note physical charm; the poet will be moved to spiritual admiration. (Raymond was a poet of no mean ability, but he was not Lenoir's equal, for Lenoir had this spiritual quality. Study the presentation of the two elsewhere for verification of this.) The dream face imagined in the church is therefore a significant detail thoroughly characteristic of the true poet, in whom all experiences are contributory to the supreme experience, that of deep spiritual life. Note that, although but a few words are used in this phrase, implied in them is the complete and clear conception of the whole body of associated facts (S. S. M., 182:6-8; 211, top (italics); 217:4 (italics).

16. The generating circumstance (S. S. M., 85:1). [1] "But the poetry. . . ." Read the paragraph, omitting this sentence. What has it lost? Evidently the omitted sentence is needed, not for narrative unity, but for tonal effect. Without it, the paragraph *is bald matter of* fact—or would be except for its third

suddenly vanished. A vagrant wind had rushed into the little street, and, scurrying past Felix's window, had seized the poem, and dashed off, shrieking with laughter, as poor Felix thought. He saw the paper high up in the blue air and then it was gone.[1] But the poetry remained in Felix's heart just as a lark may be heard singing far out of sight in the sky. Felix was sitting down at his writing table to make another copy of his poem, when Auguste, his second in command, dashed into the room.

17. "Come downstairs at once!" shouted Auguste. "The poets have broken loose [1] and are playing the devil in the garden—drinking toasts, and smashing the glasses afterward. And God knows how hard it is to get payment out of a poet!"

---

sentence, in which figurative language enlivens the matter of fact. Observe, therefore, the manner in which tone material is here managed in sentence 3, by introducing a description dictated by fancy (in other words, poetical); in the other sentence, by mention of a fact that helps again to characterize Lenoir as a poet. Each sentence suggests the spirit of poetry. Observe that this spirit may appear either in the substance—the conception—or in the form of the sentence, and probably will be apparent in both, as here. Cf. S. S. M., 58, footnotes; 62-63; 63-66.

17-32. Intensifying incident (or episode); see S. S. M., 108: 31-110; 112: 39. On account of its concentrative function, it contains—distributed—much atmosphere and characterizing detail. Pick out the passages of this kind.

17. Another contrast presented. The humble, true poet upstairs, devoutly framing words into an expression of the ideal, and the egotistic poets and pseudo-poets downstairs, swilling wine and rough-housing to manifest their sympathy with the ideal.—[1] "The poets." Much as one would say "The cows," "the students," naming some group from which a special sort of behavior is to be expected, to be dealt with in a special way. Inobviously, this expression is finely chosen to maintain the tone of the story. It reminds us, by this hidden aptness, of the peculiar social environment that subjectively colors the story throughout.

18. Felix ran down as fast as his legs would carry him, and found that a sudden irruption had occurred in the little garden of the café. There was much shouting and singing and spouting of poetry, the ringleader being Raymond d'Artigny, the reigning king of the poets for that year. Felix loved Raymond for his beauty, his gallantry, his rich voice, his brilliant smile, his ineffable impudence, the charm of his verses, printed in a cheap newspaper, and copied in all the best newspapers in Paris. And Raymond loved Felix, and showed it by tweaking his ears, and buf-

18. Observe the quick flash of inclusive, characterizing description (S. S. M., 163 : 18; all p. 162 is pertinent, as are pp. 222-227); note how a phrase takes us from the café into the garden (variety of scene and characteristic detail).—Raymond is the chief secondary person, and serves as the main foil (S. S. M., 69) to Lenoir. Contrasts can be made so strong that they lose their effect through being overdone. Overdoing would here be easy; Raymond need only be depicted as a poetaster instead of a poet —we are led to feel that on the whole there is a good deal more of self-approval among the poets of the Black Cat than there is of superlative ability. But the author avoided this by making Raymond an able poet too, in obedience to the principle that there must be a close correspondence between things in some essential respect before they can be effectively contrasted. One element of the contrast is Raymond's importance and Lenoir's insignificance in their little world.—Since Raymond and Lenoir are friendly—in a way, cronies—and there is no personal rivalry between them, between whom, then, is the conflict for which the theory of plot calls? Here it is not essentially between persons at all. There is a conflict whether Lenoir's poetry will come to light—whether he will win what is most precious to his artist nature: namely, recognition of his art (not personal aggrandizement). There is also a conflict whether his longing for the ideal in women will be gratified. The third phase of the conflict is, whether his human longings will be satisfied. The outcome is, that the ideal is satisfied, but the human disappointed. (Herein one of the major elements of the theme is established, and the *consummating* touch of pathos given.)

feting him amiably and always giving him a vote for king of the poets.

19. Raymond, surrounded by a noisy, laughing, chaffing crew, pointed with pride to a mass of broken glass in the middle of the table.

20. "Look you, Felix," he cried, "this glass was broken in honor of the unknown—a girl with an angel face—whom we passed just now as she came tripping down the church steps. We drank her health, and then determined that the glasses should never be used for any other purpose. So there they are. You may charge them to my account."

21. "But," said poor Felix, trying to smile, "it will make a considerable item, Monsieur Raymond, and Monsieur Lasalle will hold me accountable for it."

22. "That's all right," responded Raymond airily, and began to sing a song about what joy one might find in love and wine.

23. Felix was stammering out a protest against breaking the glasses, but was cut short by Raymond, who pulled poor Felix's straight, thin, black hair.

24. "See here, my good fellow," he said, "we can't be interrupted now in the most serious business of the whole year, not only to ourselves, but to the Black Cat, to the Latin Quarter, to Paris, to France—— What do

---

24. Here the dialogue strongly suggests the basic contrast of the *motif*—the fundamental difference in their attitude toward life of Lenoir and the Black Cat poets. Raymond's speech expresses an attitude the result of a forced, artificial, and egotistic theory of "art"; Lenoir is throughout simple, unaffected, "human," and natural. His vision is clear, direct, and exalted; that of the Black Cat poets was blurred by affectation, distorted by egotism, and vitiated by artificial theories of life and art. They

I say? To the whole world. The election of the king of the poets comes off the thirty-first of next December, and it will take us from now until then to weigh the merits of all the poets, yourself included. When that is done, we will consider the payment of these glasses."

25. "It is now May," said Felix, with a wry smile, "and do you mean you will not begin to consider the payment of the bill until the thirty-first of December? Is that it?"

26. "Precisely," replied Raymond, flourishing his arms. "I always said, Felix, that you were a person of discernment above your calling. And, besides, it is most ungrateful of you ever to ask any of us to pay a bill here, because you know that at every election some of us have cast a complimentary vote for you as king of the poets. You are the only head waiter in Paris who has ever enjoyed such an honor."

27. "I did not think it was meant as an honor," said Felix, blushing all over his sallow face. "I thought that you were simply making game of me."

28. "What if we were?" cried Raymond, pounding

---

posed and professed; he *was*. Study the dialogue in the paragraphs that follow this, and elsewhere, for further examples.—Observe the delicate burlesquing present in the speech as the author writes it. This exaggeration—felt rather than perceived—is the means by which she satirizes the pose of the Bohemian poets. S. S. M., 212: 5-6.—For the impudent quality in Raymond, study pars. 24-26 and others.

27. Lenoir not only is sincere, natural, and humble; he has the simpleness of a child. Compare Raymond's vanity and bombast in par. 28, and the cold cruelty of his egotism; could Lenoir have made such an answer? See the closing part of S. S. M., 182: 6.

28. Account for the fact that, although Raymond is not the central *person, his speech* and behavior are so fully presented. To

the table and laughing, his white teeth showing under his short black mustache, his dark eyes glowing. "It is an honor to be made game of by an immortal! The people whom Dante Alighieri put in purgatory and hell were immortalized! There was but one Dante Alighieri in Florence, but at the Black Cat, yes, in this very garden at this moment, there are a dozen Dantes!"

29. This sentiment was received with roars of applause, and one of the crowd, proposing the health of Dante, declared that if he were living, he would be worthy to be classed with the best poets of the Black Cat—nay, even Raymond d'Artigny himself. When this toast was drunk, all the glasses were smashed again, in honor of the poet and ward politician.

---

what extent are the principles of S. S. M., 183:9 observed or disregarded? Can the principle of S. S. M., 67:18 apply to character as well as situation, and (along with 66:17) afford an explanation of the attention paid Raymond in comparison with that—apparently—paid Lenoir? With which of the men was initial characterization full and conclusive (S. S. M., 163:18; 164:19-20)? Was the full initial summary of the character of Lenoir necessary as a basis for the running suggestion of contrast between him and the other poets? Do the long speeches of Raymond represent the "mouthy" characteristic of his type of poet and man—i.e., are they made a means of characterizing the "professional artists" in contrast with Lenoir? See S. S. M., 234:10-15. Is Lenoir a man of few words, or is he portrayed so in the dialogue merely because he has been so fully presented already by analysis, that the contrast between him and the wordy Raymond will reveal itself—or are both these things the reason? See also the comment on par. 30.

29. Like par. 28 (and the entire episode), this is a concentrative passage, creating atmosphere (subjective color in behavior), and characterizing.

30. The under waiters, none of whom had any responsibility for the broken glass, laughed openly at the excellent jokes of the poets. The waiters did not know that Dante was dead, but Felix knew it, as he knew many things that he was careful to conceal about poets.

31. "Don't be uneasy, my good Felix!" shouted Raymond. "You take care of that pile of broken glass, and in less than five years you will be able to sell the pieces of it for a hundred francs each as a relic of the poets at the Black Cat."

---

30. Develops the contrast *motif,* this time by a hint of the ignorance of the waiters as compared with Lenoir. Observe how Lenoir is kept before our attention by making him the person over against whom all the other persons are set. By indirect characterization the author thus makes us feel Lenoir's superiority. The other persons show traits we disapprove; they are opposed to Lenoir; therefore Lenoir must be correspondingly excellent. This method of indirect characterizing is worth study. —The character-contrast *motif* is very strong in this story. Lenoir stands alone—isolate in an active world. The "grasshoppers," Lasalle, Raymond, the waiters, the prisoners—he is not as any of these are, and we quickly feel it. Contrast is also strong in the behavior and the characteristic interests and occupations of the persons—Lasalle the bourgeois, porcine, self-satisfied with his ability and far less able than he thinks, oscillating between his "Villa Splendide" and the café, made profitable for him by Lenoir; the Bohemian "journalists," literary soldiers of fortune, and their artist associates; the police and the clergy; the unconventionally domestic and frivolously faithful "housekeepers," making their best of a substitute for home as they did of their substitute for happiness; the occasional true gold of humanity—Mlle. Dupré and Lenoir himself;—these, each with some trick or trait of conduct characteristic of his type, afford an abundant variety of contrast. On character traits suggested as abundant, but not portrayed, see S. S. M., 182: 6 and 183: 8.

32. With this Felix had to be satisfied for the present, and to making up his mind to watch the cheap newspapers; for these young men occasionally had verses and articles printed, and as soon as Felix saw a poem or an article by a patron of the Black Cat, he knew that it was an auspicious time to ask for a small unpaid account.

33. Felix lived in a state of exaltation all that day, and for some days afterward, thinking about his poem. He even had dreams of sending it to a newspaper or a magazine, but concluded that the chance of publication was too slim to justify the postage. Still, the poem dwelt in the heart of Felix all the bright summer and into the gloomy autumn.

34. Meanwhile, the election of a poet for the coming year was growing to be the overmastering question at the Black Cat, and so many duels were fought about it that Felix really began to be afraid somebody would get hurt. Usually, by the first of December, the different candidates and their parties were well aligned, but it seemed this year as if there would be twenty kings of poetry, or none at all.

35. Felix was country bred, but, of course, owing to the cost of Lasalle's Villa Splendide, Felix had neither the

---

32. Double-barreled character-hint: tells of both Lenoir (on the job) and the poets.

33-34. Transition. Note how the passage of time is made impressive.—Which is the stronger: to say that Lenoir was poor, or to say that he could not afford postage to submit his poem? On the concrete, see S. S. M., 3: 6-10.

35. Added touch of characterization, with a return at the end to an item (pars. 13-14) of the inclusive characterization massed in pars. 10-14; see S. S. M., 164: 20. Observe that, following massed or inclusive character description, the introduction of

time nor the money to go to the country. The nearest thing to it was to go, on murky December afternoons, to a flower shop near by, where, standing on the sidewalk, he could feast his eyes on the roses and the lilies and the tulips in the window. They were so alluring; like fascinating women, their beauty and their fragrance enthralled the souls of men.

36. One afternoon he saw in one corner of the window a tall and slender bush of white lilacs. A dream rushed over Felix—somewhere in the world was a woman, fair and pure and sweet as white lilacs. But she was not for him—white lilacs and head waiters do not go on four

---

character items thereafter may have the effect of renewing, amplifying, and establishing items of the massed characterization, especially when the later item comes in some concrete form of presentation (S. S. M., 3-4).—Note the strength of the paragraph, especially its first sentence, as a comment on economic-human relationships. The reader immediately feels the injustice implicit in such a situation. Yet the paragraph is not one of comment, nor is there in it the slightest tint of expressed opinion. The bare facts are put before us, as they are in a good newspaper report, and left to make their own effect (S. S. M., 190:3; 194:10-196). It is one great office of fiction and drama (and of all art) to make us realize life in its essentials—see its facts clear and plain. They are clearest and plainest when presented to us thus, in the form of a report rather than a commentary, though of course the artist must write after his own fashion. The matter is discussed more in detail in S. S. M., 189-206. No way of measuring such things exists,—but probability indicates that it is art more than propaganda that maintains and spreads ideals. It does this by means such as we have been discussing.

36. This paragraph develops in detail the first items discussed just above (par. 35); in addition, it includes concentrative matter. (The description of his boyhood is not exposition, because the matter is not necessary to explain any part of the story; it is used merely to intensify the character of Lenoir. S. S. M., 107:30, and as far as 110:36.)

legs, Felix thought in his humble heart. But it brought back the memory of a lilac bush in the vegetable garden of the Breton farmhouse where he had been born and reared. He recalled himself, a little, thin boy—for he had always been thin—lying on his back on the grass, and his mother, a hard-handed, big-waisted, soft-eyed peasant woman, coming and playfully tickling him and making him roll over and laugh on the soft, green earth. Then it was that he lived over the drama of his childish days.

37. But his eyes fell upon a real drama being played close by. On the pavement, before a tall old lodging house across the way, was a pile of furniture belonging to a dispossessed tenant, and around it was gathered the miscellaneous crowd that attends such sales in the Latin Quarter. It was made up of sharp-eyed men and women

---

37-73. The second plot incident is included in these paragraphs. They afford a profitable study in sequence and episode development. The opening and plot motivation are found in pars. 37-38. In par. 39 the motivating person of the incident is introduced, with just enough of action to create and carry suspense; then come local color and other atmosphere details, until, toward the end of par. 42, we are prepared for the discovery of Lenoir's poem. Note here how the climax of the discovery itself is worked up—Raymond's exclamation, the reading of the poem, with Lenoir's delight. Then follows the description and characterization of the dream-ideal realized in the owner of the household goods, Lenoir's feelings and her own uniting to strengthen the emotional climax. Here ends the first climax of the episode.

The emotion quickly passes over to action (end of par. 45). In what follows, characterizing, atmosphere, and action details mingle, with flashes of contrast. Here Raymond is in the forefront—as such a man would be when a beautiful girl and the chance to show himself off following a generous impulse were at hand. Felix is working, but in the background, as his unosten-

dealers in second-hand furniture, and the ever-present students and grasshoppers looking for bargains or amusement, because these little events in the Latin Quarter are not always taken with great seriousness. The furniture generally brings all it is worth, and the tenants, if of a careless turn of mind, get some ready cash and go to another place for a sojourn of uncertain length.

38. On this occasion, the bidding promised to be particularly spirited, and Felix recognized Raymond d'Artigny and several patrons of the Black Cat among the bidders. The furniture was of a different sort from that usually sold. It was painted white, and there were cheap, but spotless, muslin curtains draped over the dressing table, and the little knickknacks that women accumulate were dainty.

39. Felix's eye sought the owner, expecting to see a

---

tatious nature is to do. Observe the unobtrusive pathos—not the maudlin sentiment kind—of his self-obliteration here and throughout the story; it is part of the spiritual beauty of his character—and of its weakness from a worldly point of view. Yet he receives what is for him a rich reward—Mlle. Dupré's especial notice among the crowd (pars. 64-65). This is the height of the second movement of this episode.

In the paragraph, the outcome of the story itself is hinted at (observe how this hint gives a new impulse to interest by renewing suspense. S. S. M., 101:20 b; more generally, S. S. M., 100-103; 249, bottom). This division corresponds to the dénouement division of a plot (S. S. M., 75: C).—The principle of S. S. M., 91:13 applies to characterization also (cf. S. S. M., 52:17). Instances illustrative of this principle are found in the characterization of Mlle. Dupré in par. 38 (the furniture is in keeping with the owner); par. 46 (the treasuring of such a volume is in keeping with Mlle. Dupré's character and also with her occupation). Find other instances; pick out similar instances in the *presentation of* Lenoir; of Raymond. In par. 44 is a

pretty, painted creature, extolling the cost and merits of her belongings, and by adroitly working upon the sympathy and cupidity of the crowd, getting a trifle more than the things cost. There was no owner in sight, but when he crossed the street Felix noticed, just within the dark doorway, a figure that he knew to be the dispossessed tenant. She sat on a little stool, her face hidden upon her slender, outstretched arms, her hat lying on the ground, her rich hair disheveled and hanging down her back, and she was sobbing convulsively. Felix assumed that she was a grasshopper; but, grasshopper or not, he longed to have the money to give her back her little sticks of furniture and her white curtains. She was bewailing them as a mother laments her children.

40. "Oh, my little dressing table!" she wailed. "My dear, dear little dressing table, with the curtains I made,

---

foreshadowing of one part of the outcome—Lenoir's designation as king of the poets (see also par. 72); in par. 47 (fourth sentence) is a hint of another part of the outcome—Raymond's possession and Lenoir's non-possession of the girl. The appearance of Mlle. Dupré in the story and the impression made by her on Lenoir (par. 44) and Raymond (par. 47) may be regarded as the generating circumstance (with discovery) for that part of the plot (see comment on story as a whole, 6, end, and on par. 18, end), concerned with Lenoir's spiritual realization of his ideal of woman and his missing of the satisfaction of human companionship with her.—Pars. 61, 67, and passim. This Mlle. Dupré, teacher of languages and realization of a poet's dream of womanhood, is not merely an abstraction—an inhumanly bloodless creature of perfection. She is a very-much-alive French woman, and therefore she "can't make her eyes behave" more than they ought to. It will pay the student to write a summarizing analysis, or descriptive character-sketch, of Mlle. Dupré in order to note how clearly her character is defined in the author's conception, and how self-consistent it is. S. S. M., 214:1; 217:4; 91:13; especially 52:17-54.

and I went without any dinner for three days to buy them!"

41. So great was the noise and talk and laughter and chaffing around the goods on the sidewalk that nobody but Felix noticed the weeping girl within the doorway.

42. The auctioneer began his tale, and the usual ridiculous bids were made. One student offered five hundred francs for the little dressing table, because a pretty girl had once looked at herself in that glass. Another one professed a willingness to give a second five hundred francs for a dozen little books, most of them premiums at school. Raymond was examining the books, and suddenly seeing a little manuscript volume, he turned over its leaves unceremoniously. Something pasted in it struck his attention. He stopped his running fire of jokes and quips, and read for a couple of minutes. Then, raising the volume aloft, he shouted above the din:

43. "I will give a thousand francs for this volume, because it contains a poem of twenty lines that could not be better if it had been done by a member of the French Academy or the Poets' Club at the Black Cat. Listen, all of you who have souls!"

44. The auctioneer went on with his business, while a dozen youngsters and their friends gathered around Raymond, who began to read the poem. And, oh, glory! Felix heard his own poem read in Raymond's rich voice. While the reading was going on, the girl who was the dispossessed owner stopped weeping and raised her head. One look at her nunlike face filled Felix with shame and horror at himself that ever he should have suspected her of being a grasshopper. He knew that there were but two kinds of women in the world—the good ones and the bad

ones—and that generally their characters are writ large in their eyes. This girl was the soul of purity and piety, and it showed in her tear-drenched face—the face that Felix had seen in his dreams.

45. It was as if the charm of the poem that Raymond was declaiming thrilled her as it thrilled Felix, and, indeed, most of those who listened. When it was over, the crowd applauded, and some real bids were made for the little book. The girl began to cry again, and came out, bareheaded and sobbing, into the street.

46. "Please give me back my little book! It is not worth anything to anybody. It cost but half a franc, and has nothing in it but some poems I pasted or copied in it!" she cried.

47. The students and the young women with them stopped laughing and making their grotesque bids. Their hearts were touched. Not so the auctioneer, or the sharpers who wanted to buy the furniture. As for Raymond, the girl's aspect struck him as quickly and poignantly as it had struck poor Felix. Only, Raymond had some money, and Felix had none. Raymond had just been paid his weekly salary. He pulled out some bank notes, and said with authority:

48. "I will satisfy the judgment, and these things may be returned. How much is it the young lady owes?"

49. "Fifty-nine francs," replied the auctioneer.

50. "Here it is," said Raymond, counting out the money. And then, addressing the girl, he said, with a low bow: "Mademoiselle, will you allow me the privilege of carrying the dressing table back where it belongs?"

51. The girl, who had stopped crying, looked at him for a moment or two. Then the extent of her good fortune

dawned upon her, and a brilliant smile broke over her face, which was still wet with tears.

52. "Thank you, monsieur," she murmured, and, catching her little book, she pressed it to her heart.

53. The crowd, seeing that there was to be no auction, after all, quickly dispersed, except Raymond, and half a dozen students, and Felix. Each one seized a chair or a table or some other piece of furniture and proceeded to carry it up the rickety stairs to the tiny room on the top floor, where the girl lived. On the door was painted a little sign, "Mademoiselle Renée Dupré, Teacher of Languages." That explained to Felix the books he had noticed.

54. Felix did his part in carrying up the furniture, and studied well the face of Mademoiselle Renée. Yes, indeed, hers was the face for which his poet's soul had been looking! It was so delicate, so spirituelle, so full of hidden fire! She thanked them timidly for their kindness, and when she attempted to thank Raymond, broke down and wept again.

55. "You must give me your address, monsieur," she said to Raymond. "I will send you the money in a little while; but I can never, never repay your kindness."

56. "Ah, mademoiselle," replied Raymond, with his captivating smile, "I do not wish you to repay me the money; I wish to have that much laid up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

57. "But I must pay it back," said Mademoiselle Renée, with the quick conscientiousness of her kind. "And I ask you to give me your card."

58. "I regret," said Raymond, with a flourishing bow,

" that I have not a card about me; but I will tell you who I am, if you desire. I am Kaiser Wilhelm, visiting Paris incognito, and this "—pointing to Felix—" is my imperial chancellor, Otto von Bismarck."

59. Then, waving his hand magnificently, Raymond proceeded to introduce the laughing crew around him.

60. " This is Monsieur Clémenceau, premier of France; and this is General Brugère, minister of war. Here is Professor Curie, the great discoverer of radium. Also, let me present Monsieur Sully-Prudhomme, winner of the Nobel prize for literature, an honor scarcely inferior to the election as king of poets in the Latin Quarter. The last king elected was Raymond d'Artigny—an excellent fellow and a sublime poet."

61. Cheers interrupted Raymond at this point, and Mademoiselle Renée's April face showed a smile that began with her eyes and ended with her mouth.

62. " You are pleased to jest, monsieur," she said. " But you have done me a kindness which will remain in my heart forever. I shall remember you in my prayers. I thank all of you for your kindness."

63. She looked around the little circle, and her soft eyes rested upon Felix, who had toiled upstairs half a dozen times carrying burdens.

64. " And especially this gentleman, who has worked so hard for me."

65. Felix made no pretensions to being a gentleman, but all the pieces of furniture he had carried up seemed as light as a feather when he thought of Mademoiselle Renée's soft eyes and of his poem in the little manuscript book.

66. "I have one favor to ask," said Raymond. "Will you permit me to make a copy of the poem in your manuscript book?"

67. "Rather," answered Mademoiselle Renée sweetly, and with a lovely sidelong glance all her own, "would I ask you to accept of the little book. I know all the poems in it by heart."

68. Raymond kissed the little book, put it in his breast pocket, and made a profound bow.

69. "It shall remain with me as long as I live," he said, "and when my chair in the French Academy is draped for my death, this book will rest upon it. Will you do me the kindness to tell me the author of the poem I read aloud just now?"

70. "I wish I knew," replied Mademoiselle Renée. "All I can tell you is that one day, sitting at my window and being very sad, I saw the paper lying on the window ledge, blown here by the wind. I took it up and read it, and it soothed my poor heart. Ever since, when the world has scowled at me, I have read that poem. It is so sweet!"

71. The heart of Felix throbbed with ecstasy; the lady of his dreams loved his poem! Was ever mortal man so blest as he!

72. "I shall do all I can to find the author," replied Raymond, "and if he can be discovered, I promise you he shall be elected king of the poets in the Latin Quarter, the greatest honor for a poet. I have the honor to bid you good afternoon, mademoiselle."

73. Then all of the young men trooped down the stairs. Felix followed, and carried away in his heart the memory of the soft "thank you" of Mademoiselle Renée.

74. This was on a Saturday, the last Saturday but one before the thirty-first of December. By that time a hurricane of excitement raged in the Black Cat over the coming election. The whole night was consumed in fierce debate among the poets, and when the solemn bell of the Angelus sounded from without, a voice seemed to come from another world, far off and full of peace. Immediately, there was a stampede to see the Fiddle discharge its guests, and presently Felix went out, not indeed to see the sight, but to inhale a breath of the cold, pure air of the wintry dawn.

75. Just as he got outside, a merry little grasshopper ran up to him, and, linking her arm in his, proceeded to dance toward the church, making Felix dance, too. But, oh misery and shame! Just as he reached the church steps, he saw Mademoiselle Renée tripping into the church, her slim figure all in black, her sweet face half hidden by a close, black veil. Felix wriggled away from the grasshopper, and, turning to look, saw Raymond doing the same ungallant thing. Each went alone into the dim church, and saw Mademoiselle Renée kneeling in a dark corner by a pillar. Her eyes, rapt and serenely soft, looked to Felix like the eyes of the pale Madonna over the altar.

---

74. Observe the way the transition is made. Cf. the transition from par. 36 to par. 37. Great skill is shown in maintaining connection between the parts of this story. Find other examples. —Observe how the last sentence keeps Lenoir true to the character conceived for him, and freshens our recollection of it.

75. Situation hints involving mood hints (mental state); S. S. M., 257: character hints.—Note the way in which (last sentence) Lenoir's state of mind is indicated without use of psychological narration (S. S. M., 228); see S. S. M., 50: 15.—The next *three* paragraphs are of the same sort.

76. Felix had a notion that Mademoiselle Renée came every morning to the little church, and he got into the evil habit of breaking his few short hours of sleep at six o'clock every morning, to be rewarded by a glimpse of Mademoiselle Renée mounting the church steps. On the following Sunday morning, he remained in hiding until every blessed grasshopper was out of sight. So did Raymond, who thrust his tongue into his cheek, and, nudging Felix, said:

77. "Remember, you scoundrel, that you have never seen me speak to a grasshopper. Do you understand?"

78. Felix understood.

79. Then the time was at hand for the great election. The event was so important that on the night of Saturday, the thirty-first of December, when a minor poet at the Black Cat ventured to speak of the chances of a general European war, he was howled down, and told not to interrupt the proceedings with drivel about trifles.

80. The café was crowded, and the tables were set together so as to form one long table, extending from end to end of the low-ceiled room. Raymond d'Artigny, as

---

79. The last (third) plot incident begins.—Observe the one-sentence transition that is able to account for nearly a week's time. Note too its almost Biblical style—brevity, simplicity, completeness.

80-81. Study the way in which the description is managed. Note how the impression of crowd and confusion is obtained; how the picture is given outline and concreteness—the long table in the low-ceiled room, with three prominent persons. These represent different elements of the scene. Raymond, at the head of the long table, implies all the literary guests filling the length of the board. Lasalle, trigged out in evening clothes and prosperous ornaments, gives, as he moves about among the guests, a color-and-costume

retiring king of the poets, had the head of the table. Lasalle was on hand in evening dress, his ample white waistcoat decorated with a stupendous gold chain, which would have answered equally well for a watch or for a dog, giving orders that nobody heeded, stopping the waiters to tell them to make haste, and making himself generally important and ridiculous.

81. Felix scurried about, his sallow face a little paler from hard work and excitement, and his lanky hair sticking to his head with the dampness. Never was there so uproarious a night at the Black Cat, and there had been a number of uproarious nights there. Everybody shouted and nobody listened, meals were ordered and never eaten, while patrons consumed one another's drinks promiscuously.

---

and a bearing contrast; he represents, on the side of character-quality, bourgeois dignity, self-importance, and dumbness; and he is necessary in such a scene for verisimilitude, because the proprietor is usually present in the café. (The principle of S. S. M., 91: 13-14 applies in description. Effective description calls for care in the economy of detail—S. S. M., 80: 3—with selection only of that which is most representative of the aspect to be suggested. Cf. S. S. M., 60: 17; 116, end of par. 2; 182: 6.) Lenoir represents another element of such a scene—the activity and the picture quality inherent in the presence of waiters (see how true to fact the picture-hint of him is). It will be noted that two of these three persons are persons of direct plot value. The remaining sentences convey more fully the impression of crowd and excitement.—What feeling for psychological values led the author to write out "Raymond D'Artigny" in full (par. 80, sentence 2), and curtly to say "Lasalle"? Why is Lenoir so often spoken of as Felix? Why is D'Artigny also mentioned frequently by his name of Raymond?—Why is Lenoir's lack of physical attractiveness repeatedly put before us, as in par. 81? Cf. the mention made of Raymond in various passages. See S. S. M. 223: 10.

82. The discussion began at midnight, and was in full blast all night. The situation was complicated by the fact that every man present was a candidate, and followed the advice of Niccolo Fachiavelli, to take his own part. Raymond d'Artigny harangued, scolded, shouted, laughed, and menaced, but nobody heeded him. At last, taking off his shoe he rapped violently with it on the table and continued to make himself heard. A viva-voce ballot was taken. Every man shouted out his own name for the honor of king of the poets.

83. "Poets," cried Raymond, "we are all great, that I admit, but we must elect a king—a worthy successor to myself! Now that Béranger and Alfred de Musset are dead, it will, of course, be a difficult task to find a fit successor to me, Raymond d'Artigny, poet and journalist. But there is a man—an unknown man, and a dweller in the Latin Quarter—who has written a poem worthy of me, of Victor Hugo, of Sully-Prudhomme, of anybody! I say he dwells in the Latin Quarter, because only among us could such a poet be found. It is unnecessary to look for great poets elsewhere.

84. Then Raymond, jumping on the table, took from

82-92. In this and nearly all the paragraphs following is much collective characterization, or class characterization (cf. S. S. M., 257, on social characterization and its function). Pick out the acts and speeches that represent type qualities of persons of this Bohemian-poet class. In forming an opinion of the class, note that the author does not exclude the impulses of unselfishness and generosity (par. 83).—Does any detail offend, i.e., seem out of keeping with the prevailing tone? If so, is this the effect of excessive concreteness in realistic detail? In a story of poetic idealism, would a touch of the burlesque be contradictory? (On consistency and congruity, see S. S. M., 91:13; 250, "Is it.")

his breast pocket the little manuscript volume given him by Mademoiselle Renée, and also a copy of a great Paris newspaper. The noise stopped, and the silence grew intense, as Raymond spoke:

85. "I sent this poem to the great newspapers, saying that the author was unknown. See, the newspaper has printed it, imploring the author, for the honor of French literature, to reveal himself. Listen!"

86. Raymond read the lines—read them with such feeling, such pathos, such exquisite intonation, that the music of his voice seemed a part of the poem, as the thrilling of the lute is a part of the song. Felix listened as in a dream.

87. As the last perfect line was read, a great roar of cheering and stamping broke forth.

88. "The unknown is king! The unknown is king!" they yelled.

89. Raymond, by taking off both shoes and pounding

---

86. Observe the sudden passage from the humorous to the earnest. This quick, natural setting off of one mood with another is very effective, if well done, as in the contrast passages in this story. The contrast must be true, however, and enter the story with great naturalness; otherwise it seems like straining for effect. —Probably the decisive moment (S. S. M., 94: 5) comes with Raymond's reading of Lenoir's poem, so far as the objective, or structural, plot is concerned. But in the effect of the story, there is a second decisive point (par. 100)—when Raymond is conclusively identified as Mlle. Dupré's accepted.

87-88. Note their brevity and sufficiency. The unskilled writer would be likely to try to emphasize the importance of the action by amplifying. That would thwart his purpose. Cf. S. S. M., 67: 18. On the adequacy of the few words employed, see S. S. M., 66: 17.

89. Cf. the comment on par. 86.—How many different moods are to be felt in pars. 86-89? Name them.

them with both hands on the table, secured a moment's lull.

90. "Immortals," he cried, "listen to a fellow immortal! I have this day come into a triple inheritance. I have secured the love of the lady of my heart; I have inherited a competence in fortune; and I have made known to the world the greatest poet of the Latin Quarter. I ask you to drink the health of the unknown poet in champagne."

91. This paralyzed the crowd; it seemed too good to be true; but when Felix and Lasalle himself began filling the extraordinary order, they believed it. Not only did every patron of the Black Cat that night drink champagne, but a wizen-faced cabman outside had his glass, and Raymond, with his own hands, poured a bottle into a pail, and, taking it out, treated the cabman's sorry horse to such a draft as he had never had before in his melancholy life, and made him frisk all over the place.

92. The unknown was king—that was settled. Meanwhile, the unknown went about his humble duties, cleaning up the débris and trying to get things in some sort of order. Suddenly, while the fun was still roaring, the

---

90. Consider sentence 3. Has the fact of riches been prepared for? Does it need to be; i.e., does it now strike us too abruptly? Can you see any way of preparing us for the announcement without blemishing the story? Would an additional sentence in par. 80 (following sentence 2) be noticed unpleasantly, to the effect that Raymond was better dressed than usual and had an unwonted air of prosperity? In some earlier speech, could he refer to postponed expectations?

92. Suppose the story has been made to stop here. Then read S. S. M., 169: 1-3. Does this story need a distinct ending? What —if anything—is accomplished by means of the paragraphs that follow from this *point*? S. S. M., 117: 4-121; 169-173.

sound of the Angelus bell from the little church boomed in the darkness outside. It was the signal for everybody to rush across the street and take part in the final ceremonies of the Fiddle.

93. The doors of the police station were surrounded by the usual laughing, pushing, weeping crew, and the two-franc pieces were being shoved into the little window to the guardian of the peace, who took them. The crowds, augmented by that from the Black Cat, made the narrow little street populous and hilarious. A couple of gas lamps flickered in the blackness, and a great flood of light from the windows of the café and the glaring lanterns at the Fiddle illuminated the throng.

94. Immediately the procession was made to the church. Two men, however, Raymond and Felix, slipped out and were waiting on the church steps. By that time, Mademoiselle Renée had appeared and passed like a shadow through the door held open by the stern-faced ecclesiastic. Directly after her went Raymond, who followed her to her place behind the pillar, and kneeled next her. In the gloom of the little church, Felix watched them, kneeling a little way off, where he could see their faces. Raymond looked at Renée with adoring eyes, and the girl looked at

94. Last sentence: To what extent is the act characteristic of human nature, and to what extent does it characterize the persons as individuals? Is the behavior of Lenoir (preceding sentence) consistent with his character (cf., besides others, par. 101)?—The reader even yet probably feels that Lenoir may turn out to be Mlle. Dupré's preference; it is this feeling that gives the falling action suspense and so carries our interest to the end. S. S. M., 74: B and note; 93: 4. Are there two climactic moments; cf. pars. 83-91. Are both emotional? Which is the more intense? Does the situation in pars. 94-101 constitute the emotional acme of the story?

the altar, with a rapture of love and faith in her delicate, speaking face.

95. Like ghosts, the crowd from the Black Cat and from the Fiddle moved into the church, and almost filled it. Never was there a multitude more devout, partly because they were compelled to be quiet, and partly because it was the custom, and partly because the mighty hand of mysticism was laid upon them, and the sanctuary lamp showed them the place where resided the Presence.

96. In the midst of the silence came the deep roll of the organ, and the choir began the Christmas hymn. It sang

---

95. "Like ghosts." As a picture-hint (S. S. M., 257-258), this is accurate (see facts of time and light in par. 93); but is it true to the fact as a mood hint? Is this story a dream story or a real-life story—i.e., which does it concretely embody, ideals, or facts of life as it is ordinarily experienced ("realism")? The author is reporting life as she dreams its ultimate truths to be, and as these truths are opposed to the practical daily facts that appear on the surface, her treatment and mood alike have a quality of the immaterial. However concrete the embodiment she gives her leading figures, they remain nevertheless spiritual types. Like ghosts of the final truths of life, they move before her imagination and our vision. Most likely the comparison, "like ghosts," was not chosen intentionally through any such course of reasoning, and it may have occurred to her merely as part of her artist's conception of the physical scene. On the other hand, it may very well have been intentionally selected; for the artist is a workman as well as a dreamer, and has the skill of the workman in consciously selecting the means that will express with precision and effectiveness what his artist's vision perceives. In any case, there is always a truth discoverable under any coherent body of facts that are true to nature; see S. S. M., 35: 21-22.

96-98. The emotional acme of the story, and in one sense, the main situation, is here. We cannot call it the main plot situation, however, except by regarding the plot as one of spiritual, not external, incident; and though the carrying plot here is slight, it consists of external incident. See introd. note 5.

one verse of the hymn welcoming the Divine Child, and then sank into silence, only one voice cleaving the air with music, and singing "*Venite adoremus.*" Again the words floated out, this time with two voices, the sharp sweetness of the soprano mingling with the deeper melody of the alto. All at once the choir burst forth into a great musical cry of "*Venite adoremus! Dominum.*"

97. The noble hymn of joy and welcome thrilled all who heard it. There were no distinctions. Pale mothers and angry fathers were one with the painted grasshoppers, who, for one moment, became innocent women, and wore the same look upon their glorified faces, the look of the Blessed Mother who held the little Child Jesus in her arms. For a brief minute, the world and all its wickedness was forgotten in one mighty act of supreme welcome and adoration.

98. The organ pealed and thundered, and the choir sang on. Outside in the street, little boys shouted: "Noël! Noël!" Then came the awful moment of the elevation, when all sounds melted away into a solemn silence which lasted for a brief time. Then once more the joyous Christmas music began, and lasted until the lights were put out on the altar, and only the ever-present sanctuary lamp gleamed.

99. The people trooped out of the church and resumed

---

97. "Pale mothers. . . ." Cf. par. 6. Little is once introduced into this story that is not made to do duty again. In later situations, the story uses details already introduced, as the means to producing the effects desired. This results in close coherence of effect and represents great economy of detail (S. S. M., 80:3; 116:2).

99-101. Relaxes, but not too abruptly, the intensity of the preceding paragraph, and helps to provide the last of the contrasts

their everyday characters. The grasshoppers were grasshoppers still, and the tipsy boys and fighting, drinking, disreputable men and women were ready to go back to their everyday employments of fighting and drinking and tippling and dancing and all manner of gay wickedness. But they had experienced one of those moments in which all men and women are of kin, all are the children of the good God.

100. Mademoiselle Renée walked down the steps of the church alone; Raymond was a little way off. He would not violate propriety so much as to be seen in the street with Mademoiselle Renée, but when he took off his hat to her in the cold, gray dawn and she gave him her bewitching sidelong glance, their hearts spoke the language known to all who love.

---

through which so much of the effect of this story comes. Here we have the ordinary mob of citizens returning unchanged to their mediocre ways after passing through a great and inspiring emotional experience. Not so Lenoir (par. 101). In spite of human disappointment, his spirit remains exalted. Between these two extremes are Raymond and Mlle. Dupré—the one softened and raised by divine worship and human love, the other exalted by the service, but softened and drawn to earth by human affection. —Observe that, if we count the emotional situation developed in pars. 92-98 as an essential part of the body of the story—the grand climax and closing episode of the spiritual plot—then the close of the story occupies only the three paragraphs—99, 100, 101. If we do not regard the story as having a spiritual or emotional plot-plan (as well as a plot of external incident), the election of Lenoir as king-poet ends the last incident that connects itself with the plot, and the pars. 92-101 must be deemed a separate close. Inasmuch as the outcome of the external plot—Lenoir's election—is not the total outcome of the situation, we seem almost warranted in saying that there is a plot of spiritual fact as well as a true plot of outward incident, and that the outcome of the spiritual "plot" (situation involving opposed

101. There was not much doing at the Black Cat, and Felix remained in the church. His heart was strangely chill, but his spirit soared like a bird. He was only a head waiter, but he had seen the lady of his dreams, and he could, if he chose, have been king of all the poets in the Latin Quarter—that is to say, of all the poets in the world.

---

spiritual forces) is found in par. 92 to the end. But this material is readily classifiable as intensifying material, intended to have emotional appeal (S. S. M., 63:14; 65:16); hence our conclusion becomes a matter of choosing terms without altering essential facts.—Observe that the story ends with attention on Lenoir, but that the two accessory persons are also kept before us up to the last paragraph but one. The management that thus keeps the most significant figures before us to the end is skillful dramaturgy. To drop important persons before the decisive moment or the grand climax often leaves the reader with a sense of unsatisfied interest, and is to be avoided. On the other hand, secondary persons usually must—we speak now only of the conte—be got out of the way before the very last, in order that the leading person may have our closing thought. They may of course still be on the stage, but they must not take the center of it, nor enter the spotlight, except to contribute emphasis to the chief actor.

THE OPAL MORNING

The Story as a Whole

1. In "The Opal Morning" we have a character story (S. S. M., 25:5, 43:1-7 and ff. to 54). Its *motif* (S. S.M., 96:10) is expression of the existence of deeper and finer ideals beneath what circumstances may make most obvious in the life of the individual. This thought the author presents to us by means of two definitely conceived persons in a course of action representative of life in a particular kind of uncongenial environment, and culminating in a climactic situation with a conclusive outcome; the whole producing an atmosphere of selfish sordidness gradually displaced by higher motive.

2. The struggle necessary to dramatic presentation is that of the higher ideals and sympathies to express themselves in an opposed environment, and to triumph over the deadening influence of these hostile forces. Allison attains to expression of his better self through his poetry; Hélène expresses herself through music. The conclusive outcome is the triumph of their higher natures, beginning in their recognition of each other as kindred spirits, and their alliance for the better things of life. (The principle, that the conclusive outcome is not inevitable, but merely logical, is clearly established by such stories as "The Opal Morning." With a little shifting of emphasis, Allison and Hélène could have been shown as electing to persist in the old environment and life instead of rising "on stepping stones of their dead selves." This outcome

would have been as conclusive as the other, and equally as well founded as an interpretation of actual life, though it would not have been as satisfying to our moral sense. See S. S. M., 151 bottom and 16: 3-4.—Had the outcome been thus changed, we should have lost a "happy ending," and in this story it is our moral sense that desires the happy ending. From this consideration we can draw the conclusion, that the happy ending is at times—depending on the theme and *motif* of the particular story—required for the sake of the artistic effect through which the interpretation of life is to be accomplished. Note, however, that in truth the solution of a problem of life is involved here (which course is the more desirable, that chosen by the two leading persons for their future, or that abandoned by them in making the choice?), and that only the happy ending permits that solution which our ethical sense prefers. Therefore, since art is under no obligation to propose problems, and still less to offer a solution of them unless it chooses so to do, the conclusion drawn above will be valid only for stories in which the problem plus its solution is actually involved in the plan. S. S. M., (26: 1-3), 27: 4-13; 178: 1-3.

3. This story illustrates also the possibility of utilizing the "love element" without throwing it into chief prominence or making its foundation in "sex" the dominating fact. From this point of view, we may study the narrative as an example of subordination—the keeping of desirable and indeed essential facts within definite bounds, determined immediately by the author's conception of the story, and ultimately (if we so choose to regard it) by instinctive moral preference ("taste") and fundamental view of life. For the student-writer, the sig-

nificant fact is the possibility noted in the first sentence of this note—that the love element can be utilized without making it the chief *raison d'être* for the story. How is it with "The Cat and the Fiddle"? "The Love of Men"? "A Rag-Time Lady"? Other stories in this volume? To what extent is sex, as such, an element in "Tropics"?

4. It is left for the student to decide, if he can, whether "The Opal Morning" is most a story of plot, of theme, of character, or of atmosphere. When he has decided, he may refer to S. S. M., 45: 6-7 (sents. 1 and 2).

THE OPAL MORNING

By Ethel Watts Mumford

Reprinted from "McClure's" for April, 1917, by Permission of the Editors and the Author.
(Copyright, 1917)

1. Amused at his own agitation, Forbes Allison opened the envelope that bore the imprint of the clipping-bureau. Man of the world that he was, successful, tyrannical, self-indulgent, and rather unscrupulous, he was wont to patronize mildly the enthusiastic, diffident, emotional, and idealistic half of himself that shamefacedly set forth its lyric soul under the nom de plume of "Forrest Allyne."

2. The notices were numerous and lengthy. "I, Too, Have Been in Arcady" had proved itself a volume of exceptional verse. Even his cynic self was forced to acknowledge that it was good. It had warmth and fire; it had mood and magic. He grinned as he thought of the amaze-

---

1-5. Observe the immediate beginning, with sweeping characterization. S. S. M., 122:1-5; 137:2, 140:7-8; 148:17-19. To what extent is disarrangement and relocation of incident (S. S. M., 122:2) employed in this story? Cf. par. 6 and later passages. Note the amplifying details of character introduced in pars. 2-5.—Must our impression of the hero, or the heroine, always be favorable? To what extent may it be unpleasant at the beginning? Must this impression be changed before the end, or can it sometimes be continued to the end? What is the case in the present story?

2. Since Hélène and Allison must be unknown to each other in their better character, this ignorance has to be motivated. Does the device by which this is accomplished with reference to Allison

ment and incredulity of his friends should they ever learn the author's identity. Frequently the notices featured a portrait, purporting to be that of the mythical Allyne. Allison had taken great pains to secure a presentment that satisfied his notion of what the writer of the Arcadian songs ought to look like. A famous artist who had been intrusted with the secret, had supplied the ideal head, a profile study of a youthful, delicate face, the chin a trifle long, deep-set eyes, an expression at once thoughtful and challenging; a mass of waving, intensely black hair; clear, firm lines of throat and jaw, with a suggestion of tense words—a type of dreamer to make others dream; the face of a saint and a lover; a young St. John, yet very much of earth—in short, the perfect poet.

3. Allison glanced at his reflection in the long mirror let into the hanging-closet door, and decided that in him, Allyne had an excellent alibi—tall, lean, Mephistophelian of countenance, with heavily lined skin, and eyes that had burned themselves deep under their brows; mobile, searching lips, at once weary and desirous; an old-young face, at once predatory and generous. He sighed. There were times when he disliked his type.

4. He turned again to the criticisms. They were not criticisms, they were lauds. Not one but praised, not a dissonant note in the chorus of adulation. "A new

---

contribute to suspense ("interest")? Is mystery, even of a mild sort, a stimulus to curiosity? S. S. M., 126:7, 134:20-21. Is the present device plausible? S. S. M., 90:9-11, 92:14. Is it as plausible as the device by which Hélène concealed her identity (par. 69)?—Why should Allison's device be explained at the first of the narrative, and Hélène's left unexplained until so near its close?

voice," "an inspired touch," "the clear flame of genius." Even "the dean" allowed "undoubted promise."

5. His curiosity and his vanity satisfied, Allison thrust the bulging envelope into the companionship of at least a dozen more, and turned to the rest of his mail. Smart little notes of feminine form and savor, square business communications, lordly announcements of exclusive haberdashers and hatters, strong paper oblongs from bankers and brokers, and a package from his publishers. Again with amused tolerance Allison permitted his authorial self to seize upon that missive to the neglect of more important matters. A short, typewritten, congratulatory note, and an inclosure of letters, addressed to Forrest Allyne—an editor asking that he submit something; a word of personal appreciation from a fellow poet, a lady who patronized the arts and "would be pleased to see him at her reception on the fifth."

6. Then his eye caught a cheap envelope, addressed in a rather unformed but individual hand. He paused. This

---

6-8. Does what is here introduced amount to exciting moment (S. S. M., 85: 1-3), or is it merely a plot-detail so introduced as to stimulate suspense? Pars. 6-8 indicate the existence of a second person, not yet introduced, toward whom the first person will sustain some relationship, though of what sort does not yet appear. Is this enough to constitute a "complication"? Or may a story have two parallel complications, the inner conflict being revealed by an outer body of incident, so that the carrying plot is objective, whereas the really significant struggle is subjective (in this story, spiritual)? How was it in "An Epilogue"? "The Cat and the Fiddle"? "Tropics"? If the carrying plot can be merely such a series of external fact as is necessary to present the spiritual conflict, need it be explicitly complete? For instance, has this story any explicit point of generating circumstance, or exciting moment, in its carrying plot? None is presented directly. Had it been, we should have an account of

would be—her tenth letter. He had grown to have a real feeling for his unknown little country-girl correspondent. As he slit the flap and withdrew the inclosure an unmounted photograph fluttered to the desk. A girl's face looked up at him, a girl in a sunbonnet, her features in shadow. His first impression was a shock of acute wonder. How in the world could such a beautiful creature be kept in domestic subjection on a farm? That kind always made their escape somehow. She certainly must see the newspapers and the Sunday supplements. She must know that she compared more than favorably with many a professional beauty, and *she* was the isolated little soul whose letters breathed loneliness as persistently as a garden pink sends out its heart in pungent, unmistakable fragrance!

7. The portrait showed just a head and shoulders. The background a flaking of sun-patched lilac leaves. Her dress was a striped gingham, open at the throat—not even a brooch. The one hand that was raised to straighten the bonnet was ringless.

8. He stared, fascinated; then, opening a drawer drew out a packet—the other nine letters. In the light of her sudden visualization he was minded to glance at them again. He freed the first one from the rubber band. Strange that of all the correspondence his work had

---

the moment when Hélène, moved by Allison's poetry, wrote the first letter. But instead of this, the generating circumstance and exciting moment are merely suggested by the letter itself and such references as grow out of its introduction.—Note the provision for later surprise and contrast effect in the comment that closes par. 6.—[1] What purpose does this sentence serve in the working the effect of the story as a whole? Is it a hint or forecast, or an emphasizer of an impression we have already received? Would it be better omitted?

evoked, he had kept only her letters.[1] After all, what were they? A sheaf of childish impressions, very direct, for she looked with her own eyes and described what she saw—but why? He recalled how, acting on an idle impulse, he had tossed that first shamefaced little note into the drawer. He read it now with her picture propped before him. He wanted to associate her likeness with his first impression of her. The new communication could wait its turn.

9. "I thank you so for your book," he read. "I've always loved nature, and it's lucky I do, for I'm marooned in the middle of an awful lot of it. But you've said things in such a way that you've doubled my pleasure, you've helped me fill my days with enjoyment of the out-of-doors. Best of all the poems I like 'The Opal Morning,' and I see so many dawns, it has helped me not to yawn. Some mornings are opal, aren't they? And some, in early spring, are like moonstones, so clear and yet so milky—limpid mornings. Do you know that strange, thick, sticky dark red that lies in the East before sun-up in the autumn? I never see it but it gives me the shivers. It's ghostly. I wonder how *you'd* describe it. To me it looks like nothing so much as sinister, poisonous, smeary jam.

9-16. At this point make a careful list of the character qualities of "Me," based entirely on her letters. After completing your study of the story, take this list and determine wherein, if at all, it needs revising to make it represent the essential truth about her character. In her moods is she a creature "of infinite variety"? Does this agree with the revelation of her tastes and profession in par. 94? Review now S. S. M., 214: 1-5.—Pick out all in the letters that suggests a fundamental sympathy in ideals and tastes between Allison and Hélène; does the story as a whole show that this fundamental sympathy existed? List its elements.

Gray, dun-colored daybreaks I hate. They make everything and everybody look as if they ought never to have lived at all.

10. "You see how I ramble on. You'll forgive me, won't you? You don't have to read me. And I'm so lonely it gives me pleasure to write to you and tell you how really much your poems matter to me. I'll give this to the man who goes in with our milk cans to the station. Some one of the train men will take it in and post it in New York. I'd rather you didn't know the ugly name of my town. Perhaps I shall write you again. You'll know my handwriting and throw it in the scrap-basket. But if you could guess how starved for companionship I am, you might forgive me for being a silly fool. Good-by. Thank you for letting me talk to you. "Just—ME."

11. Allison smiled and turned back to the first page. "Marooned in the middle of an awful lot of nature." He chuckled as he took up the photograph and looked at it long. Then he spread the tenth letter before him.

12. "DEAR YOU:

"You see I'm being even sillier than ever. I'm sending you a kodak taken last year—as if you cared! By this time I imagine you'll run when you see me coming. But it doesn't matter. I shall tell myself that you are delighted; that you put me in a silver frame and keep

12. [1] Cf. par. 3 and 72-78, especially 76 and 78. Note the effect of pathos worked by means of these far-separated passages. They afford an illustration of the necessity for realizing the story in its entirety before writing. The same is true of the passage (1) at the close of par. 8.—[2] Is this a touch of feminine human-nature, or an indication that she is deeply interested in him? Or is it both?

me on your desk. That's what I've done with you, and I hope you feel flattered. I found a picture of you in a paper, and cut it out. I bought the frame at a rummage sale at the M. E. Church. It's hideous, but it just fits. I have to keep it hidden. They'd think I'd gone crazy if they saw it—they'd be quite right, too. But I want to tell you how glad I am that you look the way you do.[1] Why, you're beautiful! You couldn't help writing as you do, when you *are* like that. I never get tired of looking at you, and I don't believe you are spoiled a bit. Do crowds of other girls write to you as I do?[2] I wonder. Oh, I forgot to tell you 'The Opal Morning' is folded in back of your picture. No, I didn't tear it out of the book. I got that, too, from a reprint in one of the reviews. Oh, no, the book should never be hurt like that. I'm amazed at you for thinking I'd do such a thing. Why, it's so alive, I was afraid to cut the pages I adore, I was sure they'd bleed.

13. "'Sky Island'—that was in one of the magazines last month, but I saw it only yesterday. I have little time to read. I'm so tired at the end of my work that I could cry. What made you write 'The Steed with Wings'? It doesn't seem like you. I tried to imagine our old Jerry with those 'pinions of light and of fire, flashing in infinite space.' I'm perfectly certain he'd find some way to kick with them—forgive me, I'm bluer than ever today. Do *you* have to be with people you dislike, all the time, I wonder? Do *you* have to keep friends with people who rub you all wrong? I have to. My soul is sand-papered till it's raw. But one has to go on living, you know, and one has to be worth one's salt—and the cost of living is going up! One has

to work hard. I wish I had a river here. I used to live near one. I loved particularly the eddies that always looked as if they were humped above some creature underneath that was just about to force through and show itself. Here there's a pool—oh, yes, and a cascade, a rockery—a horrid stilted *made* thing. I've grown to hate its pour, pour, pour, always just the same amount of water falling down the same number of stairs. . . .

14. "I didn't mean to be so complaining. My last letter was cheerfuller, wasn't it? So—please—forgive—— "ME."

15. Allison found the "cheerfuller" letter and turned to the last page.

16. "I've been full of irresponsible gayety. I don't know why. I laugh for laughing's sake. I dance and dance and enjoy it just for dancing, and I let myself out when I sing, just for the 'push' of it. I'm just having a puppy fit, I guess. . . . My, how they run and roll—or a kitten scooting wildly about and doing strange things. I'm sure I don't know why. I've got no particular reason to be bubbling. But gayety turns to you, too. You see, it isn't just in my blues and sobers that I love your songs. You seem to have that in you, too, that just-can't-help-it laughter. It's there in 'Pan's Hoofprint,' and in 'The Little Masque,' in-'The Slipped Tether,' and 'Truant Love.' So just because I feel so irresponsible—I want to write to you. So if you've ever forgiven me at all—forgive me now for giggling—I can't help it—it's just "ME."

17. He slipped the letters back into their receptacle and tossed the picture on top of them. Then he smiled. She "had told herself that he would put her picture in a silver frame and keep it ever before him." Well, just for the whim of it, he'd give her reason. Without compunction he removed the presentment of a very beautiful lady from an oval of gold, thrust into the inappropriately gorgeous surrounding the face of the girl in a gingham sunbonnet, and ceremoniously placed it, the center ornament of his work-table. Allison shook himself. He had pandered to his ridiculous, chuckle-headed lyric self long enough.[1]

18. The telephone rang sharply, and it was his other personality that answered.

19. "Oh, hello, old man! Why, yes, I will. I've a dinner and theatre—but I'll meet you afterwards. That's a go, then. Matt's here? Good—we'll show him about a bit—five years, is it? Well, so-long. I've got a busy day."

20. The long room was filled with smoke, that toned down its garish coloring—raw reds and yellows panelled

---

17. To what extent does this paragraph advance the story toward its outcome? To what extent is it a forecast (S. S. M., 250)?—[1] A reminder of the two-part personality of each of the two principals, out of which so much of the struggle springs; cf. introd. note 2.—Observe the handling of the transition back to the immediate plot-progress.

19. Note the motivation of the cabaret, and consequently of the apartment, episode. Only a few words are needed. Unskillful writers often spend wearisome effort in unnecessary motivating.

20. Here the second stage of the story becomes active, following its introduction in pars. 18-19. Pars. 1-19, the first stage, afford an excellent illustration of an expositional opening division

with black and gold. At the far end, on a raised platform, a band of musicians were giving voice to a hula-hula, while a girl, with brown stained body and a Broadway version of a grass skirt, swung lithe hips and agile fingers to a haunting rhythm. The right-hand partition was set with mirrors, a fountain splashed down four steps of illuminated glass and watered a basin,[1] edged with artificial roses. Against the walls tables were wedged, tables crowded by typical all-night rounders, noisily enjoying themselves. There were four men and three girls in Allison's party—Bangs, Van Nard and Bill Matt. The girls were performers—Irene and Hélène, professional dancers, and Vili Nadi, late of Budapest, and deriving therefrom her pet name, "The little pest." Champagne stood in their glasses; champagne bottles arrogantly displayed on an adjoining empty table advertised that the crowd were "no pikers."

21. Allison leaned back and watched the writhing hula girl. It was half-past two in the morning, and he was bored and tired. He was host, however, at this tag end of a misspent evening, and Bill Matt had been five years away from the big town and was in no mood to go home. He was frankly having the time of his life, devouring the diminutive Hungarian chanteuse with his eyes, and roaring with laughter at the broken English of her sallies. Bangs, between the two dancers, divided his somewhat

---

(S. S. M., 74-85). List all the important things accomplished by the exposition up to par. 20.—[1] Is the mention of the fountain inconspicuous enough not to be a give-away (cf. par. 13)?—An atmosphere strongly in contrast with that which we sense in the first stage is presented. Did the opening stage strike the keynote (S. S. M., 127: 10-11? Review also 124: 5-9).

21. *Are sentences 1-2* consistent with Allison's character?

befuddled attentions, while Van Nard found his fate in his bubbling glass.

22. "Why don't you take up this Island stuff, Hélène?" Allison heard Bangs inquire in an injured tone. "You could knock that girl silly, and she's the big number."

23. Hélène shrugged slim shoulders and glanced down at her costume—a daring combination of rose-wreaths and tiger-skin.

24. "Don't care to," she answered laconically.

25. She lifted her glass to her lips and pretended to drink. He noticed that her drinking was largely pretense. Irene laughed.

26. "Hélène's got her line and she sticks to it. Guess she's right, at that. Isn't she known all over the shop as 'Miss Three Weeks' and 'The Girl in the Tiger-Skin'? Some class to that—what?"

27. Van Nard roused himself from the contemplation of his wine. "That's a good stunt, Hélène—that finale, stripping out of your pelt and making a doormat of it—must say, it gives me a start every time."

28. "That's why I do it," she observed calmly. "I pull down enough coin for that skin stunt to keep me going quite comfortably, thank you."

29. Irene nodded, not without envy. "She does that

---

22. Introduces the second principal. Does it direct attention to her with sufficient emphasis? Would anything be gained by more emphatic indication of her part, or is it better at this point to pass over her importance, lest we betray too soon her identity, losing the effect of pars. 61-62?

25. Is this detail consistent or inconsistent with her character?

29-30. See also pars. 31-45. What are the limitations upon outrightness in realism in dialogue, description, and incident, in por-

—and then what? Why, she fools 'em. There's no show at all—nice little modest nighty just unrolls with it—and all over."

30. "And not all off—hey?" Matt laughed at his brilliant repartee. "But say—can't we go on? I'm tired of this. Can't you girls beat it?—and we'll try breakfast up the road somewhere."

31. Van straightened in his chair with a jerk. "Why didn't I think of it before?" he exclaimed. "Hélène, have you still got that roulette-wheel in your apartment?"

32. She nodded.

33. "Say, fellows," he continued, "let's go up to Hélène's and have a spin or two. She's got a nice place, and her Jap can trim us some eggs. I'll set up the drinks. Come on, what do you say?"

34. The host started a feeble protest, but Matt's delighted acceptance overruled him. Besides, he had a curiosity to see the end of the game—evidently a crooked one—and Bill might need looking after.

35. "Oh, good!" cried Irene, rising. "I'll go and see the Boss—he'll be all right. We don't need to dance again tonight. That'll be a lark, all right." She ran

---

traying the vulgar or offensive? Is there a difference of limit when the thing is portrayed as a necessary element in a larger conception or presentation of life, and when it is itself the purpose of the portrayal? Is art ever hampered or thwarted by the squeamishness that objects to realism in presenting such aspects of life? Is reticence on such aspects wise, or is it imposed by false standards of opinion, which thus hinder the interpretation of life in certain of its common and vitally important characteristics? What can writers and students do to create more liberal and wholesome standards?

31-34. Cf. note on par. 19.

35-43. These paragraphs do not advance the action. Are they

lightly down the room, and, eagerly as a child, buttonholed the tall saturnine proprietor.

36. "Roulette." The Pest spoke up with a great rolling of eyes and R's. "Excellent. I loof it. You shall help me, you nice mans—be my—what you call—Mashcote."

37. "Mash coat! Oh, Lord, oh Lord! you'll be the death of me!" Matt roared. "Sure, little one, I will be your mascot."

38. "Ah," she cried delightedly. "'Mascotte!' lake zat—the same as French—Oh, ver*ree* well!"

39. Allison looked at Hélène. She seemed neither glad nor sorry, more as if she considered it a matter of business. He liked her make-up, he decided; it was intelligent. She was heavily but smoothly powdered, her great eyes, elongated in straight pencil lines, added something enigmatic to her level gaze. Her mouth, with large, well-formed lips, was darkly, almost blackly red, more sinister than vampire scarlet and more secretly alluring. He wondered how old she might be. One could never tell with these strange women. But however young, she was most thoroughly experienced.

40. Irene came skipping and sliding with graceful dancing steps over the polished floor.

41. "Come on, boys," she called. "It's all right. I told William to scare us up a taxi at the corner."

42. Van rose. "I'll be with you in a minute. I'm going to speak to Sweeney. How many quarts do we

---

to be classified as intensifying matter (S. S. M., 107-115)? What element predominates—character or atmosphere in amplifying realistic detail? Would the total effect of the story be more or less satisfying (conclusive) if these paragraphs were omitted?

want—half a dozen? That'll hold us for a while. Have you got anything for breakfast, Hélène, or shall I forage in the ice-box here?"

43. "Oh, Saku always has eggs and bacon and little sausages," Hélène answered indifferently. "It's a standing order. I'm ready if you are."

44. The party bundled uncomfortably into one cab, were jolted and bounced down the side street, up the Great White Way, now fast fading into grayness, and turned west again in the upper Forties.

45. Allison cursed under his breath and called himself a fool, not only for this stupid round of would-be gayety but for having dismissed his own motor car. He was cramped and uncomfortable. Irene, voluble and wriggling, sat in his lap, clutching at his coat-collar whenever the cab jolted unduly. Hélène sat next him with the little Hungarian on her knees. It was all sordid, old stuff. The girls smelled of cheap perfume and scented face-powder. The atmosphere reeked of the sour smell of wine, the acrid odor of stale tobacco smoke—bah!

46. Before a tall apartment-house the taxi came to a stop. Stiffly they disentangled themselves and their wraps, and were conveyed up in the elevator by a bleary-eyed negro boy. Hélène preceded them down a short cor-

---

45. Is Allison's feeling consistent or inconsistent with his character as revealed in the expositional opening? Show how such a reversal of his feeling without a different outcome (so far as he is concerned) would be made necessary. Cf. S. S. M., 91:13, 102:22, for sidelights. See introd. n. 2, parenthesis.

46. Explain why Hélène's room "fights with itself," having things that represent opposed tastes and ideals. Is this a means by which the author reminds us again of the basic spiritual struggle (introd. n. 2)?

ridor, opened a door with her latch-key, and turned on the switch. A step or two to a portiere and she ushered her guests into a living-room. A long table was piled with books, a center lamp of Chinese bronze, deep-seated comfortable chairs, flowers everywhere. On the walls a few framed photographs of musical celebrities, mostly signed; several studies by well-known artists; a framed caricature by Caran d'Arche; Steinlen's Pierrot poster. These were the dissonant notes. A conventional cosy corner with red lights, cushions, and tabourette, bearing cigarettes; red-plush curtains; a cellarette; a dog basket, at present untenanted; a divan; a decorated tea-wagon, loaded with an ample cocktail set. These things were more in keeping with the place and the hostess.

47. Van, with an air of boastful ownership, set out the champagne bottles and called for Saku in a bellowing roar. The girls made themselves comfortable, while Hélène, from the bottom of the cabinet, took out the roulette-wheel and the long, green painted cloth that marked the numbers. She cleared the table and set the layout. Her face remained expressionless, her welcome a mere matter of business as stereotyped as her smile. A white-clad Japanese appeared presently, noted the number of the guests, nodded approval, and, without asking or receiving instructions, retired to the kitchenette. Evidently such breakfast parties were the regular order of things.

48. The company gathered quickly about the wheel. Van poured the champagne and joined the others, his face paling a little and his eyes narrowing. The click of the ball always had the effect of a pull at his heart, a tensing

---

48-51. Cf. n., pars. 35-43.

of his gambler's nerves. Bangs hauled out his available change and rumpled a roll of bills.

49. The girls ostentatiously jingled gilt mesh-purses and talked in strained, high voices as they drew up chairs and performed various rites "for luck." Hélène joined them; lost, won again, excused herself and rose. Van would bank.

50. In spite of his weariness and disgust Allison watched her. She intrigued him. What was she? Was the game crooked? Was she herself as remote as she seemed? Was she somebody's tool, or somebody's victim? Was the game her own venture, or was Sweeney back of it? Where did Van come in? He took a hand, and presently the fascination of the game of chance seized his attention.

51. The clean-up was certainly in favor of the house with a vengeance. Back of them Hélène hovered. In the dining-room the noise of dishes and silver indicated the activities of Saku. More champagne. The ball clicked faster. Somewhere a clock rang four. Hélène had disposed herself on the divan in the embrasure of the window, saying nothing, seemingly oblivious of the others." [1]

52. Allison rose and stretched. "I've got enough," he said. "When's that Jap going to announce tiffin?"

53. "Half-past four, I told him," Hélène answered.

54. He looked at her. She certainly was handsome—more than that—there was latent power in her, in her face,

50. Observe the manner of its introduction, and its effect in keeping our attention on Hélène.

51. [1] A touch that reminds us of the lonesomeness her letters disclosed. The next few paragraphs prepare the way for the climactic height and telescoped outcome and ending.

54. Cf. n., pars. 29-30, 35-43, 48-51.

in her relaxed figure, in the even, low-pitched quality of her indifferent voice. Allison looked from her to the others at the table. "The little pest" was lolling over Bangs and rumpling his hair with her beringed hands. Irene had degenerated to the gutter from which she had risen on her winged feet. Allison was not proud of his own friends. It was an ugly sight, these men and women, seeking excitement. He felt in his pocket for his cigarette-case, and found it empty.

55. "Over there." Hélène pointed to the tabourette. "No, wait. I've got some I think you might like better —if you care for Cubans. In the red painted box on the writing-desk."

56. Allison nodded, crossed the room and jerked the cord on a jeweled desk light, that brought into sharp prominence every feature of the gaudy, gilt escritoire. Then he stood still, his hands suspended above the gayly painted Dutch cofferette. His eyes, wide with surprise,

---

56. Third and last movement begins. Note that movement, or act, two has two scenes, or stage-sets, the cabaret and the apartment. Act three has the same set as scene two of movement two. Further exemplifying the dramatic structure of this and of the typical short story, note the exit carefully prepared for the minor persons; so that the acme of the "big scene" is played by the two principals alone on the stage. S. S. M., 71:1, and 71-121 *passim*.

56-61. Account for the nervousness and fencing of the two at this point. How is it indicated? Is the fact true to psychology? To their respective characters and the situation which has now been developed by the working out of the basic conception?—Does the tensening of interest and the speeding up of the action represent good dramatic management? Why should the "big scene" take less time, or be compressed into shorter space, than the other stages of the story?

were fixed upon a portrait of Forrest Allyne in a silver frame—Forrest Allyne in this cabaret dancer's flat! Could she, "The Girl of the Tiger-Skin"—"Miss Three Weeks"—have read "I, Too, Have Been in Arcady?" Did she know those songs of simple things—those frail imaginings? or had she been attracted by some twist of natural animalism to the face of that passionate youth?

57. "Ah!" he said aloud. "Good-looking chap. Who's your friend, Hélène?" He picked up the picture.

58. "That?" Her voice crossed the hubbub of the room as if traveling in an element of its own, not loud, but curiously distinct. "That's a boy I used to know. He's taken to writing lately; sent me a volume of his stuff the other day—sort of Kid flirtation, you know."

59. Allison chuckled. "Not your style, I should say. Shouldn't think you'd take much stock in him. Have you read his book?"

60. She rose from the divan nervously and joined him. With swift fingers, as if she resented his possessive grip, she took the picture from his hand. A flush showed faintly under her whitened skin.

61. "Oh, yes, I glanced at it. It isn't the sort of thing that would interest you at all. You'd guy it. Where *are* those cigarettes? Box is empty? That's Saku, he loves 'em; I can't keep one. Just the same I've got a lot hidden I bet he didn't find." She unlocked the escritoire, and, pulling out a drawer, rummaged in its secret recesses. Over her white shoulder he had a glimpse of the tumbled interior of the desk—its pens and inks, its rumpled bills, pink note bond, a bunch of rose-colored gauze samples, and spread out, as if the letter had been hastily left uncompleted, a double page of cheap writing-paper, half covered

with the ill-formed, individual handwriting he knew so well.

62. "Good God!" he gasped. "You're not 'Me,' are you?"

63. Her body whipped itself erect and she stood staring at him open-mouthed, her black-red lips drawn above her glittering teeth.

64. "What do you mean?" she demanded. Her hand fell with a quick protective gesture on the unfinished letter.

65. He laughed harshly. "Lord! what a joke! You —*you* the girl 'marooned in a lot of scenery'! You the girl who has her letters delivered with the milk-cans. No

---

62. The plot of this conte has some of the elements of the ingenious-plot and the surprise story, since it requires hidden identity. (Comparatively few plots of hidden identity introduce two persons whose identity is concealed; one unrecognized person usually provides the author a sufficiently difficult task. But "The Opal Morning" has two.) The moment when the true identity is disclosed (S. S. M., 89, n. 7) is always one of "thrill." So it is here. Where is the second revelation made?

65-91. Anticipatory delay (S. S. M., 74, n. 2, 93 : 4). (Note that par. 62, although not strictly bringing the decisive moment, clearly indicates its approach; hence the bickerings that follow, delaying the outcome, are fairly to be classified as anticipatory delay.)

What keeps these pot-and-kettle recriminations from falling quite as low as mere bandied contempt and insult—a vulgar quarrel of cabaret habitués of the "sporting" class? Have we here the culmination and crisis of the spiritual struggle (introd. n. 2) Is the motive, or cause, of the recriminations anything more than vulgar anger and pride?

Observe again that, being in part a surprise (concealed identity) story, this conte postpones an essential part of the exposition—the identities and an essential fact of motive—for disclosure near its end.

wonder you're an authority on dawns! Lord! What a farce!"

66. "Stop laughing!" she flamed. "Stop it, I say! I won't be laughed at, and it isn't a laughing matter. So *he's* a cad, too—like all the rest! Had to show around the little country girl's letters, did he?" Her hand was shaking as she crumpled the sheet and threw it into the scrap basket. "Well, you can go back and tell him just what kind of a little backwoods ingenue wrote 'em—for the fun of the thing—to make a jackass of a poet have the big head—just to make the man with that silly woman-face think he'd been writing something real with his twaddle!"

67. Allison hardly listened to her. Something deep within him was angrily resenting this changeling of his dreams. He was suddenly furious with this painted dancer for her impersonation of that other—as if somehow she had wronged a real and living entity. His resentment burst into being.

68. "Gad!" he explained. "It makes me sick! What the deuce did you want to go to all that elaborate trouble for? What's the sense? And that snapshot—a lot like *you*—gingham and pinafores and lilacs and sunbonnets, hey? Of all the stupid——"

69. "So he showed you *that,* too, did he?" she interrupted. "Sweet proposition, *he* is. That was a snapshot of Lillie Ling—a movie girl—I happened to know—she looks the rube part all right, and—well, you can tell him to come and see me dance the tiger dance. That'll give him something new in ginghams. *Then* he can tell the story on himself if he wants to."

70. "Oh, he's seen you dance and he doesn't care to repeat the story, believe me."

71. "Oh, he has, has he?" Her eyes blazed.

72. "Yes, he has. If you want to know, I wrote 'I, Too, Have Been in Arcady.' *I'm* your childhood's friend."

73. She stepped away from him three slow steps. Her gaze traveled from the face of the youth in the portrait to Allison's living presence.

74. "*You,*" she whispered. "*You* wrote Arcady—you wrote 'The Opal Morning'? *No,* you didn't. You're lying—you—you bally rounder—you—*you*—the Bright-light pet!"

75. "Well," he sneered, "what about it? You, my precious little country girl—we're quits."

76. "But you couldn't!" There was a sob in her voice. "*You couldn't* write 'The Slipped Tether'—'The Steed With Wings'!" She snatched the framed picture and held it to her breast with an unconsciously dramatic gesture.

77. "Oh, yes, I did." His anger was dying down in a curious new curiosity and wonder. "And 'Pan's Hoof-prints,' and 'The Little Masque.' You see, I remember your favorites."

78. She turned on him with sudden low-voiced fury. "And you! *You* dared to write like that—to make *me* feel like that! Isn't there any truth in the world—is everything that looks beautiful just a sham and a cheat! I—I worshiped those things. They took me out of myself—they made me *think* I was the girl who wrote you—and now—bah!" She threw the portrait atop of the letter in the trash basket. There were tears on her lashes.

---

77. Another fragment of the decisive moment, as he begins to comprehend the truth about her.

79. "Bleakfast," Saku announced.

80. A sudden pushing back of chairs, yawns, and giggles as the party broke up, and, led by Van, made their way to the dining-room.

81. "Cooming—no?" the little Hungarian called, as she hung possessively to Matt's arm.

82. "In a minute," Hélène answered. "Go ahead, don't wait for me"—her voice broke on the last word, and she feigned to cough, as she waved a gesture of angry dismissal to her companion.

83. But Allison did not move. "If you care so much for that sort of thing—the Arcady—why *this?*" His spread palm indicated the gaming table—its oilcloth surface smeared with spilt champagne, the chips piled in uncounted heaps.

84. "Well," she answered, her head thrown back, her eyes defiant. "If *you* care so much for Arcady, why *this?*" Her gesture of loathing included him from top to toe and seemed to background him with all the reek and vice he had sneered at.

85. "But I don't understand."

86. "Neither do I." She came back fiercely. "*You* don't *have* to do this sort of thing."

87. "Do you?" he demanded.

88. "I've got to live," she blazed.

89. "But not like this."

90. "How do you know? I've got to make money—so I can go back."

91. "To the farm, hey?" His own voice was bitter.

92. "No—back to Paris—back to work."

93. "Ah—work." His tone was an insult, and her cheeks crimsoned.

94. "Yes, *work*. Why am I dancing? Because I won't strain my voice—singing in the slums, the only openings I could get over here. And I've got a voice, and I'm going to make good, see if I don't. I had a little money when I came of age, but it's all used up, and the war broke out or I'd have managed somehow there—in Paris. I had to come back—but I'm not beaten. Do you think I want *this*—do you think I want to be with people like *that?*" She jerked her head toward the dining-room, whence came sounds of maudlin talk and inane giggling. "Do you think I want such men as *you* around me? Well, I don't. You rub me raw, all of you—all of you!"

95. The words of her letter flashed in his brain: "Do you have to be with people you dislike all the time?" . . . "My soul is sand-papered raw." . . . "There's a cascade, a rockery here—a horrid, stilted, man-made thing." He remembered the glass grotto of the restaurant, with its illumined step. . . . "I hate its pour, pour, pour."

96. He looked at her, all his resentment gone. Why, the girl had written her heart and soul in those letters to a stranger. They were the truth, the naked truth. He realized that he alone of all who surrounded her knew her. To him blindly she had shown herself. "Me" was real. She *was* "Me," and with that sudden understanding came disgust with himself. Yes, he was a pretty poor substitute for Allyne. Allyne was the better half of himself.

---

94. The discovery of her motive; further revelation of her better nature.

96. The decisive moment completed. The argument that follows is merely further anticipatory delay. But see **par. 105** for the detail that decides her.

He, the man of the world, was after all, a pretty low-down animal. A great wave of pity swept over him. He was resolved, suddenly and impetuously resolved to let "Me" divorce Héléne, and return to herself and her possibilities.

97. "Listen here," he said sharply. "I believe you wrote your real self in those letters. I believe you *do* want to get out. I believe it's your right to get out. If I set up the money, and it won't hurt me—I've got a lot of it—will you clear out of this whole thing? Will you go back, and *work*—will you?"

98. She quivered with indignation from head to foot. If eyes could kill he would have been smitten dead.

99. "How dare you, how dare you!" she stammered.

100. He looked at her gravely. "Why, of course, I dare. I *mean* it. I'm just fool enough to have faith in the 'Me' I know in those letters."

101. "You—you—or your kind—give something for nothing, just to help—a—a cabaret dancer—not much!" She laughed, and her laughter was poisonous in its weary hate.

102. "I don't blame you," he said gently. "But, look here. I know something of the real you, you see, and *I* wrote the Arcady. That, too, is myself. Nobody except my publishers and the artist who drew the picture of what I'd like to look like know that I, Forbes Allison, am Forrest Allyne. Listen to me. I don't ask you to accept anything from Allison. I wouldn't ask you—but—you know what this life is. You know what you want to be. Here is the way out—take it! Not from me, but from the man who was once in Arcady, from that other one who wrote

of real dawns. You needn't be afraid, and you couldn't resent it from *him.*"

103. She crossed her arms about her body as if to hold herself together. Her teeth were chattering; her brows contracted as if in unendurable pain. He put his hand on her naked shoulder, and his touch had all the gentleness of a ministering saint. Even her resentful flesh did not wince.

104. "Little sister—because—I know the real you, because you know the other one in me—let me—open the door of freedom for you—let me——"

105. There was a cry, a crash of plates, a burst of riotous laughter and confused exclamations.

106. "Ah God!" She quivered and turned to him, sick with disgust. She was silent a moment, the lovely lids closing over her tired eyes. Then she straightened and looked at him. "Thank you," she said simply. "'You'—you may help 'Me.'"

107. His face relaxed, his eyes darkened and softened till for a moment the shadow and semblance of the mythical portrait seemed to dwell upon his different face.

108. "Thank you, 'Me,'" he said softly, and, crossing to the window, drew back the curtains and raised the shade.

109. The sky above the house-tops rushed to meet them,

106-110. Note particularly the closing sentence of 106, in which she lifts him with her to the higher level that he is making possible to her. Study the wording to discover how it implies his reclamation as well as hers; and, incidentally, how it suggests the love element mentioned in introd. n. 3. The rest merely expresses with heightened emotion the atmosphere of their spiritual triumph. Study here, too, however, the means employed to effect this expression.

streaming lights of pink and silver against the greenish heavens, purple shadows back of chimney-pots that had turned to cornelian and coral, flecks of gold and drifts of milky blue.

110. "'Me,'" he said softly. "Look—the opal morning!"

THE GREAT GOD

The Story as a Whole

1. "The Great God" almost sets aside conventional categories in its demand to be classified, not among theme stories, but as an interpretation of life (S. S. M., 1:1-6; 6:15-16; 34:20; 256-257). This is not because it definitely sets itself up as a purpose-story (S. S. M., 27:4-8); but because of the skill and artistry with which it integrates its theme and purpose through concrete persons and a history in concrete episodes of a love and a typical character-change (S. S. M., 7:3-9). It rises far superior to the baldness and dry argument of the merely didactic story (S. S. M., 26:1-3). Though interpretation of life will be found in some degree in all the stories reprinted in this book (S. S. M., 5:21-22), yet some of them concern merely fragments of life, or aspects of life in curious or restricted manifestations, or life manifesting itself as affected by particular, possibly even peculiar and remote, motive and points of view in the persons presented. But others are close to "The Great God" in affording an impressive interpretation of existence from some fundamental principle, or as found in widely-recognized manifestations. Such are (in the probable order merely of their interpretive scope and effectiveness) "An Epilogue," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Opal Morning." About these, especially the last-named, judgments may differ when they are compared with some of the other stories; but decision will depend largely on the

answer to one question: Does the choice made of persons, incidents, situation, setting—of the concrete forms through which the interpretation is conveyed—restrict the universality of the representation; is the story conceived in forms that create an impression of wide-encircling significance (for example, is "Miss Mitty" or "Tropics" or "The Love of Men" as extensively representative of the life of mankind as is "The Rag-Time Lady," "In the Matter of Distance," or "The Opal Morning")?

2. The story is notable, not only for making an interpretation of life, but for making the interpretation of life by means of an interpretation of the spirit and point of view of art; see par. 5, n. (Incidentally, this method is helpfully illustrative of the matters discussed in S. S. M., 194: 9-13; 212: 5-7; 246: 9—how the author can convey his criticism of life without injecting in any way the disturbing element of his own individuality.) Cf. "The Defective," "The Rag-Time Lady," "The Song," et al.)

3. Character-creation (S. S. M., 214-228) is accomplished with much skill in Isadore, who is conceived as the representative of the artistic spirit and point of view (see par. 5, n., and introd. n. 2), is adequately individualized, is shown acting as becomes his character, and is made to speak in thorough keeping with his part (S. S. M., 234: 10-13; 241: 1; and more broadly 234-246 inclusive). This last fact provides opportunity also for study of dialogue adaptation.

4. Isadore, though he is the person more prominently before us, may not unfairly be regarded as the person of second importance in the creation of the total impression. The central person is Suzanne, since it is in her that the character-transformation occurs on which the establish-

ment of the theme-view and the unified effect depends. Isadore is merely the person through whom we are brought to realize the significance of the events in, and the outcome of, the supporting plot action employed in establishing the theme. (On the choice of Isadore as the narrator of the plot events, see S. S. M., 138: 3-4, and the note on par. 5 of "The Great God.")

5. A certain resemblance in structure may be noted between this story and "Nerve." Each depends largely upon concentrative materials. Each requires a considerable preparation for the taking up of the plotted part of the narrative. In each, the plot-action is embodied in a narrative recounted by an actor in the events, but the opening is presented by an outsider. In each, the theme is made clear and much of the motivation accomplished outside of the part that, strictly speaking, develops the action of the plot itself, and in each this motivation lies almost entirely in character. In "Nerve," the action required by the plot (strictly so called, in distinction from the broader term "structure") is all included in a two-part incident, that of the quarrel at the gaming-table and the following assertion of his manhood by "the kid." In "The Great God," the action required by the plot (likewise strictly so called) may be regarded as likewise consisting of two incidents—the loving and parting of Isadore and Suzanne, and their meeting ten years later—the difference lying mainly in the fact that what we are terming incidents in "The Great God" consume much more time than do the incidents in "Nerve," and that the interval between is ten years in the former and two hours or so in the latter. Disregarding this difference in the length of the incidental periods in the two stories, we find

their structure closely parallel in this respect as well as in those already cited. On the other hand, we find that "Nerve" introduces most of its contributory and concentrative detail before taking up the truly actional stage of the narrative, whereas "The Great God" includes much of this contributory and concentrative material within the actional stage. (As throwing light on the theory of narration in composition, note how including such detail within the actional stage helps to create the illusion of the lapse of time; note for example the effect of pars. 49-52 in creating the sense of a lapse of time between what precedes and what follows.)

6. Though built primarily upon a theme, "The Great God" might with accuracy be classified as an atmosphere-story (because of its intense subjective coloring—S. S. M., 54-70) or as a character-story (because of the character-change in Suzanne on which it depends and the strength and definiteness of character present in Isadore—S. S. M., 43-54). On such classifications, see S. S. M., 54: 1, and cf. the various other specimens of theme-story in this volume.

THE GREAT GOD

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Reprinted by Permission of the Editors and the Author from "Woman's Home Companion," March, 1917.
(Copyright, 1917)

1. Everyone knows that Isadore Rossenoff will never play in society. His attitude toward his audiences is so much a matter of comment that even the paragraph writers and cartoonists have commented on the way he bows to it. He cannot help bowing gracefully, because he has that supreme beauty so rare among civilized men, a great beauty of movement, as if his quality of a great artist translated itself into each act of his, whether it be the drawing of his bow across his violin, or walking across the street, or bowing to his audience. But he bows like a somnambulist, his melancholy and brooding eyes looking into space as though fixed on some vision of the spirit. He acknowledges the applause of his audience as from a great body of people. He does not recognize the individuals who compose it. He does not know how this piques women, and how his apparent disdain has contributed to his success.

2. A lesser circle, but a very wide one, still knows another peculiarity of his. Unlike many instrumental

---

1. A non-sensational beginning that catches interest—(peculiarity in a well-known personage).

2. Interest ("suspense") increased by cumulation—added peculiarity, attracting more wondering attention because it is less known (is a touch of the unexplained).

virtuosi, Isadore has a passion for the opera. He sits three rows back in one of the highest galleries, and the reason for this I am one of the few who know.

3. Isadore himself told it to me, sitting with the light of my fire playing on his puissant, ugly, Slavic face, which is so at variance with the soft Oriental eyes, for, like many Russian Jews he has the qualities of the land of his birth rather than of his race.

4. Now, as Isadore plays as freely as the wind blows for his own friends, this great musician will bring around his violin and play for me half an afternoon at a time. Like the rest of the world, I had thought his peculiarity a caprice, and once, for what I thought was a good reason, I ventured to beg that he would break through his rule. Often good reasons produce intrusions.

5. "Listen," said Isadore, "neither for you nor for anyone whom I love would I torment myself as I must to do what you ask. When you hear why, very likely you will call me morbid; but an artist is supposed to have a right to his vagaries, and I will not go into any company where I see about me these terrible, well-cared-for, well-groomed women, each one of whom brings to my mind the defeat of the most bright and adorable spirit that I have ever known.

---

3. Attention continued by promise of the explanation. Note the item of race-characterization.

4. Character-hint (S. S. M., 257). Plausible and convincing introduction of the main narrative told in the words of the one person competent to give it its full emotional as well as intellectual significance—one of the two leading actors in it.

5. Forecast of the character-change that constitutes the impressive aspect of the outcome.—Choice of an artist, "supposed to have. . . . his vagaries," as the person from whose point of view the events shall be presented, is well made; all the attacks

6. "Do you know what to me is the most terrible sight in all New York? Worse than the pitiable procession of little girls up Broadway? It is the women in the foyer of the opera. When I look at them it is with pity and with dismay, and finally with terror. How can there be so many women, I ask myself, who look so inhuman? Oh, the splendor of their perfection, how terrible it is.

---

of vocationalism, industrialism, materialistic science, all the powers of darkness in all their aspects, leave our artists still in the place of final leadership. Ultimately they are our seers, prophets, and teachers—the only ones on whom we can depend to teach us the hate of evil and injustice, the love of liberty, devotion to truth and beauty—always the ones to whom we turn when we are driven back to seek for mankind a guiding vision and abiding revelation. Only through their art is the truth and beauty of spirit preserved from the ignorance and hostility of our hordes of the great and the small. Art is therefore the interpreter and the judge of the world's work and thought; and the artist is its mouthpiece and herald. Hence from no human lips so authoritative as those of the artist, and from no human standards so high and broad and deep as his, could be pronounced a judgment upon man and society such as this story is meant to pronounce. The choice of an artist to represent the point of view of this judgment is therefore not to be called able; it was almost inescapable. (The interpretation of the artistic spirit and ideal embodied in "The Great God" is itself so true and inspiring as to leave no doubt of the author's right to claim kinship in spirit with the true artists. What other stories in this volume betray either in fundamental concept or in occasional passages this artistic outlook upon life? Does "The Cat and the Fiddle" do so? "A Rag-Time Lady?" "The Opal Morning?" "The Last Rose of Summer?" "The Song?" "What the Vandals Leave?" On revelation of the author's view-point, see S. S. M., 189: 1-3; 194: 9-13; on fundamental sincerity, S. S. M., 178: 2-3; 199: 14-15.)

6. Here and throughout, study the manner of speech into which Isadore's narrative is individualized (individualizing of dialogue, S. S. M., 236: 13). Study also the manner in which the phrasing

One after another, one after another, I see them: early middle-age and middle-age, calm and magnificent, their too-abundant flesh carefully corseted, their arms and bosoms shining, every detail of them speaking how they live in the realm of the body, and how much thought and time it has taken to give them that special aspect of perfection. One knows how they live, how sheltered are they from every uncomfortable physical sensation. They shrink from discomfort more shudderingly than a braver race shrinks from pain.

7. "But what is more terrible to me than these women are the little girls who accompany them. You see them with flower faces, straight as beautiful young trees, and you know the fate that almost inevitably awaits them. It is to have the inner flaming spirit entombed by the ease of life, by the habit of luxury, until at thirty-five or forty they, too, will be bound hand and foot to the comfort of living, to the appointments of their houses, to the things they eat, drink, and wear.

---

is made to emphasize impression, and especially the choice of descriptive and qualifying adjectives. In the individual words and the phrasing of them lies much of the tone-impression (as well as of the character-indication) of this story (S. S. M., 236: 6). Part of the effectiveness achieved through style-management comes from the coupling together of ideals that are not usually associated ("Terrible, well-cared for. . . . women"), or that strongly contrast with each other ("flaming spirit entombed").

7. Theme brought forward.—Note the contrasts present throughout the story; as in par. 6 set off against par. 7. The outcome that concretely embodies the theme proposition is itself a character-change in which the ultimate character is in utter contrast with its earlier self; that is, the theme-effect of the story is dependent on the successful presentation of a basic character contrast.

8. "No real joy of the body, no more true gayety, no flaming and sudden wrong-doing, even, is possible to them. And an assembly of this kind shows me how narrow is the needle's eye and how few of the rich escape this withering of the spirit that once I saw happen to the soul most dear to me, to the one who meant to me the vision of life, and who was bound up with all my highest dreams, and whom I saw make a sacrifice of her whole life as gay-heartedly, and beautifully, and naturally as a rose blooms, so high was her gallantry.

9. "There was only one force in the world that could have destroyed the beauty of her. It has destroyed nations; but I do not like to see it at work.

10. "When I was younger I used to play at drawing-rooms as you wanted me to do. I had been making a bit of a success. I was just beginning to be known a little and, through a kind word said for me by Sarasarte, I was

---

8-9. Effect of coherence and plausibility is gained because this feeling of Isadore, which is one of the motivating elements, also explains to the satisfaction of our curiosity the question raised by par. 2. (Note that, though it removes the stimulus to interest provided by par. 2, it substitutes in us, in place of curiosity, a more personal interest in the man).—Pars. 1-9 provide initial characterization of the narrator, a leading personage in the events he recounts; indicate the contrast involved in the theme, and the outcome of the struggle of forces on which the theme is based; strikes the keynote of narrative and of spiritual tone and mood; and pass over without a jar into the narrative of the plot-events themselves.

10. From here forward the story consists of the narrative of direct plot action. The sequence is strictly chronological. The structure may be thus indicated: (1) Generating circumstance (meeting of the lovers), with characterization of both, but especially of the girl, who is the chief figure. (2) Rising action: [redacted] their love. (3) Rising action: complication and first struggle and crisis in Isadore's resolution to abandon

invited to play at a fashionable house. When I got through I stood there smoldering and sulky, looking at these young people, these beautiful women with all expression ironed out of their faces. The luxury of the company revolted me; so did the appointments of the house; so did all the display of wealth, from the supper even to the sum they paid me for playing. I thought how each of the notes I had played had been bought by my own self-denial and that of my family, and with what toil my mother had given her life that I might make myself ready to amuse these idle people who did not even understand what I was playing, but who liked to have their senses tickled by music.

11. "My hostess took my resentment for shyness, and very kindly led me over and introduced me to a girl, oh,

---

Suzanne. (4) Rising action: second episode (in form a climactic incident) of struggle and crisis, balancing the first; their love declared. (5) Rising action: approach to decisive moment; main climax of the action in the decisive moment (Suzanne's renunciation, followed by her marriage to the rich man). The divisions named above may be regarded as the first grand division of Isadore's narrative. Co-ordinate with this in its importance to the total impression is the shorter but indispensable division (6) that follows: the spiritual result consequent on the outcome of the action, i.e., upon Suzanne's marriage to wealth (observe the significance here of par. 59). This last division completes the impression for which the story as a whole was written, because it presents to us the contrast of Suzanne-as-she-had-become with Suzanne-as-she-was. It is therefore the stage of greatest effect, in both Isadore's narrative and the story as a whole (S. S. M., 92:1; 93:4).

11. Observe here and throughout the simplicity and yet the intensity of the description—a fact thoroughly consistent with the conception of narrative in the mouth of an artist; art is always simple yet, in proportion to its theme, intense. Note likewise the indication of the artistic point of view, the understanding,

a beautiful girl, very young, untouched and unstained by anything sordid. She was still throbbing with the music I had played, for when I met her she turned from white to flame and white again, and opened her mouth to speak and forgot what she was going to say and left it opened, like a shy child. It was like seeing one of the shimmering, quivering things that I play standing before me, made flesh, and, because I was an impudent Jewish boy and self-possessed for all my sulky ways, I smiled and said to her:

12. "'Don't look at me like that, for I'm more afraid of you than you of me, and with more cause!'

13. "At that her color flamed back again.

14. "'And why should you be afraid of me?' she asked.

15. "'Because this is my first party,' said I, in my most serious way, 'and I have met very few young ladies in my life.'

16. "'Then we are equal!' she said, as she clapped her hands together, 'for this is my first party, too, in New York, and you are the very first musician whom I have met at all!'

17. "'And how do you like your first party?' I asked her.

18. "'It's divine!'

19. "Do you remember when young girls called everything 'divine'?"

---

disciplined yet irrepressible feeling, that artists experience toward life and the world (e.g., the closing sentence). Such interpreting comment is found throughout the story; look for other instances of it. In these deep-founded philosophical asides, so consistent with the talk of an artist because so representative of the artistic mind and nature, lies much of the strength of the present story as an interpretation of life and its forces.

20. Isadore looked up at me, and his eyes were shining with tenderness at the memory of it.

21. "We sat down together and talked as though we had met again after a long absence. This is the way, depend on it, that love at first sight comes, not as a portentous and shattering thing. It slips up on you while you are not looking. You have the sense of reunion, of

---

21. May be thought of as another indication of the directness and simplicity of the artistic mind. Observe the simple frankness with which, all through the story, Isadore thinks and speaks of intimate and sacred facts—taking it for granted, as should be the case, that (his audience being fit) on high and vital themes man's discourse may freely run. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." (One of the most damning charges against any literature—and it has been laid against literature in America—is failure to deal with vital things. There is no denying that our writers have often been reticent upon the highest and deepest themes—have sometimes, unlike Mrs. Vorse, expended their energy and their technique upon insignificant conceptions. But if on the whole they have fallen short in this respect, they may not be the ones solely to blame. Our American democracy, in raising our people to the level of a self-satisfied and partly educated middle class—which rise and education are a triumphant result—has yet created a public well qualified to read along the middle levels, but not always to appreciate the outlook or the air of the mountain tops. How many powerful studies of life, in verse, play, conte, and novel, have been laid dejectedly away upon the shelf by writers of achieved or potential mastership, because the selective agents of prevailing taste and intelligence refused them, heaven knows. That intelligence and appreciation steadily increase among us, seems certain. But it is also true that the literature so far produced by our democracy has often been reticent concerning the highly and intimately spiritual, and that our literary and dramatic art, where it has succeeded in getting before the public an interpretation of such things, has often been forced to embody them in persons and situations and to express them in language leveled down to the comprehension of many far from adequately educated and cultured (the society depicted in "The Last Rose of Summer" is a fair example).

meeting in the flesh your heart's heart, of something you have known like your mother from the time you were nursed at her breast. There is nothing that you wish to shield yourself from at first.

22. "'How do you like your first party?' Suzanne asked me.

23. "She was so gay and happy that I hated to dampen her pleasure, but I felt that there must be perfect truth between us from the first. So I told her as gently as I might how I had lived.

24. "Then I told her of my mother, so prematurely aged, and how the sight of these people brought her before me, until I saw pity for the world move in Suzanne's soul; and anyone who awakens this pity in another heart links that person to himself.

That, notwithstanding such an obstacle to artistic vitality and power, our writers have frequently succeeded in interpreting to us not only the life of our democracy as it is, but also (even in commonplace embodiments and a style adapted to mediocre appreciations) spiritual conceptions of exalted significance, manifests the irrepressible spiritual impulse of art and the skill of our artists, and promises our continued if sometimes slow advance in such intellectual and spiritual culture. We may hope therefore for the time when fewer people will be too modest to face the facts of physical life except in prurient presentations, too indolent of mind to think intently upon stern problems of existence, too narrow and dull to be interested in persons and things outside the range of their own circumscribed experience and their dime-novel or movie-comedy imagination, or too turtle-souled to keep their head out of the shell when a spiritual theme is held forth toward them. Our part in the world-struggle for Liberty bids fair to win us a notable advance in this spiritual freedom also.)

23. Give the story a looking-through for instances of character-hints (S. S. M., 257) in speech or act.

24. Is this in general the spirit of art?

25. " ' This is the first time that I have been glad I am poor, and sorry that I'm going to be rich,' she said to me.

26. " ' And why are you going to be rich? '

27. " ' Because,' she answered, ' the man I am to marry is rich.'

28. " As she said that I knew that I loved her, and the pain at my heart made me put into words almost unconsciously the thought which sprang up in me:

29. " ' Why are you marrying him since you are not in love? ' At this she looked at me with the wide-open and startled eyes of a gentle, frightened, wild creature.

30. " ' Why! ' she said, ' I do love him, and I've always loved him. I've known him ever since I can remember, and I have always loved him.'

31. " But I knew that for the first time she realized that she didn't. So in that one evening each one had broken to pieces the other's life. Life for me had been, up to that time, one of deep austerity. I walked between two walls; poverty on the one side, and on the other, work. I had one life before me, and that was ambition; and one pleasure, and that was music; and of course I had dreamed dreams and I had read books, and then love came to me in the shape that I had dreamed. At least, I had that to be thankful for, for to how many does that happen?

32. " I wish you could have seen her as I saw her. What beautiful and wonderful things a special training

---

31. Determine for yourself whether a rise in intensity characterizes the passage, pars. 11-31. Pick out other passages that reveal the climactic growth of emotion or situation.—Would it be accurate to say that par. 31 is powerful? Can intense emotion be expressed in quiet language?

32. See S. S. M., 107: 29 and footnote, with preceding and following context.

can make of a woman! She had been brought up by her grandmother, who had made Suzanne the poetry in her life of self-denial. She had been an artist in human nature and had perceived the rarity of Suzanne's soul, and developed it, and sheltered it, and molded it as only tradition combined with seclusion from the world may do. In Suzanne's expression was that calm serenity that only a cloistered life, combined with high idealism, gives. One saw through what beautiful and spacious days she had lived.

33. "I learned that she had become engaged to a neighbor, a man older than herself, whom she had known always and who knew evidently how to cherish the jewel life had given him. She was in New York for the first time, staying with an aunt while she learned the ways of society and bought her wedding outfit.

34. "I did not see her for three days, and during that time she thought constantly of the world in which I had lived, and my question, 'Why do you marry him if you do not love him?' echoed and reëchoed in her heart like a strain of torturing music. She learned as I did how long three days may be in passing. Before this, her days had come and gone of equal length, beautiful and peaceful, framed between sunset and sunrise, as mine had been bounded by an eagerness for my toil and a deep weariness at the day's end.

35. "Suzanne's aunt was an amiable and indolent woman who saw no danger in me. She handed the chaperoning of Suzanne over to some young married friend, and

35. Note that mere supplementary and subordinate motivating may be introduced merely as a sentence or two of passing explanation. This method is the simplest and most obvious, and also the

I took her with me to show her where I had lived. I had her meet some of my friends. This went on for two weeks. As I watched her and listened to her, I watched the greatest miracle that man can witness—I saw life playing on a beautiful spirit.

36. "Then one evening I found her alone. I played to her the things which she herself had felt and said, for she had the gift which some simple-hearted have who distill in three or four words things felt most deeply by their hearts."

37. Isadore had talked as though he were playing on the violin, as if this memory told itself. Then he paused, his ugly head lighted by the fire, and cried out, "How can I forget her? The first true music that I ever made was only her interpretation.

38. "I played for her that night, and her surprise and pity of the world was ready to pour itself forth in her tears and the quickened beating of her heart. I saw her soul before me like a flame shaken by the wind. And when she asked me, 'What are you playing, Isadore?' I answered, 'You, Suzanne,' and neither of us noticed that we had used each other's first names.

39. "There was something so yielding and beautiful in her abandon to my music that I got up and went away,

---

most likely to appear crude and awkward. It is especially suitable, however, for statements of plot-embryo, synopses, and scenarios (S. S. M., 75:7), and is the only form adapted for moving-picture action-plots and scenarios. A study of the so-called daily short stories supplied by the syndicates to many newspapers will show that this elementary form of motivating is almost their sole dependence—a fact that goes far to account for their barren crudity and general lack of artistic quality.

36-38. Study the interpretation of the spirit and significance of artistic expression, exemplified here in music.

because I was afraid if I stayed there in the half twilight, alone with the uncloaked flaming soul of Suzanne that my music called to me, I would have taken her in my arms.

40. "I had a deep sense of responsibility. I knew how uncertain is the fortune of a musician. I knew what a sundering of the ties of family would mean to her. What had I to offer her but love? So that night I gave her up.

41. "I meant to stay away and never see her again, but I could not sleep at night, remembering how I had played upon her as the wind would play upon the strings of a violin if the wind were a person. Such sweeping melodies of life had I played on her spirit! I never since have seen anyone who felt life as she did, who responded so to its high beauty, and who innerly wept at the great pity of things, whose indignation at injustice flamed so high. How could I help thinking of these things? Though I did not go to her, I played to her every time I drew my bow across my violin, and I improvised her smile and the glance of her eyes.

42. "Though I kept my promise to myself, I wasn't strong enough. I thirsted for the sight of her. I accepted an engagement to play at a place she might visit, and then another and another. The first time she saw me she came toward me; but I bowed ceremoniously and without warmth, while it seemed to me that my heart shut so tight that it squeezed every bit of blood from me.

---

41. Another of the numerous interpretations of the artistic character and spirit afforded by this narrative. The susceptibility of the artist to emotion, his sensitiveness to meanings that may wholly escape the duller-souled, is one of the things that often win him the contempt of the ignorant and stupid. (For another angle on this, cf. "The Defective.")

43. "The next time I saw her, although I did not take a step toward her, my eyes plead with her, and she came to me, first slowly and shyly and hesitatingly, and then at last, in a little run, her hands outstretched, and she said:

44. "'Isadore, where have you been? Are you angry?' giving herself with that humility which is so much prouder than the pride that waits.

45. "Without thinking what we did, we left the crowded drawing-room and found a deserted library, and my arms were around her, and she was saying to me:

46. "'How should I know what love was before? How should I know anything about it, Isadore? for I have never loved anyone else or dreamed of anyone else. But, from the moment I saw you I loved you!' And then she said, with her sweet and deep reproach, 'Oh, why did you make me suffer so long?' for only those who have felt it know the long agony that two weeks of doubt may be.

47. "'How could I have known?' was all that I could say. 'How could I have known that you could care the

---

43. An admirable example of restraint, otherwise called compression and also economy of detail (S. S. M., 66:17-18; 80:3). Restraint—ability to stop when enough has been written—to avoid "slopping over" and excess or straining for effect in any form—is the quality of high art. It will be found fully exemplified in this story. In what other stories in this volume have you noted it? Why is such simplicity and sparseness of detail adapted to the present narrative, whereas abundance and profusion of detail are demanded in parts of stories such as "Tropics?"

47. Is this a character-hint, showing us that Isadore was unselfish in his love? Do you judge that it was so intended? Is careful consistency in character-creation indicated by it (cf. par. 23)? To what extent is such unity of character-concept essential to plausibility? to unity of impression?

way that I cared? Now that you love me, life will be a long, long strife for you. You will have to walk to me over the hearts of those you love! You will have to take back your given word!'

48. "'I know,' she said, 'I know!' But she was only a little sad. For those who are brave the inner decision is the great cost, and she had that high gallantry given to so few.

49. "It was one of those things too beautiful to last," he said again after a pause, his brooding eyes looking uneasily at the fire as his spirit traveled back over the years.

50. "It was so beautiful that we felt its doom as one feels the doom of all lovely things. Its beauty made me shiver, as do all the beautiful things in nature, dawn, childhood, the tender green of spring. The tragedy of the world is the evanescence of its beauty.

51. "Bloom falls from the trees in an hour, the beauty of women changes even as we look at it: nothing remains. Herein lies the greatness of art. The things I play to you are beautiful tomorrow, and when I am dead they will still be beautiful. Art stays for a moment the relentless hand of time.

52. "This foreknowledge of ours cast a shadow on our joy. But when our doom came knocking at the door we did not know it.

---

48. Another illustration of the fact that, if well managed and kept ancillary, direct comment on life is possible in the short-story. In this and similar passages, note the restraint (see par. 43, n.). Note further how the simplicity of thought and language is consistent with the artistic mind, represented in Isadore (see note on par. 11).

52-60. Here is a splendid opportunity for hectic portrayal, for strenuous emotionalism. Our author has sensed the truer artistic

53. "First we heard that Suzanne's brother was ill, but he had always been ailing. His sickness seemed to have no bearing on our love for one another. Then there arrived in New York the ailing boy, accompanied by Kenneth Gresham, Suzanne's fiancé. He was a big, kind-looking man, serene and blond. The old grandmother also accompanied the boy. She was a beautiful granite rock of a woman, noble and austere, but the boy was a frail and luminous shadow of Suzanne, the sort of boy it wrings one's heart to see at all and that wrings one's heart doubly to see in pain.

54. "Suzanne sent for me the day after they came, and before she opened her mouth I knew that the blow had fallen, for she had that look of exaltation that means one has suffered to the other side of pain and has conquered pain. It seems that Gresham had broken the news to her himself, and taken her tenderly in his arms while he told her that the boy's life depended on an operation that would have to be followed by long treatment in a fitter climate.

55. "'It would be better if we were married right away,' he had said.

56. "The whole thing seemed a matter of course to her family and she let them believe it was a matter of course to her as well; but the way she looked at me told me how voluntary was her choice and how little she was

---

means—simplicity and restraint. The bravery, completeness and nobility of the sacrifice sufficiently emphasize themselves (S. S. M., 66: 17-18). In this story are no heroics and high-wrought emotionalism; note for illustration the discipline and the perspective indicated by Suzanne's speech in par. 59 (this is quite distinct from the fact that the speech turns out to be a prophecy unawares).

crowded into it by weakness. The joy of sacrifice had been denied to me and my first thought was for her, and I cried out, 'You can't sell yourself even for your brother!'

57. "'Why not?' she said with her head up.

58. "She made a magnificent spendthrift gesture. It was as if she tossed the lad herself as lightly as she might a rose.

59. "'You know,' she told me, 'in some ways it won't be so hard. It's life the way it might have been before I met you. I'll have to make-believe that I just dreamed you.'

60. "And then she came to me and put her arms around me with an enfolding gesture as though she wished to shield me from the pain that she herself was suffering, and whispered to me again and again, 'Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear!'

61. "It was as though this little whisper was the noise of the bleeding of her heart. I never heard any other word or cry elsewhere so poignant as that whispered 'My dear,' and even now, after all these years have passed, it comes back to me in my sleep.

62. "After all, I have had more than most men in that I began my life on an episode of perfect and untarnished beauty. Few of us ever see perfection. I suffered, but there was no bitterness in my suffering. She had left me no alternative but to be the best thing in life I knew how.

63. "What hurt me most was the irony of becoming rich within two years after her great sacrifice. I used to rave about this hopelessly. So for ten years I played up and down Europe, working hard, and after a while the

62. Can fiction give us spiritual instruction and stimulus?

tragedy left only the afterglow of its beauty. I had many friendships with women, but, oh, the deep delight in living that she had given me never came to me again. Nowhere have I found that swift flaming pity or that swift flaming love. I have tried all my life to play as poignantly as she felt.

64. "This seems to you to have very little bearing on why I will not play for your friends.

65. "Wait. My real tragedy came later. Ten years I said I never saw her—but I saw her daily. Neither time nor other loves had dimmed my vision of her. Only one thing could do that.

66. "Now listen and I will tell you how I lost Suzanne. One day in the south of France I was walking along the esplanade, and I turned around to find Suzanne and her husband. Her husband had remained as I remembered him. What shall I tell you of Suzanne? She was beautiful, oh, far more beautiful than as a girl, as the world counts things.

67. "But in the complacent lines of her face and figure there remained hardly a trace of the thing I loved. There was no fire, the radiance had gone. She was sleek, silken, beautiful.

68. "She had always responded to life. Life ebbed and flowed through her as through no one else, and the life she had lived, the soft life, the easy life, the life the women of your world live, had killed the girl whose heart had vibrated like the string of a violin under a master's hand.

69. "This much I saw at once. They asked me to come and see them. I could not sleep that night. I

thought that alone with her I should find some trace of the Suzanne I had loved, dimmed perhaps, but beautiful.

70. "She was waiting for me on the terrace, a beautiful, finished thing. She wore her clothes with a grand air, her skin had the quality of some soft milky jewel, that over-cared-for quality that I have come to loathe more than any artificiality. Life had been so soft and so kind to her flesh that her spirit had withered and died. She had kept many lovely things, her innocent gaze, her simplicity of manner, but the deadening terms on which such women as she live had erased the deep reality of her love and the pain of her renunciation. We talked of this and that. Then she said to me:

71. "'What romantic children we were!' An indulgent smile was all that life had let her keep of herself. Then she asked me:

72. "'I suppose I have changed very much?'

73. "There was a trace of complacent coquetry as she said this that was horrible to me. She knew she was more beautiful, but what hurt me most, I think, was that she had not kept, as even the most hardened men sometimes keep, the vision of her own lost youth. There are very few men who are not visited at times by the boy they once were, who sits beside them and asks for an account of the ideals they once so deeply cherished. But Suzanne had no such visitors to trouble her tranquillity.

74. "She said, I remember—how often I have heard the words!—'I'm getting a little too fat, I think.' She said it contemplatively but seriously, as though keeping her body to a certain standard was her life work.

75. "Silence fell on us. In front the Mediterranean

spread its sheet of inconceivable blue to the horizon, and, behind, the mountains climbed skyward. We could see a little town far up on the hillside that looked as though a handful of plaster had been flung on the sheer side of the rock. The roses were in full bloom around the terrace. At the far end Gresham and a young girl were walking up and down. She was a cousin of Suzanne's and she had a darting look swift as a bird's flight, who seemed more like Suzanne than Suzanne herself. Suzanne watched them with a speculative and uneasy glance. The activities of life had kept him young, and he had loved the flaming thing she had been. He was the more faithful to her that the flame still called to him. They came toward her.

76. "'You're coming this afternoon, aren't you, Suzanne?' he said after he greeted me. 'Won't you join us?'

77. "'Can one go by the carriage road? Couldn't I drive up and meet you?' She smiled up at me. 'I don't like these interminable rough solitos.'

78. "Her husband hung over her. It was as though he were pleading mutely: 'Come with me. Come forth from your sleep. I have need of you.'

79. "She half consented, and then the habit of comfort and indulgence overcame her.

80. "'Go without me,' she said, and I, since I loved the memory of her, realized that this was the true moment of her soul's defeat, since she could let those she loved go hungry rather than disturb her comfortable sleek body, go hungry until they found a way of feeding their souls, without her,—and than this there is no greater spiritual defeat for a woman.

81. "Comfort and security and the monotony of her sheltered life had done their blighting work upon her. There she sat, beautiful, silken, sleek like your women in the opera, like the women I see, slave to the Great God Comfort, the overthrower of empires who is stronger than love. This is what makes me hate your world, your world that destroys your women from want on the one hand and with plenty on the other."

---

81. In your judgment, is this paragraph necessary to complete the application of the plot-facts to the theme and effectively round out the story? Is there at this point any feeling of a didactic effort on the part of the author, or does the momentum and interest of Isadore's narrative successfully carry us through what corresponds in form to the "conclusion" prescribed by the rhetorics in the "outlines" they require? What saves the paragraph from such flatness? Does the style help? Does the fact that it carries us back in thought to details that were—temporarily—prominent at the opening of the story, similarly help to sustain interest in this ending paragraph? Is this recalling of these details necessary for the sake of coherence—to "bind" the framework, as carpenters express it? Finally, is a slight letting-down of emotional or other intensity sometimes desirable at the end?

TROPICS

The Story as a Whole

1. As indicated by the title, "Tropics" is strongly an atmosphere story. The atmosphere is largely produced through local color, especially that of physical environment; S. S. M., 54-70. The second atmosphere quality (S. S. M., 56, n.), mood, is partly that of strangeness, isolation, and romance, partly that of activity and of struggle against the conditions and spirit of the environment. The protagonist is the White Man, represented in Wakeman (with Faulkner in the background); the antagonist is partly the semi-savage (represented in mass by the Panamanians of the *barrio*), but mainly tropical environment. Temperament and personality in Wakeman and the conditions of native life are contributing elements, though of social characterization (S. S. M., 257) there is a less amount.

2. Considered with reference to its persons, the story is "the epic of Wakeman's life" (par. 239). Not only is Wakeman the central, unifying person; he practically *is* the story, so far as action is concerned. Faulkner appears as the agent of the generating circumstance when he brings, to Wakeman, the demand of civilization for struggle, but thereafter he is merely a contributing person, aside only from the fact that his acquaintance with Wakeman's struggle qualifies him to tell Wakeman's history.—Consider whether the conception of a short piece of fiction as an epic tends for or against strict unity, or

whether it tends toward a connected series of episodes. Does the present story meet the theoretical requirement explained in S. S. M., 16: 2-5—does it consist mainly of the climactic scene and situation? To what extent is the panoramic presentation of environment (evidently included in the author's purpose) responsible for the space allowed to the ancillary episodes, and are they thus given an importance that interferes with the structure mentioned in S. S. M., 16: 2-5?

3. Strictly, the narrator's angle (S. S. M., 138, 143-144) is that of a person (Faulkner) having part in the story. Practically, however, the narration proceeds from the "omniscient" viewpoint of the author. Faulkner's account runs quite as would that of the author writing wholly from the impersonal third-person point of view. That Faulkner should know all these details of Wakeman's struggle is made plausible by his repeated appearance in the story, since we assume—without being told—that Wakeman related them to him. The management in this is worth noting, as adopting the angle of a participant not infrequently makes awkward the introduction of facts about which the narrator could have no personal knowledge; in some way his knowledge of them has to be plausibly explained.

4. The style is notable for the presence of many epithets—color words, sound words, action words. These are often vividly and boldly descriptive and realistic, and their vividness and boldness are heightened by "nervous," forceful, broken sentence-form. Attention will be called to some such passages in the notes, but the student can profitably make a more detailed study of the descriptive means employed. It is mainly through these that the

atmosphere is "got over." Especially it is the abundance of them, without repetition, that conveys the suggestion of the opulence, prodigality, and luxuriance of the tropical environment and setting. (The student may, however, inquire whether there is not a certain straining for effect that would be manifest were it not for the rapidity of the narration and the quick powerful way in which the words strike the attention—whether the volleys of them and their sudden, novel vividness and realism have not a result like the striking of high-powered bullets, which at first produce no impression but that of the blow, the full realization of the facts coming later. Occasional expressions, at least, seem artificially forcible. Note some instances of this.)

5. The student is advised to make a careful examination to determine the relative proportions of the four basic elements present in this story—plot, theme, character, and atmosphere (S. S. M., 54: 1).—The aim of this study should be, to form a conclusion on the question, to how great an extent can any of these elements be minimized without affecting more or less adversely the satisfying impression left with us by the story as a whole? More specifically: Are the plot incidents of the present story sufficient to carry the large amount of concentrative material introduced (S. S. M:, 107: 30-39), or are they obscured by the intensifying matter? Are the stages of the plot—rising action, decisive moment, climactic height—adequately felt, or is the development (especially through the rising action) more a series of successive incidents such as characterize the tale (S. S. M., pp. 8-15) than it is close-wrought in the strict sense? If so, is there any way by which, without sacrificing other things equally important

in his purpose, the author could emphasize the quality of dramatic plot? Is there any lack of satisfying character-portrayal (S. S. M., pp. 43-54; 208: 2-4)? If so, could the amount of individual characterization be increased (and how)? It may be well to extend this examination to other stories included in the volume; for instance, "The Cat and the Fiddle," "The Love of Men," "Miss Mitty," "The Defective," "Little Sunbeam," "A Quiet Life or Life on the Quiet," et al. (These questions are put to suggest profitable inquiries by the student toward a thorough understanding of the short story in general, and not to convey a criticism one way or the other upon this story.)

TROPICS *

By Patrick Casey

Reprinted from "Adventure," December, 1913, by Permission of the Editors and the Author.
(Copyrighted, 1913, by the Ridgway Company)

1. His was the same old story, drawled Faulkner.[1] The heat, the consuming passions of the tropics, got him. Around with the broiling Line and back again, it's the same. You know. Love, free unhampered love in the moist warmth beneath the palms. Bamboo huts where a white is king; a cooing maiden, part savage, more child; cocoanuts, bananas, yams; visions of bliss and eternal dozing, dozing——

2. His voice droned off into silence. We hunched our chairs closer.[2] Faulkner had first-hand knowledge. He had known the man. The ebb and flow of our cigarette-

1-2. The immediate beginning is worth observing. Writers using the told-by-a-participant angle of narration frequently take unnecessary time in getting to the narrative. Cf. the beginning of "The Love of Men."—Observe how the tone of intense nervous activity is struck at once in the abrupt words and sentences (but see n. on 13).—What does the story gain by having the scene of its telling placed in Panama? Would there be a loss in unity of tone were it told in Montreal?

* Through the courtesy of Mr. Casey, a copy of the original manuscript was provided, making it possible to reprint his story with clear indication of the changes owed to editorial revision before its magazine publication. The variant readings appear at the bottom of the page, with index-figures in the text indicating the place in the sentences or paragraphs where the omitted or altered passages stood.

[1] MS: his rich tones splitting the silence like electric sparks.
[2] MS: The story was as enthralling as it was world old. And

ends danced in the restless dark like the pinpoint blurs of the city of Panama below. Faulkner began again:

3. Wakeman was one of life's flotsam. All his years he had skimmed along the upper crust. I met him first in 'Frisco. He was a mining engineer brimming with visions of the future gold-mines of Colombia.

4. He was from the South. Swell family.[1] He had the look of it. He was tall, slim-waisted, broad-shouldered, haughty-featured.[2] Physically and morally, to look at him, a strong man. He had pulled stroke on the Cornell eight. But somewhere in the liquidity of his big brown eyes floated Romance. That was [3] the weakness. I did not see it, then. He was going south, pursued by his dreams.

5. The years rolled into each other.[4] I was appointed a sanitary inspector under Colonel Gorgas down on the Canal. We wiped out the mosquitoes and the flies and the rats, bubonic plague, typhoid, malarial and yellow fever from Colon and Panama. We dosed everybody with rations of quinin.[5]

3-4. On initial characterization, see S. S. M., 163 : 18-19. Note the forecast contained in the sentences that refer to Romance; they motivate the degradation in which Wakeman is later found. Look for other mention of his weakness. Is motivation adequate, though so limited?

5 ff. A double function: to create feeling of passage of time, and acquaint us with determining conditions of the action. Observe how this passes on, from the end of par. 6 through 7 to 8-12, into preliminary indication of setting and environment.— [1] Study the effect of these words in producing a strong impression of unwholesomeness.— [2] Study these words as impression-makers;

[1] MS: —broad acres, statesmen, aristocrats even before the Revolution.
[2] MS: His wealth of black hair waved, like a patrician's, back from a high white forehead.
[3] MS: the blight, the weakness.
[4] MS: and flitted by.
[5] MS: We installed reservoirs, fresh water systems, mosquito screens, public garbage furnaces—all manner of sanitary improvements at both ends of what is the world's greatest engineering feat.

6. The newspapers at home were clamoring. No dirt was flying on the Big Ditch. But we had yellow-jack and typhoid and malaria the length of the Zone to get under control. Gorgas organized his anti-mosquito corps. I was delegated to the "Stegomyia Brigade." Yellow fever was to be mine enemy.

7. I was stationed at Bas Obispo in the evil entrails [1] of the Zone where the Chagres swerves. Word seeped down to us that up the river a few miles a native village was in the throes of the Black Vomit. It was off the beaten track where white foot had seldom trod. I decided to investigate and, if the reports were founded, to put the *barrio* under quarantine.

8. I was proud in those days of the brass cross on the collar of my khaki jacket. All the tortuous [2] passage up the dismally [1] embowered [2] stream I stood in the bow of the *cayuca* and searched with my eyes the banking walls [2] of morbidly [1] bright-colored [2] jungle-foliage. The air beneath was dank [1] with steam and rancid [1] with vegetable odors that weighed like a load on the lungs.[1] The [3] banks were bloody cesspools [1] of red clay. Back of them great coleus-plants, arching ferns, cannas, and wonderful orchids splashed the eyes with the tints of the rainbow.[2] Over all, in the stagnant [1] heat, draggled [1] the heavy fronds of cocoanut-palms.

9. The yellow [2] stream took a bend. It flowed, deep and sluggish [1] under the lattice-work [2] of foliage. The prow of

they are among the descriptive epithets already mentioned. In the abundance of such words, this story reminds one of Chateaubriand's pseudo-florid, pseudo-poetical descriptions; but the style is more abrupt and nervous, and the method essentially more "realistic."

[3] MS: flat banks

the *cayuca* cracked [2] through a myriad of tiny floating substances. They were minute eggs—hundreds, thousands of them. Some bobbed about singly, but most of them were glued buoyantly [2] together, like a frog's with a thin paste-like matter. They were the eggs of disease-breeding mosquitoes. We were approaching the empested village.

10. Mosquitoes struck [2] us in swarms. On they would come, thin black clouds in the shimmering [2] humidity, and strike like clammy [1] hands our exposed arms and faces. I pulled my Stetson down over my eyes and, despite the reeking [1] closeness, buttoned the top of my jacket to my neck. I dosed my *cargadores* with quinin. I swallowed eleven [3] grains myself. My system was hardened to the drug.[4]

11. I broached a cask of crude oil and allowed it to *gluck-gluck* [2] over the egg-strewn surface. A greasy scum like blackish seaweed spread in our wake. That would prove death to the larvæ in the eggs. When they rose to the top to breathe, not life but destruction would be drawn into their bodies. The thick greasy oil would burn like molten lead [2] down their breathing-tubes.

12. A clearing broke out [2] on the right-hand bank and stretched damply [1] back, for fully an acre, into the shadows of the palms. There were eighteen huts, bamboo-walled and grass-thatched. It was known as San Juan Bautista. When I left that day, there were seventeen huts.[5]

---

[3] MS: some thirty

[4] MS: I took from the stores an iron disinfecting pan. From the leafy arcade, man-high above, I shook into it, in passing, some dead foliage. I placed some chloride upon this and touched a match to it. The mosquitoes dropped, like swatted flies, through the suffocating greenish gas. Looking back, I could see the smoke clinging in jade clouds to the scummy surface of the water.

Leaving a *cargadore* to hold the smoking pan,

[5] MS: The *Lost Barrio*. After eight years of concealment beneath an interlaced mass of lush and creepers and ferns and trees, our engineers unearthed it last week.

13. A khaki-clad American policeman paused below us in the street in a shaft of light from the Government hotel, and fanned himself with his broad Baden-Powell. Someone on the veranda scratched a match. It was as if a calloused finger had rubbed down the length of an exposed nerve of us. There was, in the dark, a vexed readjustment of sitting postures. Then Faulkner drawled on:

14. About the *barrio* was no sign of life. The smooth, round stones that take the place of wash-boards, the rough knotty clothes-paddles were lying half-submerged in the steaming silt, and no bronze-skinned Panamanian women squatted, chattering like monkeys, in the red clay. The ashes were gray in the rude outdoor fireplaces. There were no naked, staring, kinky-haired babies rolling in the grassy ways; no muffled crushing of maize before the doorways; no *swack* of machete among the cocoanut-tufts. No movement, no sound, save only the monotonous drone of the clouds [6] of mosquitoes that rose and settled in the dead air and flew back and forth.[7]

13. This paragraph contributes to the mood and tone effect of the narration, and therefore justifies its interruption of the speaker's narrative. The place of the story-telling, like the events of the story, is tropical, and the tropical is presented as morbid and nerve-trying.—Note that again Faulkner is represented as drawling; but notice the further characterization of his speech in the simile edited out of par. 1. Keep this in mind in realizing the effect of his abrupt, incomplete manner of speech. Do the two go well together? (The drawling speech, but for the lost simile, would represent another characteristic of the environment—slowness and inertness in human life under tropical conditions.)

14. Local color (amounting to description of conditions of life; i.e., social characterization), setting, and atmosphere are all pre-

[6] MS: swarms
[7] MS: in clouds.

15. Pestilence was heavy in the superheat. At each breath the stagnant air seemed to shrivel my lungs. Swishing and snapping with noise monstrous in the festering quietude, we shot through the eggs and the out-reaching ferns and lianas and reeds, and banked on the red clay An alligator, disturbed from its coma beneath the trailing growths, slid with a splash into the water. A baby squealed gaspingly; choked off; and all was still.

16. I leaped out. A crescendo of grunts arose from one side, one weirdly higher than the other. A half dozen ring-tailed pigs came nosing in the clay. In the stinging sunlight a man had lifted himself from a supine [1] position on the rude bench before a hut. He stood shading his eyes, looking at us.

17. From head to foot, my eyes took in that man—the interwoven mass of curly black hair, the smut of beard

---

sented through the same set of details (economy of detail) Observe the employment here of the deprivative "no" with the catalogue of characteristic details, to effect the sense of atmosphere. The "no" creates the effect of contrast with what is the usual state of things.

15. Part of the atmosphere of the story is that of suspense—a sense of puny man facing an environment strange, unreal, and powerful, over which his control is never sure. The sense of this is conveyed in passages such as this paragraph.—Study the effect-producing words as in pars. 7-12.

16. In this story, whenever man appears in action toward a definite purpose, the sense of reality is present. In this fact lies the power of the story to convey subconsciously the feeling of human adequacy. Pars. 15 and 16 therefore present opposed forces—nature in the tropics, and man. We are scarcely warranted in assuming that the author planned this; but he has so created that the fact is observable. So throughout the story.—[1] How does the word "supine" agree with and help to emphasize one of the atmosphere elements implied in the title?

17. See again S. S. M., 163-164; see also 181:5. Determin

the makeshift shirt open at the neck, the greasy trousers—once brown khaki—rolled up to the knees, the bare feet. I could have sworn the eyes beneath the cupped hand were brown.

18. "Hello, Wake," I said.

19. He greeted me in his languorous drawl with my name.

20. "Glad you remember me," he ended.

21. "Remember you!" I blurted. "Why, man, what about the mines in Colombia? What the deuce are you doing here?"

22. His lip trembled.

23. "I'm happy," he said.

24. He slumped back upon the bench and fingered a freshly cut stack of cocoanuts alongside. Conversation was not solicited. My questions disturbed him, I saw, like the drone of a mosquito.

25. Single-handed, I went through the dying village. You know the horrors. There was everything there, malaria and typhoid and the [hideous][8] jack.[9] Five were dead—one, a naked whitish baby at the breast of its child-mother, a pitiful little black-eyed thing. The infant's eyes were staring open, its face wrinkled as a hag's.

---

what details and words convey realization of the man's character at this period.

23. Would there be gain or loss if the chain of ideas producing this apparently irrelevant answer were explained by the author?

25-28. In keeping with the more general description earlier in the story, but now specifically laying the foundation for the part

---

[8] "hideous": not in MS.

[9] MS: Some had only a touch of pneumonia. But most—oh, the hideous yellowness of skins, the sweats, the deathly stupors, the piteous febrile deliriums, the black discharges! Awful.

26. I did what I could. I carried out the dead to the red clay bank.[10] I buried a litter of unwashed sweat-stiffened rags and clothing. I gathered the refuse in a pile and burned it. I heaped chlorin [11] into the flames. I ran with the iron fumigating-pan back through the huts. I threw carbolic, strong ammonia, chlorid of lime about indiscriminately. According to the stage of the diseases and the strength of the sufferers, I doled out grain after grain of quinin.[12]

27. All the frantic time, from the bench Wakeman watched us with his indolent brown eyes. He made no move to aid. I thought him sick. When I came to his hut, I found it one of the few exempt from disease.

28. It was not because it was more sanitary than the other hovels. It wasn't. It was just as bad. Worse, for a white man lived there.

29. He arose as we approached and slouched with us inside. There was a Panamanian woman within. Ah, she was a woman! You know the kind—part Spanish, part negro, part Indian. But this one was beautiful. Nothing less. A golden-bosomed figure with large, swimming eyes of the blackness of the deeps of the morass and hair that undulated in jet tresses down her back. She wore a loose low-cut cincture [13] and short cotton skirt. But

---

that is to be forced on Wakeman. The preceding description is now seen to be preliminary exposition that motivates this further exposition; S. S. M., 79-85.

29-30. Study the method of description. No matter-of-fact details—height, features, etc.—are given; concrete details are just

---

[10] MS: I emptied the stagnant rain barrels, with their breeding scum, into the river. I broached a breaker of distilled water we had brought with us and left it in a dry shady place, screened with mosquito-netting.

[11] MS: chloride

[12] MS: I administered, to the most painfully stricken, soothing chlorodyne.

[13] MS: cinctura

unlike the other women, her hair was not bound up by a gaudy bandanna. Perhaps he had not liked that custom.

30. She had a manner, that child. The while we went through the squalor, the untidiness, the terrible sordidness of the den, she clung to his arm and watched with her jungle-black eyes his fine-chiseled face. She seemed to think we were going to drive them out. In soft tones of anxiety she cooed up at him. He answered gently and patted her crown of hair.

31. Every action of them was a surprising shock to me. For the first time, as he replied to her, I saw the romance floating in his eyes. Wakeman was, for all his face, as much of a dreamer as any Panamanian who ever dozed life away in the moist warmth of the jungle. The miserable medley of love and the tropics had wooed and won him with its vampire charm. As for the child, all she knew was that she loved this mooded mortal of civilization.

---

enough to give a vivid impression (suggestive or impressionistic description). Study also the impression-words. The absent bandanna is one of the details that intimate persistence in Wakeman of old standards. The need of indicating this persistence accounts for the idealization of the woman; had she been an ordinary wench, we should feel that there is little left of Wakeman's character to respond to Faulkner's appeal. But she is in character (we find presently) as in outward appearance a "golden" woman, and in her beauty and the love between the two lies a redeeming fact that helps to make believable the character-revival in him—the flaring up briefly of his white-man's spirit.

31. The reference to romance (par. 4) is now given specific application. It is the determining character-trait (at least in his immediate past) of the central person, and is still strong in him at the end (cf. par. 236). See S. S. M., 211:4. Consider that although it is not prominent in the body of the story, it is in-

32. I asked Wake if he and his jungle wife would take into their hut and care for the pitiful little child-mother of the baby. She was down with pneumonia. Her husband, with five other natives, had deserted both herself and the village at the first signs of the outbreak. She might, with nursing, pull through without contracting a worse disease. I emphasized how fortunate he was in that *barrio* of ruthless death.

33. He bent over his mate and chattered softly. At her answer he nodded. He said he would.

34. In that space I had been thinking. I would have to go down the river some distance to bury the infectious dead. More; I would have to go all the way back to Bas Obispo for supplies of food and water, febrifugal medicines and disinfectants. Fresh outbreaks might delay me. Time would pass ere I could return. We were running short-handed in those days and I had no white man to

---

volved in Wakeman's struggle with himself in enforcing the white man's standards—as when he keeps saying, "It'll be torment."

32. The first appeal to Wakeman's traditions as a white man.—The use of the abbreviated "Wake," inobviously introduced here and continued through the story, helps to establish Wakeman in our favor and make him better known; men who lack good and likable qualities do not win short and chummy nicknames. The same fact indicates that Faulkner found him worthy of respect.

33. The white man's custom of considering the advice and wishes of his women folk—and the woman's habitude of saying that which she thinks will please her man. A touch of race characteristic and a touch of woman nature.

34-40. The forceful man's quick seizing of the means to his purpose, and the man-maker's stern employment of his power to set the weaker brother a task that will strengthen him. These elemental facts of life afford the underlying motivation by which the author plunges "Wake" into responsibility and prepares the way for the ensuing action.

leave behind to continue my work. There was no white man, other than Wake, within miles. A man was at need, a white man.

35. I explained to Wake.

36. "*Por qué no usted?*" I concluded. "Why not you?"

37. His mouth fell open. It remained open. His eyes seemed to float between the lids in a brown fluid.[1]

38. "You are the man," I followed up. "Someone has to stay here. You're in quarantine, anyway."

39. He nodded helplessly at the truth of the remark.

40. "Now," I expounded, "you'll be in charge. I'll give you supplies [14] and medicines. You'll keep the *barrio* clean. You'll attend the sick. Whenever somebody tumbles over, run up the yellow flag. I'll come after him. As often as I can, I'll be around to see how you are getting along."

41. "How long will it last?" he asked drearily.

42. "Can't say. At the worst, till they're all gone. Six months. If they die close together, it will be shorter. Maybe two. There must be five days' quarantine after the last case."

43. "It will be [torment].[8] Do you think I can do it?"

---

36. Local color through foreign speech; note the immediate translation.—[1] The struggle of devitalizing romance with duty. This will now be found showing itself repeatedly.

39-41. Which deciding element is the stronger, Wakeman's romantic weakness or his caucasian sense of necessity for the white man to take up his burden?

---

[14] MS: disinfectants
[8] MS: hell

44. "It will be torment.[3] But [4] you can do it. You're white. You were a man once. The blood's still there—the stick-to-it-iveness, the never-say-die spirit of a white man. Two months or more to make a man of you, Wake, a white man!"

45. The liquid brown of his eyes coalesced at the words. They gleamed hard.

46. "By Heaven,[5] I'll do it!" he said.

II.

47. I placed the little jet-eyed mother in the hands of Wake's golden [6] beauty. I stacked some dead leaves and wood beside the vacated hut, strewed some oil over it, and put a match to the pile.[7] The air shriveled up with [8] heat. A continuous roar, a [9] single pane of red—and the bamboo and the thatch were a heap of gray ashes. There were seventeen huts.

---

44. Brutal truth and human encouragement combined in effective appeal by a man who knows how to handle men. The speech fits the man who makes it; S. S. M., 235: 11-13.

45. Climactic height or decisive moment of that moral, or character, crisis in Wakeman with which this stage of the narrative has been dealing. We may call this part the stage of generating incident in the moral action of the story. This moral action is to be kept in mind and understood as hereafter accompanying and affording motive and motivation (S. S. M., 16: 11) for the outward action.

47. The movements of the story so far are: 1. Introductory and expository, pars. 1-13 (13 making an impressive pause between

---

[4] MS: But, man,
[5] MS: God
[6] MS: jungle
[7] MS: Volumes of smoke curled upward and banked in the parched air in a thick black cloud that enveloped the shack and hid the palm trunks behind. Then, of a sudden, with a monstrous crackling, a single sheet of flame shattered the opacity of smoke and leapt toward the peacock-blue above.
[8] MS: the
[9] MS: roar, that single

48. I went with Wake through the village. I pointed out what had to be done. He was to see that no one tampered with the breaker of distilled water. He himself was to dole out the supply of it. Quinin he should force the well to take as regularly as the unwell. Like food. He was to get the sweat-encrusted clothing from the natives.

49. "Strip it off their backs as they sleep, if need be," I said. "I'll bring a vat. Then you can boil it."

50. "It'll be torment," [10] he kept saying.

51. I collected all the old guns and pistols, firearms of every description, in the village. I cast them into the

---

the opening and the main body of the narrative. Let the student now note that 13 at once supplies a momentary relief from the descriptive tension of the preceding paragraphs, and keys the reader to a greater intensity to come). 2. Exposition of the essential situation, and the bringing on of the main actor, pars. 14-31 (in two parts, the first giving the physical environment, with its accompanying atmosphere, the second passing from setting to situation and persons; the woman, here introduced, is more an element of the situation than an actor in the story). 3. Generating incident (see 45), and opening of the immediate action, with Wakeman as the central person, pars. 32-46. 4. The beginning of Wakeman's activities under the new conditions, pars. 47-63.

47 ff. Integrating management (S. S. M., 166:23); coherent transition is obtained by further mention of situation and atmosphere details, with Wakeman now taking active part. (Let the student attentively review up to par. 46, noting the large amount of concentrative detail carried by the narrative and the complete integration of the materials. On concentrative material, see S. S. M., 107:30-31.)

50. The remark has already been twice made. It expresses Wakeman's realization of consequences in his moral struggle (see S. S. M., 171:4, consequential exposition).

---

[10] MS: hell

cayuca. I handed Wake my own Colt's .38 automatic and some spare clips.

52. "That will make trouble,"[13] I smiled. "Man, you're going to fight like a white. You'll meet opposition. The natives are ignorant. The quarantine strict. Let no one leave the village. Sear the flaming mastery of the white man on their dark souls.[14] Fight. It will make a man of you, Wake. A white man."

53. I gave him from the boat's locker a yellow flag. My eye had noted a lofty eighty-foot cocoanut-palm standing all alone to one side on a jagged spur of land. It could be seen for miles. I noosed a rope over a twenty-foot leaf near the top. I cut a rude cleat, with its one arm pointing downward, in the gummy trunk a few feet above the base. I tied together the ends of the rope and snapped it into the notch. It was an improvised flagpole.

54. I wrapped the leathery bodies of the dead day in army blankets and piled them atop the heap of weapons in the bottom of the *cayuca*. The withered mite of a boy made a pitiful bundle. I conquered a desire to shake hands with Wake. He had his own redemption to work out.

55. "*Adios*," I waved to him.

52-54. Representative passages of realistic detail as found in this story. The author gains much of his atmosphere after through realism. Incidentally, it is the realism that largely impresses us with the feeling that the narrative is true to life. ... 50-51 and 53—plausibility.—Two sentences that remind us of the fundamental moral situation or motion. Watch for other instances of such quick reminders.

---

13 [illegible]

14 Brand the high calling of the white man on their yellow souls

56. We cut through the foliage arching the sluggish, yellow stream. As we made the bend, I could see him still standing on the bank looking after us.

57. He worked that day. That night he slaved. About midnight the little black mother evidenced the symptoms of the jack. It may have been contagion. The sting, in the removal, of one of the droning mosquitoes. He put his knee on her bosom, pried her teeth open with his knife, and slipped the quinin-grains between them.[3] To ease her final agonies and still the pitiful cries for her baby, he poured chlorodyne down her retching throat. She died, and he carried her out to the clay bank, an uncanny red in the moonlight.

58. That filled him with the Fear. He visited once

---

56. Observe the management in shifting the attention wholly to Wakeman. We follow the boat out of sight, yet turn with unbroken interest to Wakeman; skillfully done, making us feel as if personally present with the actors.

57. Another of the items of realistic detail. The concentrative material in these passages has its purpose in making us feel the repulsiveness of Wakeman's duties and therefore causing us to comprehend the magnitude of his moral struggle and victory.—Note the ever-recurring descriptive epithets that keep us aware of the local color of tropical environment.

58. Like 57, with the added human touch of fear for his wife. Observe the use of the word "wife"; in par. 32, the term changed from "woman" to "jungle wife." Now "Wife" is employed regularly. This is in effect an unconscious recognition of the human relationship valid even though unsanctioned by conventional forms. On the mental attitude toward Wakeman and this relationship, as required by the present story, see n. on 29-30. Her dog-like attendance on him strengthens our feeling.

---

[3] MS: His wife stripped her of cinctura and skirt, and wound a blanket about her little, weak, damp form, the while he blew a sweating fire in one of the iron fumigating pans.

more, with disinfecting-pan and quinin, all the huts in the *barrio*. His wife followed, dog-like, after him.

59. Under a litter of rags in one corner of a hut he found a dying boy. The little chap had reached the end. His breathing was imperceptible. Like sand through a sieve, his temperature was going down. Even as Wake lifted him upon a cot he burned out.

60. A sullen trio watched Wake from the other end of the hut—a young native, shuddering with malarial fever, his wife, and the aged father of the two men. A dose of quinin to the son. Then the white man turned on the father.

61. He was an old, old man, knotted and almost decrepit. His teeth were gone. He was loathsomely unclean. But he was well. He had a tenacious grasp on life. He answered Wake's angry questions in a squeak through the side of his shriveled mouth.

62. Him Wake blamed for the attempt to conceal the dead. Amid squeals for forgiveness, he had him drag out the corpse and lay it beside the child-mother's on the bank. Then, as the old man made to slink back to his hut, Wake informed him that he was his assistant. He would help keep the village clean. He would be given more work to do next day. It was poetic justice.

63. Then, in the leprous wash of moonlight, Wake ran up the yellow flag.

60-62. Wakeman, in his returning manhood, now coerces the old man, as Faulkner (34-44) coerced him. True to fundamental facts of human motive, consistently realized and utilized by the author in his creation of character (S. S. M., 182:6; 208:2-3; 214-219).

64. Of the two bodies awaiting us on the clay, as we beached late next day, the mother's face looked the babe's, the boy's the wrinkled aged. Ere we departed, three of the six natives who had deserted into the jungle dragged themselves on hands and knees back to the clearing. [They were][4] helpless from the plague. One stuck his toes toward heaven. He was the huge negro husband of the child-mother.[5]

65. "Well, how goes it, Wake?" I asked.

66. "Just these three."

67. "And you?"

68. "For God's sake, give me something to do! Keep me busy."

69. "There it is." I swept the stores [I had just landed—blankets, rough clothing, iron pans, two huge caldrons, mosquito-netting, febrifuges, and foodstuffs and such duffle].[5b] "Break oil over the stream, boil the mud out of the blacks,[6] shoot alligators. But keep going, man. And you'll do."

70. We were off, the three bodies trussed like mummies in blankets at the bottom of the *cayuca*. An epidemic in a village midway down on the left-hand bank necessitated our speedy inspection.

---

64. Begins another episode in the fourth movement.

68. In ten words, an adequate expression of the intensity of Wakeman's struggle.

---

[4] MS: the clearing, helpless from

[5] MS: I had a twenty-foot dugout. I cast out blankets, rough clothing, iron pans and two huge caldrons, mosquito netting, febrifuges and disinfectants, a couple of breakers of distilled water, a supply of food, a cask of oil and some other unmentionable and very vulgar objects.

[5b] Not in MS. See 5, just above.

[6] MS: niggers

71. From the slippery stretch of mud jutting out into the river and facing that village I cleared the rotting growths and laid out a base of operations. I could glimpse from here above the vivid coloring of tropical vegetation the tuft of leaves of the lofty palm-tree. But no saffron banner broke out, all next day, from the tree-top to hang limp in the heat. I busied myself running up supplies[7] and attending personally to the village opposite. A short distance upstream, on the right-hand bank, I had dedicated our public burying-ground.

72. I did not want to bother Wake. I felt that in shouldering all the responsibility himself he would work out[8] his own salvation. He would become the white man he once had been. But toward meridian of the second day I got worried about the absence of the flag from the cocoa-nut-tuft. Surely the [scourge][9] had not been downed so soon. I launched the *cayuca* and with two *cargadores* and a fresh load of stores, paddled up the reeking, canopied stream.

73. As we turned the bend in a thick scum of oil, I saw the flag jerking up through the simmering heat toward the tree-top.[10] In a trice we were running up the bank alongside the leathery-skinned bodies of a man and an aged hag.

74. Wake met us, his worshiping wife at his heels, and behind the pair, the old toothless assistant. Traces of

71-72. Further contributive, or concentrative, detail; it might be dispensed with except for the necessity of making us feel the passage of time.

74. Another episode in movement 4 begins.—As the situation develops, the wife becomes a more human element in it, without

[7] MS: stores
[8] MS: most surely his
[9] MS: Surely the plague
[10] MS: We made haste. In a

fearful work were on Wake's face. His eyes seemed tempered to a brown gelatin.[1] The rudely contrived shirt and greasy khaki trousers had been washed and clung, still damp, to his frame. I noted with a distinct vibration of pleasure that the trousers had been unrolled. They fell to his bare ankles.

75. "Not so bad, old man."[3] I nodded toward the two bodies.

76. "No.[4] They both toppled over, not a minute ago, as from the same thunder-bolt."

77. A doubt appulsed on my brain.

78. "You're getting them all? Sure they're not hiding them on you?"

79. He laughed with the overmastering confidence of a white man.

80. "I should say," he drawled. "My assistant has been example enough." He indicated the weazened old man behind. "They none of them care to work as I'm working him. Besides, I've laid out a sick-bay."

81. He explained the plan of segregation. An entire family of seven had escaped scatheless the path of the scourge. He had quartered them upon his poor assistant in the hut where the young native hourly was throwing

becoming more important as an actor.—[1] Represents another restoration in Wakeman of the white man's attitude—hard personal resolution (see 45) tempered into sympathy through endurance and dealing with suffering. (The following sentences mention outward evidences of his spiritual alteration.)

79-80. These confirm 74, and make us see that the transformation is becoming thorough. What further indications of this in the rest of the episode?

[3] MS has a comma. The punctuation has been edited a good deal throughout, sometimes apparently without consistency or sufficient reason.
[4] MS: No, said he.

off the malarial chills. The vacated hut he had established[5] as a hospital.

82. He led me to it. As the thatched bamboo hut showed ahead, I caught a [dull low monotone of pain][6] broken only, now and then, by screams as of unendurable agony. The doorway and window apertures of the hut were screened, I saw, with mosquito-netting. Inside, the walls were whitened with huge dabs of chlorid of lime. The air was stifling with heat and medicinal and sweaty odors that caused the brains to reel in the brain-pan of my head.

83. There was from the doorway a yard-wide walk, the soggy mud flooring of which had been banked with fresh clay and tamped down hard and smooth and red. Beside that, down the length of the hut, was a raised platform of palm-slabs, six feet wide, with a slight slant toward the passageway.

84. Stretched side by side in blankets on the platform, and writhing and tossing, [groaning and moaning,][7] lay a round dozen sick. They were old men and young, women and kinky-haired children. Over their convulsed faces lay the gauze of net-woven mosquito-screening.

85. "Looks bad," I commented.

86. "It's torment," [8] said he.

87. He went down the line, dosing each tossing form with medicine. One lay still. As he came upon it, the

86. Now spoken of his charges, not of himself; he is forgetting himself in behalf of others. Note the character-change thus quietly made clear.

[5] MS: established. for the Jack cases. as
[6] MS: a low and continuous moaning and groaning broken
[7] MS: tossing, and breathing that dull low monotone of pain, lay
[8] MS: hell

toothless old man darkened the doorway and behind him were halted four of the younger natives bearing two fresh cases, shrouded in blankets. To these he gave quinin. He indicated where they should be placed. He ordered the dead man to be carried out. He spoke in the sharp, decisive manner of a man who must be obeyed—a white man. The aged assistant blinked assent.

88. We staggered out into the blinding sunlight.[9] I uttered [10] no word of praise. Only I smiled to myself.[11]

89. We took aboard the three bodies and as many empty water-casks. I stuck the pole to shove off into the red clay. I thought of the unrolled trousers. I paused. I said:

90. "Anything you need, old man?"

91. He shook his head in hesitating negative.[12] His

88. Though the narrative reveals it, we are nowhere expressly told that Faulkner planned Wakeman's redemption. To suggest, not to declare by matter-of-fact explanation, is the aim in art.

90. Like Faulkner, we are now prepared to accept Wakeman as an equal. Note two facts. The remark is satisfactory as a detail of dialogue, but it has a more important function than serving as conversation; i.e., to indicate by suggestion Wake's redeemed status.

91. [1] The boyish act expresses the man's shamed sense of his ill appearance. Self-respect, when active, calls for respectable

[9] MS: He had put the iron vats to good use, Wake had. In them, by an admixture of corrosive sublimate and tepid water, he had brewed an antiseptic wash, and he and his jungle mate had bathed thoroughly. He had made all the natives, well enough, leap in like frogs, one after the other. The while he had stolen the clothes they had worked and perspired and slept in.

He had laid out for their use my rough supply. But there had proved not enough to go round, so he had boiled the sweat-stiff clothing, his own among them, to a pulp and apportioned them out, still wet. Then he had carried out the sick, doused them into the caldrons, and let them boil. He had wrapped them in blankets and stretched out the yellow ones in the sick ward. He had dosed all with quinine. His brown eyes twinkled as he told me how they all of them had raved and sweated.

[10] MS: I gave vent to

[11] MS: We landed more medicines and disinfectants, foodstuffs, distilled water, oil and such duffle.

[12] MS: "I have you on the pay-roll," I tried to bolster up his courage. "Assistant United States Sanitary Inspector, you know. Four and a half per."

eyes dropped to his bare feet and he stubbed a toe [1] into the clay. He felt my eyes follow his. His face flushed, beneath the tropic saffron, with warm color. He blurted out:

92. "Shoes."

93. "Righto!" I said, mentally measuring his feet with my eyes.[13] "That's all, sure?"

94. He warmed red as the clay at his feet. After a long, embarrassed silence——

95. "Can you get me a bright bandanna?" he asked breathlessly.

96. That, I knew, was for his bride of the jungles. He had been unable hitherto to afford it.

97. "I'll bring them all, *mañana*," I said.

98. I was far [14] happier than my voice implied.

III.

99. The sun belched shriveling heat many times upon the village while it continued to gasp beneath the horror.

raiment. The author here employs psychological fact in further indicating Wakeman's awakening.

95-96. A reminder of his recent condition. It helps to afford contrast with his present condition. (It is a little hard to reconcile 96 with the last sentence of 29. Possibly the author "slipped"; or, perhaps, we are to understand that, in his new state of mind, Wakeman has a more tender comprehenson of the woman's desire for the gaudy headgear, and a livelier wish, increased by his fear for her safety, to do all that he can for her happiness. The strength of his affection for her is increasingly revealed as the story proceeds—another means used to establish our sympathy toward their association; see 29-30 and 58).

99-111. Summarizing narrative, covering the passage of longer

[13] MS: "Nothing else?"
"A razor."

[14] MS: far, far

The work had settled down to a fearful routine. More than once Wake cleared the hospital of dead, only to find, after a maddening vigil of one or two or even three days, that new cases were falling and filling the sick-bay to overflowing and pouring out into the huts. There had been some ninety souls in the *barrio*. There still lingered half a hundred.

100. I would row up supplies every two days or three or four, and carry away the hideous freight. Once it ran the occult five that would release the village from bondage. But that evening, ere purple dusk, the lemon ensign of death draggled from the tuft. A man had vomited and stuck his feet, within the space of an hour, toward the burning sheet of blue. The iron clutch of quarantine was on like a vise once more.

101. The racking strain showed on Wake. His face had lost its indolent oval. The cheek-bones were high, the haughty nose never more imperious. His eyes were coals of brown fire. Beneath the snug suit of khaki with the brass cross on its collar, the loaded cartridge-belt about his middle, the .38 Colt's automatic in the holster at his

---

time. This portion gives opportunity for introducing ancillary matter—further indication of the effect of his work on Wakeman, description of the psychological reaction (102), expository matter preparing for the further development of the action (103-111), and the bringing forward of the old assistant in preparation for his coming rôle as a participant. On the introduction of contributive matter in places of lessened intensity and the keeping of it subordinate, see S. S. M., 152 : 2-4; 165 : 21; 166 : 23; 225 : 13.—These twelve paragraphs are the introduction to the fifth stage of the development. In the fourth movement, Wakeman's outward struggle has been waged with physical environment and disease; in the present movement, he is to deal with human opposition and passions.

hip, his frame was upright, compact, resilient. He came down hard on the heels of his army shoes.

102. I knew what he was going through. I was experiencing it in the empested village down on the other bank. It was not so bad when they were dying. The days when there were no stricken, and the hospital was empty, and each man eyed, with glaring threat, his fellow lest he should come down—that was maddening.[3]

103. On such days the monotony of rounds carried Wake [4] only a little past noon. Then the men free from duty, would gather in sullen groups and pretend sleep in the shade. But when he was not looking, he knew they were whispering together.

104. They wanted the iron quarantine lifted. They wanted to relapse into their old mode of life, with all its indolence,[5] its frightful sordidness. Some there were who wanted to flee from the infection into the jungle. That was the ignorant native way which spread the plague right and left.

105. Wake tried to keep them on the jump. He had them put mosquito netting over the doorways and apertures of [6] the huts. Oil covered like a film the sluggish yellow bosom of the stream from bank to bank. [Dry clay was strewed over the oozing floors and stamped down to stability.][7] He looked about for more work. To that end, he had them drain into the river beneath the trees and

---

[3] MS: You can imagine it. To go five days immune from disease; to look for the lift of the bars, the release from quarantine and the eternal vigil; and to have the whole flat monotony snap down again, like an endless treadmill, with the closing of a pair of glazed eyeballs.
Wake found his worst periods when the hospital was empty. On such

[4] MS: carried him

[5] MS: indolences

[6] MS: of all the

[7] MS: He had them strew dry clay over the oozing floors and stamp it down to stability.

undergrowth a shallow infectious morass on the edge of the jungle. They found the body of the fourth deserter festering in the silt.

106. Deaths had broken out afresh, after that. Two of the toilers were taken down even as they bore the body toward the bank. The wives and offspring [8] quickly followed. In a fortnight, a score had gone.

107. "The yellow beggars are dying out of spite," Wake said to me. "They lack grit.[9] They believe they are going to die, and die just to prove it."

108. "They're not white men," I said.

109. Wakeman knew that morass ought to be filled with earth. The mosquitoes and the infection still steamed up into the dead air from the mud. He hesitated to give the order. He felt that the natives blamed all the recent deaths on him and his love for work. True, they obeyed his orders, but often he saw their eyes tighten to a line with a gleaming center. There were mutterings in the chest. He sensed the evilness seething beneath the tropic indolence.

110. He discovered that the half-score men stood in fear of his old toothless assistant. No groups collected while his hairless, parch-lidded eyes blinked on them. But he took a *siesta* in the feverish warmth of the noontide. Once he came unawares on their gathering. A squeak through the side of his mouth and, like rats, they dispersed. Then he smirked up to the watchful Wake.

111. Wake knew. He was no fool. He knew his adopted people. The old man had not this power through his present position. He was a deeper rogue, a smoother

[8] MS: wives and children
[9] MS: lack guts.

villain. Like the Spanish wench [10] that makes love to a man as she stabs him, he was for a purpose pouring oil over the implacable resentment against Wake. He was waiting, [like a snake,] [11] for the moment to strike. He would wipe out in blood the sweat the white man had made him shed in toil.

112. At last, once more, the hospital was empty. Two days passed.[12] Then three. They entered upon the fourth. It was one of those intervals of fancied fredom from disease that stretched as on tenter-hooks the soul of every man. Duties were finished hurriedly, slipshod. The groups collected. [Ferocious individualism] [13] broke out. Each man eyed his fellow with a menace, writ in blood on his eyeballs. Every man eyed Wake, stalking back and forth along the bank with great steps that were almost bounds, and the same menace was written there for him.[14]

113. Wake, as he paced the clay, felt the glaring eyes. He was a framework of raw nerves. It nettled him. He must do something. Were a man to fall, like wolves they would be at one another's throats. They would try to conceal the dead. It would be as much as his life was worth to run up the yellow flag. He knew for a certitude that this time the old man would not hold them back.[1]

---

112. Like 102, it presents psychological conditions. They have become determining forces in the action, and are therefore essential to the motivation.

113. [1] The old man is to be the chief antagonist in this part of the struggle. Wakeman is the protagonist, facing general opposition, centered in the assistant.

---

[10] MS: slut
[11] MS: waiting, as a snake waits.
[12] MS: passed and no new cases.
[13] MS: Savage individualism—the old long struggle of each man to survive—broke
[14] MS: for him. Pity the one who should come down.

114. ["Sear the flaming mastery of the white man on their dark souls,"][3] I had said to him.

115. He thought of that. Work they hated. He would give them work. He would make them work. He had it. He would force them to fill with earth the infectious morass.

116. "Here!" he shouted. "Get out of this."

117. He strode among the groups and kicked the men. They scowled at him. Some muttered; but all, save one, got afoot. He was the son of the old assistant, recovered from the malaria—a brown, lithe young native with shifting eyes. The white man reached down and grasped him by the nape of the neck. He lifted him bodily into the air. With a jar that bent the bones under him, he brought him down upon his feet.

118. "There!" he said. "Now you come."

119. He armed them with picks and machetes and shovels. He strode, at the head of all that sullen straggling throng, through the jungle toward the morass. He never once looked around.

120. As they broke through the rotting growths, the old man fell back to jabber softly to his son and the other natives. Wake missed him from his side. He felt the hidden drama afoot. He did not look back.

121. Once, he slipped in the black muck. He sensed, as he caught himself, the desire leaping in their dark

---

115. In contrast with himself not long before, when his conduct was the same as theirs.

119. Why? What motive does it indicate in him? What quality? See 120 and 121.

---

[3] MS: "Brand the high godship of the white man on their yellow souls," *I had*

hearts to spring upon him and mash him into repulsiveness. He never turned his eyes from ahead. That spirit of the dominant white man awed them.

122. With a sullen will they fell to on the work. The machete-crew cleared away for the picks the dense vegetation that concealed the teeming black earth. They turned and loosened the muck, and shoveled it from the sides into the mud of the morass.

123. Wake bounded among them, looking for trouble. He wanted trouble. To a man fresh with vigor the strained situation would have been trying enough. As it was, himself a frame of raw nerves, something had to be done. But no one offended him. They knew. They were growing crafty.

124. He watched, with a distinct pang of dread, the blinding day deepen into purple evening. He had been unable to brand the lesson on their cunning souls. He had returned to the village to find no fresh cases. Thirty hours more and the irksome ban would be lifted. The suspense was on them like thumb-screws. He could see the natives huddled in watchful groups, their eyes glowing like owls' in the light of the trembling fires.

125. His wife busied over the rice vibrating in a black

123-124. A suspense device: the decisive moment in his struggle with the natives is postponed through their craftiness (temporary defeat).

125. Third episode, fifth movement begns.—Note the recurrence at intervals of things that keep our sympathies with Wakeman in his domestic relations. These human passages showing his love for the woman not only hold our sympathies, but motivate the tragedy of her death in a later episode.

125-128. Intensifying and suspense-creating details.

pot on a handful of burning sticks. A sudden fear for her gripped him. He put his arm about her golden shoulder, lifted the pot from the fire, and went with her inside. They ate that night behind the mosquito-screened doorway.

126. He lay down, heavy with sleepiness. But he could not sleep. His automat. was on the cot under his hand.[4] He was wide-eyed awake. A bare foot had flopped outside in the grassy way. His fingers closed over the butt and he listened. He knew several men lurked in the moonlight. He slipped off the cot and sidled along the wall. His right hand leveled the automat., his left reached out and snapped aside the netting. There was a rustle where nothing stirred in the windless air.

127. He roundly cursed [5] the natives and the moonlight as he crawled back on the cot. For long moments his brains peopled the clearing with vague life. Once, he thought he caught the splash of water. It may have been a fish leaping through the sheen-coat of the river. Then, in the moonlight all was still and breathless with heat. Inside, in the dark, his hand on the revolver, Wake tossed and mumbled in uneasy slumber.

128. He went his rounds next morning—the morning of the last day—searching for trouble. That night had showed him the natives were growing bold. Any moment they might pounce upon him, risking the quick death of the rattling automat., rather than linger in the village for the yellow one they felt certain awaited them there. [It spurred the mastering spirit in him to bend them to his will.] [6]

[4] MS: his hand. On the sudden, he was
[5] MS: cursed roundly the
[6] MS: them there. It urged the lording spirit in him to mold them to his will.

129. He found trouble. From the ten people in his assistant's hut, he missed the wife of the young native. The old man squeakingly explained that she was about the village. The younger one muttered deep in his chest and snapped at him with his ferret-eyes.

130. He realized the uselessness of questioning them. He knew. Even before he ransacked every hut in the *barrio,* he knew. The woman had gone under from the plague. They had hidden her. They might have buried her alive.

131. He penetrated the jungle to look for fresh-turned earth. That would be the grave. He asked no one to help him. Not even the oily assistant. He had work cut out for his own hand. When he found it, that hand would fall heavily upon them. He recalled the flop of bare feet, the rustle in the undergrowth of the night previous.[3] That was the burial procession.

132. But no space cleared of rank growths, no fresh, teeming muck met his eyes in the twilight deeps. The filled-in morass had been tramped into solidity by many bare feet. Whether by the workers of the afternoon or the ghouls of the night, he had no means of making sure. He strode back toward the clearing.

133. Several bright-plumaged birds fanned by his face, like clammy hands, in noiseless flight. They had been startled from the sun-filtering foliage ahead. He made out, in the stagnant gloom, four young natives coming

---

129-142. Completes the action of the second episode (see 123-124), with Wakeman temporarily the victor in the contest.

---

[3] *MS*: night prior.

toward him. They were armed with machetes. One was the shifty-eyed son of the old assistant.

134. "Hello," he said. "What's up?"

135. They stopped before him in a sullen cluster, and moved uneasily. Their black eyes gleamed with expectancy. Something was about to happen.

136. "We have come, *señor,* to help you search," said one.

137. He made [as if][4] to step alongside of Wake. It was a move to precipitate all of them into a concerted action. Wake's hand shot out to his shoulder and wheeled him back into the others.

138. "I don't need you," he said. "Clear out.[5] *Pronto!*"

139. They did not move. The son of the assistant elbowed a trifle closer. His eyes were glistening and shifting like a wild animal's.

140. "*Señor,*" he said. "*Ayer,* yesterday you hit me——"

141. He never finished. In one bound, Wake cleared the space separating him from the man. His fist, doubled to a knot, fanged out and landed flush on the point of the other's jaw with all the impetus of his body behind it. The brown head bent like a reed backward. He toppled sidewise and spread-eagled in the growths. Wake's arms swung around like flails. To all sides, into the brush, the three scattered as so many frightened grouse would scatter to cover.

142. "Yes. And I've hit you today," he said as he bent over the prone form.

---

[4] MS: He made to step
[5] MS: *out. Vivo! Pronto!*

143. He halted dead on the edge of the clearing.

144. "Jesús-María," he said.

145. It was not a blasphemous ejaculation. It was the name of a man. But not of the young native lying on his face, his arms outspread, in the rank undergrowth. It was the name of the old toothless assistant.

IV.

146. A torpor had fallen from the vault of brass. The midday was dead with heat. There was not a flutter of wind. The river was a black simmering sheet of grease from bank to bank. In the clearing nothing stirred. The mosquitoes lay in motionless, droning brown patches on the grass. The thatch of the roofs crackled under the superheated stagnancy. Within, in the obscurity, the natives tossed and sweated and gasped for life from the pestilential air.

147. Wake, as he stood, felt his lungs tighten and the sweat burst his pores and trickle in streams down his face. Wherever the khaki snugged his frame, the sweat was dyeing it to a browner hue. It showed through at the shoulders and in a spreading circular band beneath the belt at his middle. He made for the water-breaker in the shade of his hut. The stinging sun rays stabbed like white-hot points into his brains.

146-155. The fourth episode begins. As far as 150, it consists of a new concentrating incident (the story is made up largely of concentrative or intensifying incident, with its amplifying detail, as distinguished from plot incident; S. S. M., 108: 32-33). Pars. 151-155 then take up and complete the unexplained facts of 126-127.—So closely connected are the two remaining episodes with the preceding one that all are for practical purposes only one. The divisions would come at 156 and 169.

148. The mosquito-netting was awry. It draggled over the edge of the barrel. He remembered having spread it quite carefully over the top. That was a part of his rounds. A subtle suspicion caused him to turn the cask over. The distilled contents flushed out and almost immediately the blazing sun pumped it in steam up into the dead air. In the bottom of the breaker, wrapped about a round smooth washing-stone, fumed a gaudy red and white bandanna.

149. He fished it out. A shiver like the icy-cold belly of a snake was oozing up and down the marrow of his spine. The young native's wife had worn on her head a bandanna of red and white printed calico. The water he himself had set there for his own use.

150. "Jesús-María," he said quietly.

151. He made for the bubbling bank to cast the stone-laden bandanna through the oil film. He carried it gingerly between thumb and forefinger. He believed it infected with the fever germs. He circled the clearing to keep in the shade of the festering growths. The band of his Stetson, as he walked, beaded with a circle of sweat globules that splashed on the slight bulbous tip of his nose and drip-dripped down his flaming back. He came out on the steaming clay beneath the snaky tendrils of creepers.

152. Three feet beyond him on a hissing mudbank be-

---

150. Cf. 144, and note that in effect what Jesús-María did is as much told as if we had a movement devoted to it by itself. The old man's part is *suggested* by telling what Wakeman heard and did. It is the means used by Dickens in his celebrated passage telling the death of Sydney Carton, at the close of "A Tale of *Two Cities.*"

neath a tangle of underbrush an alligator lay, like a dead log, baking in the rays. It was fully sixteen feet long from tail to slanting head, and its brown back was caked hard in scales with mud. The dull, fishy eyes, turned toward him, were lidded; the slimy snout was [half-buried][3] in the tepid water which was cleared of oil, several inches about, by its breathing.

153. He wondered that in the shriveling heat it was not bobbing under the gloom of the arcade in some cool pool of the river. He saw that its tough hide was stretched to a roundness at the sides as if from overeating.

154. He swung the weighted handkerchief[4] out into the stream. The oil-skin broke in a jagged rip and, with a splash, bandanna and stone plumbed from sight.

155. The bloated 'gator never stirred. The film still lidded its eyes. It was in a coma from gormandizing. A sudden suspicion impinged on Wake's brain. Whom had it eaten? Quite distinctly he recalled the splash as of a leaping fish he had heard the night before.

156. He strode out of the lianas along the bank. "Jesús-María!" he called to the dead huts. Then again.

157. The old man appeared in the doorway of his crackling hovel. Wake motioned him. The brown bent form crawled, like a lizard, through the sunlight.

158. The white man indicated the yellow flag knotted

158-163. Management to create suspense. Although we foresee what is coming, we are not quite certain. The suspense is effectively prolonged as action proceeds through 164-172. This con-

---

[3] MS: was buried
[4] MS: handkerchief through the collers out

to the taut rope and draggling just above the notch at the base of the lofty palm.

159. "Run it up, Jesús-María," he said.

160. The old man blinked from him to the flag and from the flag to him.

161. "But, *señor,*" he said, "we have no dead."

162. "We soon will have," said Wake, a certain metallic rasp in his voice. "Run up that flag!"

163. The old man jumped as Wake's voice exploded. His hand reached out for the rope. It was shaking as with ague. The saffron symbol of death danced in leaps and jerks up through the shimmering heat toward the motionless tuft.

164. The white man drew the Colt's from the holster at his hip and stepped toward the growths. Brushing them aside, he took slow aim and fired. The cruel fleshy yellowish-brown jaws of the 'gator yawned open. Its long brown body lifted itself bodily into the air, then flapped down, like a bursted balloon, half on the mud-bank, half submerged in the oil-churned water. He had winged it in the only vulnerable point on its hide—a death-shot in the fleshy part of the neck behind the long slanting head.

165. He turned to the watchful old man at his back. He glimpsed, as he did, eyes shifting and hostile peering from screened doorways and apertures.

166. "Here," he said. "Get men. Cut it open."

167. The old man emitted a squeak through the side of his withered mouth. The peering eyes took on the drab

---

stitutes anticipatory delay within the movement (S. S. M., 74: n.; cf. S. S. M., 155: n.). Par. 172 gives a moment of "final suspense" (S. S. M., 74: n.), before the action moves on again *toward the climactic deed* (188).

form of men who trooped, like brown lizards, out into the stinging sunlight. There were many interchanged glances —at the flag limp overhead, at the toothless old assistant, at the alligator, at the lone white man. A nod from the old man would set them on him like hounds unleashed. He must have feared to start the action when I was coming.

168. I had been watching for the saffron standard. For Wake's sake, I had been praying that it would not show. Twelve hours more would lift the quarantine. I had *cayuca* and *cargadores* in readiness. Instead of the emblem of death, that flag might be the signal of dire distress.

169. I took a paddle myself, despite the overwhelming heat. As we grounded on the blistered bank, the natives had almost finished cutting the alligator open. It lay on its back, its soft steaming belly to the sun.

170. Wake brushed them roughly aside. He withdrew from it the crushed bones and black hank of hair of the woman. He cast them into the bottom of the *cayuca*.

171. "Shove off!" he called peremptorily to me. "They're hiding the dead. Don't meddle. It's up to me. I'll show them."

172. He strode over and with one jerk pulled down the flag. I swept with my eyes the cluster of malignant faces scowling at him. Decisively he had given his orders. I shoved off and we skimmed, with a backward look, into the melancholy shade of the leafy lattice-work.

173. Wake eyed steadily, for a long moment, the old man blinking up at him. He heard the mutterings of

the men clustered behind the wizened form. He said quite calmly:

174. "Run up the flag, Jesús-María."

175. The old man huddled before his fellows and, save for his fluttering lids, did not move.

176. "Run up the flag," Wake insisted. His voice rang with metallic timbre.

177. "But *señor, señor,* we have no dead."

178. "We soon will have," said Wake.

179. The scene was much as before. Only the white man's hand dropped on the automat.-butt.

180. "Jesús-María!" his lips cracked. "Run up that flag!"

181. The old man blinked at the hand poised on the holstered pistol. His eyes flashed obliquely in thin gleaming lines at the men gathered at his back.

182. They were riveted by the spectacle. Their eyes, though snapping, were fascinated by that white man with death in his hands who was standing all alone on the sputtering bank. One rush, and they could sweep him into the stream ere the quick death-dealing firearm dropped more than two. But not one took the lead. Not even the shifty-eyed son. The lead meant sure death.

183. Wake lifted the pistol from the holster.

184. The old man slunk over to the base of the tree and his hands took vibrating hold of the rope. The flaming symbol crawled up foot by foot-fraction.

185. [His hands, of a sudden, dropped, as if palsied, to his sides.][3] The flag flared, half-way up. He blinked in wild gleams at Wake.

---

[3] MS: Then, on the sudden, the old man's hands dropped to his sides as if palsied. *The flag*

186. "*Señor,*" he cried, "for the love of Christ, *señor*——"

187. "Up!" Wake snapped. His eyes glittered along his extended arm.

188. The flag jerked in a frenzied dance to the tuft. There was a sharp crack, muffled by the dead air. The old man pitched outspread on his face in the clay at the base of the tree. A convulsion shook the shriveled frame. The second shot left him huddled and still. A trickle of blood oozed from a pin-point puncture in his right temple.

189. The yellow [4] banner dropped with its own weight and hung limp in the heat, half-way down.

190. Wake swung the still smoking weapon on the cluster of men.

191. "*Pronto!*" he yelled. "Quick! Into your huts!"

192. They scurried, like brown lizards, across the yellow grass and out of sight, save for their peering eyes.

193. I glimpsed, as I shot back, the prone huddled form of the old man at the foot of the tree. We had been within an ace of turning the bend, when, with the muffled crack, I had seen the flag drop like a plummet from the tuft. I sensed what had taken place. I sprang out, ere we beached, and grasped Wake by the hand. I shook hands with him.

194. "You're a white man," I said.

195. The deeply tanned skin of his face drew to the bursting-point over the cheek-bones in a weary smile.

196. "It's fair torment!" [5] he said drearily.

---

194. The thesis of white supremacy is maintained throughout the story; its practical utility and necessity being supported by

[4] MS: The saffron banner

[5] MS: hell

V.

197. A strange, ominous tattoo far off down the sky aroused Wake from staring vacantly after us. It was like the roll of a monstrous drum. He looked across the river and over the tall palm-tufts of the dense jungle on the other bank, beheld a black mass of clouds rolling and tumbling in a race up the blazing vault. He made for the hut. A tropical storm was afoot which would cleanse the pestilence from the land.

198. A wisp of wind, faint and velvety, fanned like a tonic through his parched body. As he swung the bamboo

---

experience wherever the whites carry civilization among backward colored races, to conceive a story involving such race relationships is practically impossible, with truth to experience, without assuming this thesis. The fact that our author expressly emphasizes it may be explained by another fact. In this "epic of Wakeman's life," the recalling of Wakeman to the white man's ideals and characteristic conduct in the situation unfolded by the story, requires some exceeding strong human motive (e.g., race pride), and to show his rehabilitation requires of him a manifestation of such force and brutality of mastership; the ultimate justice or morality of it are not involved in a technical criticism. The attitude and conduct of Faulkner and Wakeman could not, under the conditions assumed for this story, be other than they are represented and remain true to the prevailing facts of experience; see S. S. M., 90: 10-11. Other instances of the decisiveness and forcefulness that accompany this mastery have been noted; but see *passim*.

196. Reminds us that the romantic element of Wakeman's character is still at war with the race characteristics and traditions now dominating him.

197. The final movement begins.—In considering the reason for introducing the storm now described, we must remember the title of the story—"Tropics." One of the purposes that gave the story birth was, to make us realize somewhat the aspects, the nature, and the problems of the tropics (see the opening and the end of the story). In one sense, therefore, the story is a

door to and shot the wooden bolt, the second breath of wind, a swirling gust, smote the *barrio*. The hut shook to its clay flooring, the bamboo walls gave pliantly, and the thatch of the roof lifted plumb into the air. He saw, between the spaces, the clouds flocking up in black phalanxes. Flakes of tinder-rot, fine as gem-dust, spattered down and from one, on the cot, a furry gray-black tarantula wriggled, then scampered across the room and back up the wall.

199. Outside, as he closed the window aperture, he saw the air filled with 'steen-foot leaves, flayed from the tufts

---

panorama or spectacular drama of the tropical canal zone—a fact that accounts for the unusually large proportion of intensifying matter introduced.—Integration (S. S. M., 166: 23) has been accomplished with much skill; first, by making Wakeman the central person (with Faulkner serving somewhat as a foil), and second, by weaving together a succession of episodes each so vivid or intense that we overlook the extreme simplicity and scantiness of plot as distinguished from developing incident. Examine this further. The working-plot is this:

1. A government agent finds a white man living in degradation among uncivilized natives, and contrives to make this man assume responsibility for the welfare of his village while a pest is raging.

2. The man obeys his old ideals and enforces his race standards of civilization, though at the cost of a terrible struggle, in the course of which he tragically slays his own loved wife; but though he prevails in the immediate struggle, ultimately the tropics prevail over him, and he perishes. All the rest is developing, amplifying, and intensifying incident and detail. But the story is so managed and integrated that we get it as a consistent and impressive whole, in which are further brought before us clearly: (1) the spiritual struggle in Wakeman; (2) an impressive panorama of tropical conditions and environment; (3) the difference between the white man and his civilization and the semi-barbarian mongrel of the tropics; (4) the problems of command and government that face those who introduce civilization into the jungle, and the means by which control must at first be estab-

and hurtling stem-on for the hut, sheer dead weights. The lofty, lithe palms were tossing tufts to and fro, and twisting and snapping like whip-cords, and bending tense as bows to earth. He could hear from all about the dull thudding of cocoanuts. He saw that the oil coat of the fretted river had been swept, as by some gigantic hand, to the bank.

200. The scorched grass of the roof, with a metallic click, settled back. A gloom, thick and sweltering and breathless, fell ere dusk like a pall over the land. The world stood still, waiting.

201. A rap resounded from the roof. Another and another. They were nodules of warm moisture, huge and heavy as bullets. Then came the rain, a deluge, a flood—a solid, slanting sheet of water that chuted drops like pebbles down in unbroken streams. The river, the huts, the tossing jungle were blotted out. The whole globe was a leaden slant of water.

---

lished. It is doubtful that any other story in the present collection, except "An Epilogue," presented so intricate and trying a task of integration; for the simple reason that this story contains so great a number of different elements and details requiring adjustment, subordination, emphasis, and consistent combination one with another and all with one another to serve the many subordinate purposes involved in the main purpose of the author.

197-209. The episode contains (197-201) the description of the storm, and (202-209) the incident of the suspicious call. Look over the other episodes of the story; how many of them consist of a similar combination of description (or exposition) and action? S. S. M., 80: 3-7 and 152: 2-5. Note that, as the turbulence of the action (inner and outer) increases, the aspects of nature selected as accompaniments also grow turbulent, thus contributing to unity of setting, mood, and tone; S. S. M., 178-189, esp. 186: 13.—Here and in the following passages, point out all *that contributes to heightened* interest (suspense—S. S. M., 249).

202. Out in the tumult of elements a vague form detached itself from a hut. Bending low to the gummy ground to avoid being brained by a winging leaf, he made through the terrific downpour for Wake's hovel. He was the son of the dead assistant.

203. A baby was dying of the fever in his hut, he said. It was the youngest of the family of seven. Would the *señor* come?

204. The white man searched the deeps of the shifting eyes of the saturated figure before him. He suspected treachery. Treachery he feared. It would be like their mongrel blood on a night like that—the subtile craftiness of the Spanish, the deadly rancor of the Indian, the bloody ferocity of the negro in them. His chin bit forward. He would go. He buckled on belt and holster. He reached for his Stetson.

205. His wife glided softly to him and laid a gently restraining hand on his arm. She was afraid. She wanted him with her that raging night. She was womanly-weak. Also, there was a terrifying dizziness in her head and her ears were buzzing as with the drone of a multitude of mosquitoes. She attributed it to an overdose of quinin. Secretly, she feared worse. But all she said was:

206. "Don't go, *caro mío.*"

207. He smiled down at her cooing mouth, into her liquid black eyes. He lifted her dimpled brown baby-hand from his sleeve. He shook his head at her as at a naughty child.

208. "No, no, *chiquita.* I must."

209. She moved back. She watched him, love and helplessness moist in her swimming eyes.

210. He stepped with the native out into the gloomy cataract of waters. The man led, stooping far forward over the silt. Wake took firm hold with left hand of the dripping end of the other's *camisa*. He would not risk losing his guide in that storm. In his right hand was the automat., loaded and ready for quick work.

211. A vague shadow followed them through the obscuring sheet. It was Wake's golden wife. A double fear was at her throat—fear for his safety and nameless fear of that whirling in her head.

212. They knew it not. They could not see her through the solid dusk and streams, nor she them.

213. The report proved true. The poor little baby was shriveled horribly with the fever. Wake, wet as he was through and through, did what he could. He instructed them, if it lived, to bring it to the sick-ward in the morning. He could not part it on that night from its wailing mother. He penetrated once more into the hurly-burly of elements.

214. Once back in the hut, he missed his wife. Fear [3] crept into his skull and coiled tight around his chilled

211. See 33, 58, 74, and note the author's practice of recalling to our mind at intervals significant facts by such brief items of narration. Pars. 211 and 215 contain the first hints of the approaching end. We shall soon discover that development of the struggle came to an end in 172-196, and the decisive moment —Wakeman's conclusive act of mastery as the agent of civilization—was that in which he administered justice on the traitor Jesús-María (emphasized by 193-194). For artistic purposes, his redemption is now accomplished and his work established, for he has shown himself a white man and "seared the mastery of the white on their dark souls." The falling action therefore begins at 197, with the storm as its setting—a prelude to the catastrophe—and the present episode is the beginning of the end.

[3] *MS: Fear snailed into*

brains. Fear for her. Fear for her life in that avalanche of mighty forces outside. Fear of the mongrel men and their hideous forms of treachery, of torture.

215. He pulled his Stetson down over his eyes to emerge in search into the inky tempest once again. As he did, he shuddered in every nerve-center from head to foot. It was a shivering-fit. It presaged the fever. He sank with a groan back [4] upon the cot. "My Heaven!" [5] he said. "Have I got it?"

216. He swallowed grain after grain of quinin. He rose from the cot to leave. It was a struggle. A hot wave seemed to singe every tissue and fiber of his frame. Followed an icy chill. His brains giddied round, from the fever and the drug, as if [6] the forces catapulting outside were whirling them in the brain-pan of his head.

217. He took a determined step toward the door. As he did, he lost all sense of balance. He pitched back full-length upon the cot. The automat. dropped from his limp fingers and thudded to the couch beside him. The while the rain hurtled down with great brooding patience, drowning jungle and clearing and thundering upon the roof of the hut, he lay beneath in a state of lethargy, burning and icing by turns.

218. He roused from the torpor, how many hours later

---

218. The climactic height of the story. Recalling Wakeman's love for his jungle wife—the deeper for his romantic temperament—and his weakened character, we can feel how great the catastrophe is in his life. From this we realize the preparatory function of the passages we have noted earlier, indicating this love between the two.

---

[4] MS: sank back, with a groan, upon
[5] MS: God
[6] MS: as though

he knew not. His brains ran sluggishly with feverish drowsiness. Yet a sense of danger weighed on his soul like the leaden fever on his body. All about him it was black—thick, inky black. The night boomed like a huge gong with the stupendous downpour. His pulse, with sudden fear, gushed like mighty combers in his ears. A prolonged dull scrunch-scrunch from the clay floor, quite distinct against the monotonous pour of the rain, was the cause. It sounded as if something was pulling itself with weary effort toward him.

219. Terrible horror iced every nerve of him. It was like the chill clutch of paralysis. He could not move. Only his dizzy brains could move. They[3] flashed and flared with thoughts of natives, of machetes, of mutterings and eyes, furtive and malignant. They had come for him.

220. A rasping hiccup, hiccup, like someone retching or sobbing, shattered the vise-grip of horror. Madly he shouted. He sat bolt upright in the dark. His fingers closed over the butt of the automat.

221. He sensed the outline of a vague form on the floor. It was blacker than the dark. It was crouched.

222. A pencil of flame spat out. A sharp, cruel crack and two screams burst the membrane of his ears. One was awful. It was his own. The fiber of bullet-light had shown him his mistake. Ghastly mistake. Irretrievable. He had killed the thing he loved.

223. [4] The sun, heavy and swollen, rose in a dye-blue

223-237. The closing episode. Note the effect of desolation—physical, in the storm-wracked, abandoned huts; spiritual, in Wakeman's loss of the one human tie he had on earth.

[3] MS: His dizzy brains flashed
[4] *The chapter number* VI is here given in the MS.

sky. The rain had ceased abruptly as it had started. The feverish rays were sucking up the water that had cascaded through the night.[5]

224. I saw that the lofty signal-palm had withstood the squall. Its stripped scanty tuft bobbed in the middle of the shimmering mist. As I looked for it, I saw the yellow flag zig-zag to the top.[6] I launched the *cayuça* and with my two *cargadores* coursed beneath the thick, dripping arcade up the [7] yellow stream to Wake.

225. We rounded the jagged spur and beached far in on the bank—a bloody cesspool of mud deeply furrowed with drains that ran yellow. But despite the flag draggling overhead, no body lay outstretched in the silt. No sign of life was visible. The *barrio* was dead. It lay like a great drab steaming caldron before us. The roof of one hut hung off an edge, the bamboo door of another had fallen outward. About, the flayed palms drip-dripped liquid ooze upon the black-green undergrowth. Otherwise, nothing stirred in the humid stillness. It was depressing. Unbearable. I shouted.

226. Not a peering eye showed from the dead huts. I set one of the *cargadores* to searching the village for the natives. With the other, I made across the spongy ground and disheveled grass for Wake's hovel. Again I shouted. I saw that the door of it was closed.

227. As we drew near, suddenly it snapped open. Out into the mist-cloaked sunlight, in his arms the muddied form of the jungle woman, strode Wakeman. His brown eyes were deep-sunken. The high cheek-bones

[5] MS: night, to hoard it up for days and weeks, then belch it down again.

[6] MS: top. The huge leaf over which the rope had been noosed had remained intact. I launched

[7] MS: the bloated yellow stream

seemed bursting through the saffron parchment of skin.

228. He waved us aside. He splashed through the mire and tenderly laid his dead in the bottom of the *cayuca*. He strode over to the signal-palm and with one jerk shot the flag down to the notch.

229. The *cargador* who had been ransacking the huts floundered through the mud and grass, a withered baby's corpse in his arms. The pitiful little body was all that was left of the natives in the *barrio*. They had taken to the dripping jungle. I placed the shriveled form beside the golden woman's.

230. I started with Wake to finish the rounds of the hovels. I said not a word to him, nor he to me. The *cargadores* I had sent with the dead down the river to the burying-ground. As we flung our legs wide apart through the water-soaked ground, I saw Wake reel and catch himself. I looked at him. His lips were drawn tight to the cracking point over his teeth.

231. "I killed her," he said abruptly, as he felt my eyes upon him.

232. I nodded. I could fathom the rest. I did not want him to tell me. I wanted him to forget. I thought it was for the best that she was dead. Now nothing bound him to his old life. He was a white man.

233. I made into a dark hut. Inside, I turned expecting to find Wake at my heels. He was clutching the jamb of the door. Even as I looked, he pulled himself up. He

---

229. "Golden woman." Gradually the name has passed over from a description of the outer to a description of the inner person. What is gained by thus idealizing Wakeman's jungle mate *on the spiritual side?*

turned from me. He staggered through the mire toward the signal-palm.

234. I was out of the hut and after him. The flag was part way up ere I gripped his arm.

235. "Wake," I said, "we have no dead."

236 "We soon will have," said he. In his voice, for the first time, was a certain note of satisfaction.[8]

237. That night, Wakeman went with his dead.

238. The cigarettes were pasted dead on our lips. The ghost-lights were winking out in the velvety dark.

239. "That's the epic of Wakeman's life," said Faulk-

---

236. A touch of the Anglo-Saxon stoic fatalism and at the same time of that deep and intense romanticism that is also an element of the Anglo-Saxon character—tLerefore a final touch of race characterization as well as of characterization of the man himself. S. S. M., 208: 2, (211: 4). (Query: whether Wakeman offers enough appealing individual traits to gain our strong sympathy, or lacks these enough to be somewhat a puppet-person? Consider the details edited out of the original MS., to be found here in the footnotes.)

238-239. The distinct ending; it is philosophical in content. Both paragraphs are in the mood of the falling action—238 conveying through objective details the impression left on the group who had been hearing the story; 239 striking, as if it were one complex chord in music, the dominant notes that made the theme of the composition.—Taking the author's division of his story into parts, as indicated by his lettering, we have: Part (I) corresponding to "the stirring dawn and the listless indolence of the meridian"; here mentioned; (II), (III), and (IV) corresponding to "the brief exhilaration of eventide"; (V) corresponding to "night, black, breathing, elemental." Evidently, therefore, he did not mean these lettered divisions to correspond closely with the summary given in this last paragraph.—Note that the keynote struck in par. 1 is echoed in par. 239. If among all the notes struck in between, in the story, there are any that do not har-

[8] MS: He had it. That night Wakeman

ner. "It's like the tropics. Stirring dawn, the listless indolence of meridian, the brief exhilaration of eventide, and then night, black, breathing, elemental—full of the nameless. It fills me with awe, that story. Just like the tropics. It is incomprehensible, profound, utter."

---

monize with these, I have overlooked them. But though for atmosphere and local color the story has never lost its appeal to me, I could wish that Wakeman as a person seemed less a puppet and thrilled me a little more as a human being; see n. 239. Comparison of the variant readings with the printed version, however, will show that some effectively humanizing details concerning Wakeman have been lost.

UNTO EACH HIS CROWN

The Story as a Whole

1. A theme-story, strongly reinforced with atmosphere (subjective coloring), and notably simple and clear in its expression. It can be profitably studied as an example of restraint and simplicity in treatment (S. S. M., 67:18; p. 253 *How can;* and index, *Economy*).

2. In structural conception it is a conte that presents the climactic height and outcome only; see S. S. M., pp. 15-18; 74: 6 B, C, D; 168: 25-27. The beginning of the action and the rising action lie in the past, in the mental and spiritual struggle of the young soldier to comprehend the conflict between war and the ideals of humanized man. His being wounded is merely one of the developing incidents of this plot of spiritual action, bringing on the climactic moment of death and conclusive comprehension (or vision). All these matters are sufficiently indicated in the exposition distributed through the story. The narrative itself centers in this climactic moment of clarified vision of consummated sacrifice.

3. This story affords a good study-example of emotional appeal; see S. S. M., 63:14. On atmosphere, see S. S. M., pp. 56-58 and *passim.*

4. The narrative is also a helpful example of psychological narration (S. S. M., 50:15; 228:15) objectively achieved.

5. Finally, the story is another illustration of the power of the conte to interpret life from fundamental view-points. See S. S. M., pp. 194-198; 179:3; pp. 1-3; 4:9; 5:11.

UNTO EACH HIS CROWN[1]

By Norma Patterson

Reprinted by Permission of the Author and the Editors from "The Bookman" (New York) for May, 1918.
Copyrighted, 1918, by the George H. Doran Company.

1. For a long time after he opened his eyes he lay quite still looking at the wall, which was where his glance happened to hit. A luxury of comfort possessed his body and mind—a light, serene, smoothly-running happiness which was like spinning evenly through cool, green, white-flecked waters, after kicking and strangling and puffing in learning to swim. So for a time that might have been short and might have been long, he lay without moving, his mind going neither backward nor forward, but resting contentedly on the strangely happy present.

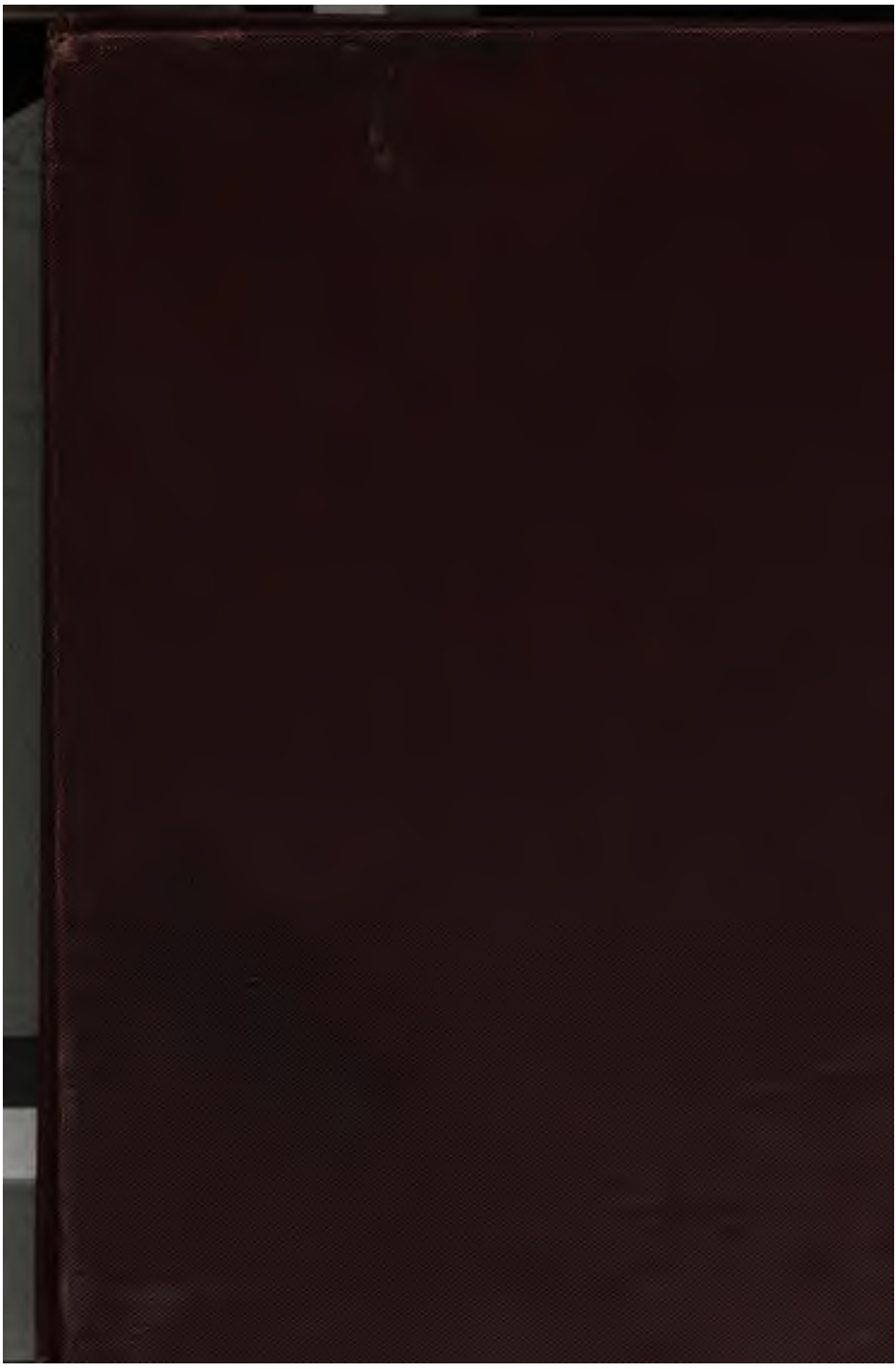
2. Across the wall a shadow moved, and paused, and passed on, ducking and bobbing as it went. He knew that the nurse was moving about, and the shadow—absurdly undignified—was made by the flimsy unstable sputter of a candle. Again it passed, and again. At first the edges were sharply cut and individualistic, but now he saw them blur and fade against the drab wall. The image was slipping back into the vastness of unlimited shadow, from which, for the sputtering length of a candle, it had snatched itself.

[1] This story is one of three under the title "War Echoes," edited by Edward J. O'Brien, and published in "The Bookman," for May, 1918.

3. Gray light crept in through the little window above his cot. The slender, far-reaching notes of a bugle called to the coming day.

4. His body did not move, but his spirit stood upright at the summons. The sound had jerked open the door of memory.

5. His regiment! Would he be able to go back—and fight with the boys? It had been hard, having to leave them when he did. They were out of the trenches and charging. It was just at the apex of the attack—the moment for which his whole life seemed to have been lived. All the training, all the hardship, all the parting with loved ones, all the long, tedious life in the trenches—had led to this one supreme moment. And then, just as they plunged forward into the shout and ring of victory, something had happened. He was not sure at first what, except that it halted him, spun him round, and he felt himself sinking downward—*downward*—and the others charging on, leaving him there. He was going to miss it! He would not be in at the victory! Later, when they told of it around the camp at night, he would have no part in the telling.

6. He saw Trav Barnes look back, and he saw the expression that came on Trav's face. An expression that could not be put into words or even imagined unless one had seen it. Trav stopped abruptly, but he had waved Trav on, and Trav had gone—running forward as if he were running away from looking back. And the tramp of the feet had grown fainter . . . and the sound of the shouting fainter . . . and the boom of the battle fainter. . . .

7. Yes, he must be getting back to the regiment. He